

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

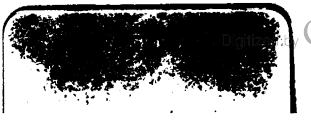
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL.

1856.



Per. 2529 e. 139/1856



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google



THE TWO FRIENDS.

Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL.

1856.



LONDON,
DARTON & Co. HOLBORN HILL.

GEORGE. C. LEIGHTON.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL.

A Christmas and New Year's Present

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

LONDON:
DARTON & CO., 58, HOLBORN HILL.
MDCCCLVI.

Digitized by Google

LONDON:
PRINTED BY AIRD AND TUNSTALL, 18, EXETER STREET, STRAND.



Digitized by Google

Preface.

BANG! bang! hurrah! bang! bang! and bang again. Sebastopol has fallen! The bells are ringing—the tower guns are firing—flags are waving, and all is triumph, joy, and holiday, just as PETER PARLEY sits down to write the sixteenth Preface to his "Annual."

Most of my young readers must have had an opportunity of witnessing the tyranny of some "School Bounce," some big fellow, of whom the little boys, the timid boys, the gentle boys, and the good boys of the school, have been woefully afraid. Perchance, they have had experience of his cuffs, of his iron toe-tips and his iron heel-tips, and have felt themselves very small, indeed, under his big blustering. If so, my young friends, you know what a tyrant is. You may have felt how disagreeable it is to have your little gardens trodden down,

Digitized by Google

your marbles pocketed, and yourselves buffeted and bruised, whenever you have have dared to complain.

It has also occurred to me, my young friends, that in your boyish experience, you may have seen that sometimes the big bounce of the school has gone so far in his bouncing as to be positively unendurable, and that some little spirited fellow has had the courage to stand up for himself and his companions, and that then the big bully has slunk away like a great coward as he was, leaving the other boys to pursue their lessons and their sports in peace and quiet.

Now the big bounce of the nations has deserved a good banging, and he has had one at Sebastopol, because he wanted to pocket what belonged to his neighbours on a large scale. He has been suddenly brought up with a jerk by English and French soldiers and sailors, and will have to disgorge some of the little states and principalites which he has swallowed.

And let this teach my young friends a lesson, namely, that "Big Bounces" will not do now-a-days, neither among boys or men, and let school tyrants understand that the days of "fagging" are gone by. No one can possibly hate war more than PETER PARLEY does, but to resist tyrannical aggression is always a duty whether it be among school-fellows or nations. Why should the strong oppress the weak? why should the fierce and cruel tread upon the mild and gentle? why should wrong put down right? Let us make war, then, not so much upon men themselves as upon those pernicious principles

Digitized by Google

among men which are the opponents of Christ's kingdom upon earth. There are giant passions to be slain in our own hearts, mighty czars of pride and arrogance to be dethroned there, and strong Cronstadts and Sebastopols of iniquity to be levelled with the dust even in the deepest recesses of our beings. Let us, then, bombard our evil inclinations into obedience, and make the grand assault upon those vices which stand up like Mamelons and Malakoffs about us, and let the Flag of Victory wave triumphantly over the wicked thoughts we have subdued, and the evil passions we have destroyed; for, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he taketh a city."—Prov. xvi. 32.

I remain, as ever,

Your affectionate friend,

PETER PARLEY.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Contents.

PROSE.

	PAGE.
Adventures of Charles Stuart, the Pretender	245
A Little Lecture for Little People	282
Alligator Tank, the	81
Animal World, the	273
Conquest of Constantinople by the Turks	108
Death and Burial of the Conqueror	46
Death Struggle	60
Doge, the; a Venetian Story. Part I.	154
" " Part II.	165
Edward III., Reign of, and Heroism of the Black Prince	72
Emblems	101
Eternal City, the; Fun and Fireworks	138
Forest Wanderings	243
Funny Things about Bears	194
Funny Things about Frogs	268
Heroism of Boyhood	289
Ivan, a Russian Tale	6
Last of the Montems, the	218
Little Drummer Boy, the	33
Ocean World, the	145

Digitized by Google

PAGE

Shabby Coat, the 65
Sheep Shearing 293
Shipwreck Mariners, the Apparatus for Relieving . . 25
Something about the Cuttle Fish 29
„ „ Horses and their Doings . . 233
Starry Worlds, the 17
Stars, Another Walk among the . . . 123
„ A Final Walk among the 168
Story of Prince Arthur, and Death of King John . . 209
Sunny World 178
Trial of the Dog Growler 86
Wassail Bowl on the year 1856 1
World Underground, the 55
„ „ 132
„ „ 237
„ „ Another Walk in the . . 257

POETRY.

Morals from Flowers. No. I.—The Ivy . . . 205
„ „ No. II.—The Olive . . . 287
Serious Thoughts of a Little Child . . . 122
The Blind Mother 175
The Discontented Bees 229
The Holiday 100
The London Boy 32

Digitized by Google

Peter Parley's Wassail Bowl.

ON THE YEAR 1856.

ALL hail to thee, January—all hail! cold and wintery as thou art—full of ice and snow—of cold fingers and cold noses—of bare boughs and hard pathways—yet thou art not hard, nor cold, nor bare, after all—but full of genial warmth—good thoughts—good things, and merry doings. Come about me, all ye little schoolboys, that have escaped from the necessary hard thraldom of your task-work, with your untamed hearts shouting in your own musical voices, and your laughing spirits dancing in untaught measure in your eyes. Come and help me to make up my Wassail Bowl—come with all your variety of good things—come with your best of all holiday greetings—with your gifts and rejoicings, and your loud laughs and hallos—with your many happy relations—with your plum-puddings and mince pies—with your twelfth-cakes, kings, queens, and caricatures—with your forfeits and fortune-tellings—with your quirps, your jokes, and your conundrums—with blindman's buff—and your sitting up after supper—with your pantomimes and panoramas, and new penknives and

Digitized by Google

PARLEY'S ANNUALS—come with old PETER PARLEY, and let us make up our Wassail Bowl.

And what shall be our Wassail Bowl? The old Wassail was a bowl of good ale, with apples and spice, and they used to sing:—

"Wassail, Wassail, over the town,
Our toast is white and our ale is brown;
Our bowl is made of a maplen tree,
We be all good fellows and drink to thee."



Digitized by Google

But ours shall be the Wassail Bowl and the "Loving Cup," one and the same; for the Loving Cup was the ancient Wassail Bowl. The warmth of the spice and the glow of the ale was to testify to the warmth of the heart and the glow of the soul—while in it was drowned all evil thoughts, feelings, and animosities—and good health, and good cheer, and good luck, to all our friends and neighbours.

Jolly be our Wassail Bowl, then, my young friends; but do not let us forget, that while songs and mirth, and skipping, and dancing, animate our social hours—that while the red fire is blazing, and the yule log is crackling, and all is bright and sparkling about us, that many, very many are stooped in sorry, and drink deeply of the cup of affliction. How many widows are mourning more plaintively than the night wind over the desolate snow! How many orphans are pining and weeping for their dear fathers, lying low on the battle-field!—sisters are crying for their beloved brothers, whom they shall never see again, and friends lamenting the fall and loss of the young, the generous, the brave, and the tender-hearted, who gave up their lives as sacrifices for their country! What, then, my young friends, shall be our Wassail Bowl? Not the spiced wine and the "jolly fat ale and old" spoken of by the old English poet. Not the accompaniment of the lute and harp. No, indeed! our Wassail Bowl shall be a Loving Cup of succour for the bereaved and afflicted—a cup of comfort for those that are comfortless. Down, then, with your pennies, and sixpences, and shillings, if you will, my merry masters. Let every Christmas community open the year with a Loving-Cup of good cheer to those who pine in sorrow "for the fatherless

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

children and widows," as we say in one of the very best of books. Open your hearts, my little ones—open your purses with your hearts. Do not let the season pass without thinking of those who have bled so nobly for their country, and of those they leave behind them. Let every Christmas party have its purse for the Patriotic Fund. I am sure the young Prince of Wales will be the first to set the example; a noble heart has he, worthy the prince and heir of the throne of England. "The Children's Patriotic Fund" will be a glorious thing. Enter upon it at once, and send all your collections in the name of the Prince of Wales to the "fund," and do it speedily, if you have any love or affection for your old tried friend,

PETER PARLEY.

Digitized by Google

Ivan; a Russian Tale.

THE Kingdom of Russia, my young friends, occupies at the present moment a very conspicuous place in the history of the times. Its early history is full of incidents, of which I can take no notice now, but there is one true story of a youth who was heir to the Russian throne, and who was barbarously murdered, of such pathos that I cannot refrain from telling it to you.

Russia has ever been the scene of civil discord, plot, counter-plot, stratagem, and wickedness. Lying and theft on the part of the sovereign, treachery and treason on that of the people; and so many pretenders have appeared as heir to the throne, that, on that score alone, the most calamitous events are recorded.

Upon the death of the Empress Anne, in the year 1740, Ivan Antonovitch, her nephew, then an infant, was proclaimed her successor; and Baron, a man of fierce and ambitious spirit, was appointed Regent of the kingdom, until the boy sovereign should arrive at an age sufficiently mature to take upon himself the reins of Government. For some little time matters went on pretty well under this arrangement. But,

Digitized by Google

about thirteen months afterwards, the unprincipled Elizabeth concocted a conspiracy, which, proving successful, the hapless Ivan was hurled from the throne, and this wicked woman elevated to the sovereignty.

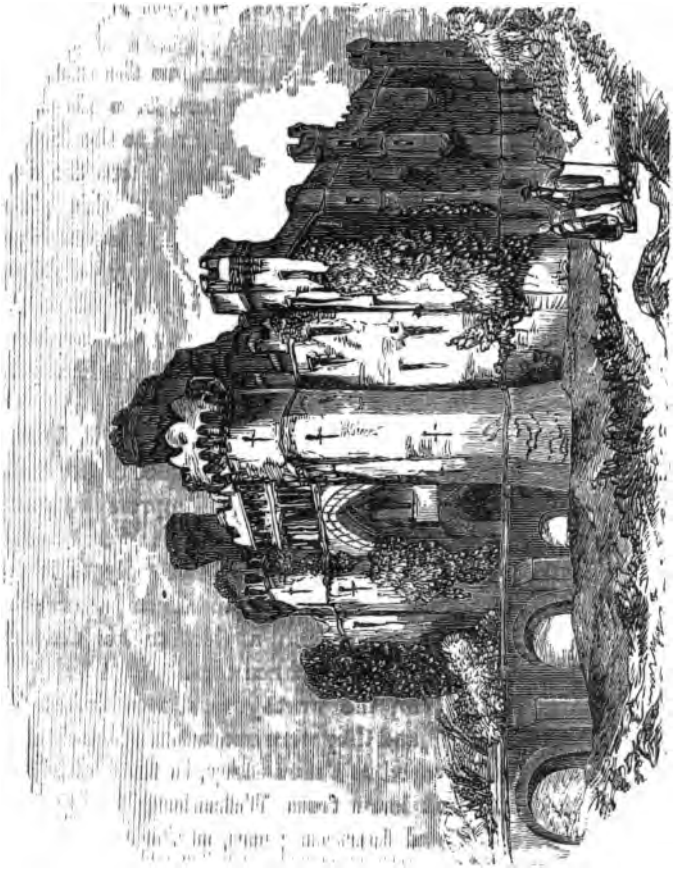
Her first object upon gaining the throne was the seizure of the unhappy Ivan, who was accordingly torn from his cradle by a band of barbarous villains, and transported to the fortress of Schlusselburg, situated on a small island where the river Neva issues from the Lake of Ladoga. From this place, accompanied by his mother, the royal infant was conveyed to the citadel of Riga, where they wore away eighteen months of captivity. From Riga they were removed to the fortress of Dunnamonde, and subsequently to Orianenburg, a town situated on the north-eastern extremity of European Russia.

Hitherto the captivity of the mother of Ivan had been softened, and rendered less galling by the presence of her child; but, in 1746, the mandate of the wicked Empress separated them for ever, and Ivan was left under the care of an amiable monk, who, attached from early years to the family of Antonovitch, and compassionating his fate, made an attempt to escape with him to Germany, with a view to his ultimate establishment on the throne of his ancestors.

In this object, however, the worthy man was defeated—their flight was betrayed, and they were overtaken at Smolensko, whence they were conveyed to a monastery, in the Voldai, not far from the road that leads from Welersburg to Moscow. Here they were detained fourteen years, at the end of which time the youthful Ivan, then sixteen years old, was brought back to Schlusselburg for greater security, and there lodged

Digitized by Google

in the casemate of the fortress, the very loop-hole of which was immediately bricked up.



Digitized by Google

The poor youth sighed in extreme misery in this wretched confinement. He was never let out into the open air, and no ray of heaven ever visited his eyes. In the subterranean vault which had been thus appropriated as his prison, it was necessary to keep a lamp always burning, and as no clock was to be seen or heard, he knew no difference between day and night. The persons employed to guard him, a captain and lieutenant in the Russian army, were prohibited, under the severest penalty, from ever speaking to him or answering him the simplest question.

About two years after his confinement in this dreary prison, Elizabeth expressed a desire to have a personal interview with the noble youth. Ivan was accordingly conveyed in a covered cart to St. Petersburg, where, in the house of Peter Thuvaloff, the Empress had a long conversation with him, but without making herself known. He was then about eighteen years of age, of a graceful figure and commanding deportment. His countenance is represented as particulaly expressive, and his voice sweet and harmonious. These graces, however, availed him but little. It is said that Elizabeth shed tears at this interview; but, if so, I fancy they were like those of the crocodile. However this may have been, her sympathy was not of long duration, the unfortunate youth being again led back to his dungeon, where he remained until the death of Elizabeth, and the accession of Peter III.

The brief reign and sudden death of that unfortunate Emperor are well known. No longer able to endure the conduct of his unfortunate consort, Catherine, he determined to repudiate her. Accordingly, in the year 1762, he looked around him for a successor to the throne, and at length determined

Digitized by Google

to adopt Ivan, and constitute him his successor. Still further to promote this view, he resolved to marry the captive to the young Princess of Holstein Beck, who was then at St. Petersburg, and whom he cherished as a daughter. Having arranged his plans, Peter resolved to visit, in as private a manner as possible, the fortress of Schlusselburg, and have an interview with Ivan, without acquainting him with his rank, attended only by one of his aides-de-camp, Baron Korffmorter, of the police at St. Petersburg, and the courtier of state, Volkeff. Desiring to remain incognito, he furnished himself with an order, signed by his own hand, in which he enjoined the commandant to give the bearers free leave to walk about the whole fortress, without even excepting the place where Ivan was confined, and to leave them to converse with that prince alone.

Taking care to conceal the insignia of his dignity, Peter entered the cell of Ivan, who, after contemplating him for some time, threw himself, all at once, at the feet of the Czar. "Emperor!" said the unhappy youth, "you are the master of all! I shall not trouble you with a long petition; but let me entreat you to mitigate the severity of my lot. I have been languishing for a number of years in this gloomy dungeon. The only favour I implore is, that I may occasionally be permitted to breathe a purer air." Peter was moved at these words. "Rise, Prince," said he, tapping him on the shoulder, "be under no uneasiness for the future. I will employ the means in my power to render your situation more tolerable. But, tell me, have you any remembrance of the misfortunes you have experienced from your earlier youth?" "I have scarcely any idea of those that befel my infancy," rejoined

Digitized by Google

Ivan; "but, from the moment that I began to feel my misery, the unhappiness of my parents has been the first cause of my concern, and my principal and greatest distress arose out of the treatment they have received, as they were transported from one prison to another." The Czar expressed a wish to know who the parties were. "The officers who conducted us," replied Ivan, "who were always the most inhuman of their kind." "Do you recollect the names of these persons?" said Peter. "Alas!" rejoined the young Prince, "we were not very curious to observe them. We were content to return thanks to Heaven on our bended knees, when these monsters were relieved by others of more humane dispositions. There was one whose generous attentions have given me good cause to remember *his* name. He was called Korff." It was the very man who was there as the attendant of the Emperor, and who seemed much affected by this generous recital. Peter was no less so, and, turning to Korff, remarked, in a voice choked with emotion, "You see, Baron, that a good action is never lost."

On leaviug Ivan's dungeon, Peter made the circuit of the tower, for the purpose of fixing on a spot to erect a new and more commodious prison for Ivan; after which, he gave orders to that effect. "When the building is finished," remarked the Czar, "I will come myself and put the prince in possession of it." It seems possible that this order was given as a blind—as the Russian prince or people can never do anything in a straightforward way—to prevent the commandant from surmising his real intention. He had no need of a prison who was about to be elevated to a throne.

The Czar's visit to Ivan did not long remain a secret. To

Digitized by Google

avoid giving rise to suspicions that might have proved dangerous to Peter, his uncle, the Prince of Holstein, advised him to remove Ivan into Germany, together with the Duke Anthony, his father, and the rest of the family. This recommendation was not attended to; he then suggested to the Czar the propriety of placing the prince in the fortress of Hexholm, on the Lake of Ladoga, a situation much nearer the Russian metropolis than Schlusselburg. In his way thither the hapless youth had a narrow escape from death. The frequency and suddenness of tempests on the lake is proverbial. The boat, in which the prince was rowed to get on board the galliot, capsized, and it was with great difficulty he was saved.

On his arrival at Hexholm, the Czar caused Ivan to be secretly conveyed to St. Petersburg, where he was taken to the house of a person of consequence, and visited during the night, once more, by Peter, whose plan for the restoration of Ivan to the throne was now ripe, and about to be carried into execution, when another revolution suddenly broke out, which removed Peter from the empire and the world, and exalted Catherine to the throne of Russia.

Although Ivan was kept in great secrecy and retirement during his stay in St. Petersburg, yet his stay in that city became known, and a great deal of sympathy was excited for him; when the circumstance came to the ears of the Empress, she had him taken back to his former prison. Fearing, however, lest he should be recalled and crowned, she lodged him in a monastery, at Kolmoger, near Archangel, whence he was a third time carried back to Schlusselburg, where he remained in close confinement until the year 1764, about which time the crisis of his fate approached.

Digitized by Google

Anxious to preserve popular opinion, Catherine, after the death of her husband, was desirous of removing Ivan, but until the means offered to effect this with some semblance of expediency, she resolved to prejudice the Russian people against him, and persuade them, if possible, of his total incapacity even to reign over them. Soon after the commencement of her reign, therefore, she published a manifesto of a conversation supposed to have been held with the captive Prince, in which she describes him as utterly deficient in understanding. This lie was, however, received with the distrust it deserved, and from this period the wrongs of the Prince formed the pivot upon which continual conspiracies against Catherine revolved. His just title to the crown, his long and cruel sufferings, his youth and his innocence, afforded abundant materials for working on the minds of the populace; while the grossest calumnies were circulated with respect to the poor Prince, who was described as an idiot, a drunkard, and a ferocious savage.

Of course the young Prince's opportunities of acquiring intellectual knowledge were very confined. He was taught to read by a German officer who had the custody of him, and this formed the sum total of his attainments. But his mind was of a very superior order, and susceptible of the most refined polish.

An instrument was soon found to release the wretch Catherine from this clog upon her future prospects. The regiment of Smolenski was in garrison in the town of Schlusselburg, and a company of about one hundred men guarded the fortress in which Prince Ivan was confined. In this regiment, as second-lieutenant, was an officer named Merovitch, whose

Digitized by Google

grandfather had been implicated in the rebellion of the Cossack Mazeppa, and had fought under Charles XII., King of Sweden, against Peter the Great. The estates of the family of Merovitch had accordingly been forfeited to the Crown. It was thus that a ready instrument was found for the contemplated wickedness.

The inner guard over the Imperial prisoner consisted at this time of two officers, who remained with him in his cell. These persons had a discretionary order, by which they were instructed to put Ivan to death on any insurrection which should be made in his favour, on the presumption that it could not otherwise be quelled.

The entrance to Ivan's prison opened under a sort of low arcade, which, together with it, formed the thickness of the castle wall. Within the ramparts of this arcade, or rather corridor, light soldiers usually kept guard, as well on his account, as because the several vaults on a line with his contained stores of various kinds for the use of the fortress. The other soldiers were in the guard-house at the gate of the castle, and at their proper stations. The detachment had for its commander an officer who was himself under the command of the governor.

Some time previous to the execution of his project, Merovitch had offered himself to the lieutenant of the regiment Velika Lake, named Uschakoff, who bound himself by an oath which he took at the altar of the Church of St. Mary of Kusan, in St. Petersburg, to aid him in the enterprise to the best of his power.

Already had he performed a week's duty at the fortress without making an attempt; but, tormented by the anxieties

Digitized by Google

arising from suspense, and condemning his own irresolution, he asked permission to be continued on guard a week longer. This step does not seem to have excited any surprise—the request was granted, and Merovitch having admitted to his confidence a man named Jacob Pishkoff, they took the earliest opportunity of tampering with the soldiers who guarded the fortress. After he had collected about fifty soldiers who had promised to obey his orders, he marched straight to the door of Ivan's prison, with the intention of rescuing him from his thraldom, and placing him among those who had disclosed their intention of raising him to the throne. When he had reached the door of the prison he demanded the release of the Prince, but the other guards refused him entrance, and here a most desperate struggle took place, several were killed on both sides, and the party of Merovitch at last prevailed; but the prison doors were barred within, and there were with the Prince the two officers appointed to watch him day and night.

Hearing the noise without, and expecting every instant that the prison door would be burst open, the two officers resolved to destroy their prisoner, and accordingly attacked him with the utmost ferocity. He implored, in the most piteous accents, for his life, but with no avail; at last, in a moment of despair, he wrestled with one of his destroyers and deprived him of his sword. With this he defended himself for some time, having his right hand pierced through and his body covered with wounds, but the united attacks of the officers prevailed, the poor unfortunate prince was thrown down, and before he could rise was stabbed several times, until life was extinct—being thus released from life and captivity together.

Digitized by Google

It was at this moment that Merovitch entered the prison, and cut to pieces the two ruffians by whom the young Prince had been slain. He was not in time to prevent his death, but he was soon enough to avenge it.

Thus perished a Prince, who was raised to the imperial throne without his own consent or knowledge, and who passed all his spring of life, without any summer, in the most wretched misery. The air of heaven, the light of the sun, the exercise of the mental faculties, alike denied him, and all through the wicked ambition of that most abandoned of all women, Catherine of Russia.

Such things, my young friends, are by no means uncommon in Russia, and such things will again and again occur, till the semi-barbarism of that encroaching state is extinguished by the contact of civilised and enlightened nations. That the present war may bring this about, is the sincere hope of old PETER PARLEY, who knows that "He who doeth all things well can bring good out of apparent evil."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

The Starry Worlds.

THERE are few of my young friends so ill informed, I should suppose, as not to know that besides the globe we inhabit, there are many other globes like our own, in which the Divine Author of all things opens His light and love—that there are many suns, besides our sun, which communicate their influence to millions and millions of planetary bodies, according to laws established by the most powerful Creator and Sustainer of the universe. But there are many interesting facts connected with the study of the heavenly bodies, and the starry world, which modern discoveries have brought to light, that will amply repay those who have time to direct attention to this subject, and PETER PARLEY is anxious to show them the way.

In considering the starry worlds, we find in them a beauty, simplicity, and regularity, which give us exalted ideas of the Sublime Being, whose goodness and wisdom shines conspicuously in all; but there are thousands and tens of thousands of persons, young and old, who have often gazed on a clear evening sky, who can tell no more about the glorious scene around them, than that they behold a certain number of

Digitized by Google

shining jewels twinkling in every direction in the canopy above. Whether these wonders shift their positions with regard to each other, or remain at the same relative distance —whether any of them appear in motion while others appear at rest—whether the whole celestial canopy appears to stand still, or is carried round with some general motion—whether all the stars which are seen at six o'clock in the evening are also visible at twelve—whether these stars rise and set as the sun and moon appear to do—whether they rise in the east, or north-east, or any other quarter—whether some rise and set regularly, while others never descend below the horizon—whether any particular stars are occasionally moving backwards and forwards, and in what part of the Heavens they appear—whether there are stars in our sky in the day-time, as well as during the night—whether the same clusters of stars are to be seen in summer as in winter. To these and similar questions many thousands of persons, young and old, would be unable to find answers of a satisfactory nature. But any lad of common understanding, would, in a few evenings of study and observation, soon make himself master of such particulars, and that without the aid of anything vastly scientific. He has only to open his eyes, and make a proper use of them—to fix his attention upon objects before him—to make one observation after another, and compare them together, so as to come at rational conclusions.

I remember very well, when I was a boy, that it was my great delight to wander about with my eyes open, my ears open, and my whole being alive to observation and impression. I had, perhaps, more curiosity than many, and my mind was frequently occupied and peopled with various matters, both of

Digitized by Google

the seen and unseen worlds. I observed the heavens above my head, and trod the earth with my feet. I wondered what was the mighty cone above me, and pondered as to whether I could walk to the end of it, or whether, by digging a deep hole in it, I should come to some subterranean world beneath. I often wondered how it was that the sun moved over so large a space every day—where he went to when he descended behind the western hills—what became of him in the night-time—whether he made his way through the thickness of the earth or the depth of the sea. Such and similar thoughts continually passed in my mind; and so, when I was a child, I observed, I thought, I wondered—and, indeed, to me all around was wonderful, and good, and fair, and beautiful. O that I were a little child again, as I once was! The life of wonder, and hope, and joy, is the life of childhood. I sometimes really think it is a pity that we were ever men and women.

However, I have nothing more to say now about my wondering; but will beg my young readers' attention to the Starry Worlds, the subject of this and some succeeding chapters. November is a month celebrated for two most important events in the history of the City of London—the inauguration of that splendid annual, a new Lord Mayor, and of a still more splendid book, "PARLEY'S ANNUAL," which is not even moonshine. But, then, January—let us take this very January, 1855, and let us suppose ourselves "under the open canopy of heaven," as Tibbs calls it—under the open canopy of heaven on a clear night on the first of January. At this period, the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, which are known to every one, are visible during the whole night; and at this season of

Digitized by Google

the year the most brilliant fixed stars and the more remarkable constellations are above the horizon in the evening.

Turning our eyes, in the first place, towards the eastern quarter of the heavens, we shall see the Seven Stars just rising above the horizon, about half way between the east and north east points, or north north-east. North-west from the Seven Stars, at a distance of thirty degrees, a very bright star, named Capella, may be perceived, at an elevation of about eighteen degrees above the horizon. Directing our view towards the south we shall perceive a pretty bright star, with a small star on the south of it, which has just passed the meridian. The star is called Altair, and belongs to the constellation Aquilla; it is nearly south at an elevation of forty-six degrees, or about half way between the horizon and the zenith. About thirty-three degrees north from Altair, and a little further to the west, is the brilliant star Lyra, belonging to the Harp. Looking to the west, a bright star, named Arcturus, will be seen, about fifteen degrees above the horizon, a very little to the north of the western point. Turning our eyes in a northerly direction, the constellation Ursa Major, or the Great Bear, presents itself to view. This cluster of stars is sometimes distinguished by the name of the Plough, or Charles's Wain, and known by almost every boy and girl in the kingdom. All the time we are gazing, the two largest stars of the four which form a kind of square, seem to be in a direct line with a star of the second magnitude almost overhead. These two stars are called the Pointers, because they point to the Pole Star, that is, a line drawn through them northwards would very nearly pass through the Pole Star. The upper of these stars is called Dufhe, and the lower

Digitized by Google

Merak. The stars on the lower part of the figure are the prominent stars which constitute the tail and body of the Great Bear; the first of these, counting from the left, is called Benetnach; the second, Mezar; the third, Alioth; the fourth, Megrez, immediately below which is Phad. The other two stars to the right are the Pointers, to which I have already alluded. Above this figure, and connected with the Pole Star, towards the west, is another figure of stars, of which the Pole Star forms the first, or stands in the place of Benetnach in the Great Bear. These seven stars are called the Little Bear, of which the Pole Star forms the tip of the tail. They resemble the configuration of the stars in the Great Bear, only on a smaller scale, and in a reversed position.

Such is the scene and relative position of the stars or points of the heaven as they appear to us, in this latitude, about seven in the evening. At eleven o'clock, however, this scene is changed, we shall then find that the Seven Stars have risen to a considerable elevation, and one nearly half way between the eastern horizon and the south; and the Bull's Eye, a bright red star, which was before described, is now a little eastward of the Pleiades, and that the brilliant constellation Orion, which was before not seen above the horizon, is now distinctly visible in the south eastward. The star Capella, midway between the horizon and the zenith. The stars Altair and Lyra, which were before nearly south, have descended more than half way towards the western horizon. The star Arcturus is no longer visible, having sunk beneath the horizon; and many stars in the eastern quarter of the heavens which were formerly unseen, now make their appearance at different elevations. The stars of the Great Bear, particularly

Digitized by Google

the Two Pointers, which were formerly to the west of the north point, have now passed to the east of it. The Pointers will now appear considerably to the eastward of the north point, and much more elevated than before, while the stars in the east appear lower. About three in the morning, the Pointers will appear nearly due east from the Pole Star, and at the same elevation above the horizon, and the other stars in that constellation will be seen hanging, as it were, perpendicularly below them. At this hour the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, will appear to have moved twenty-five degrees past the meridian to the west, and the brilliant constellation Orion will now be seen due south. The bright star Capella now appears on the zenith, or point directly over our heads; Lyra is in the horizon, nearly due north, and Altair has descended below the western horizon. At six in the morning the Seven Stars will be seen in the west, only a short distance above the horizon, and all the other stars to the eastward of them will be found to have made considerable progress towards the west. At this hour the stars of the Great Bear will appear near the upper part of the heavens, and the Pointers not far from the north.

Such is the general appearance of all the stars in the northern hemisphere. They appear to perform a circuit in the course of twenty-four hours, around a point, which is the centre of their motion, near to which is the Pole Star. All the stars within this rank never set, but appear to describe complete circles of different dimensions around the pole and above the horizon. When they are in the lower part of their course, or between the pole, they appear to move from west to east, but when in the higher part of this course, from east

Digitized by Google

to west, and all three circuits are completed in exactly the same time, namely, twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, and five seconds.

The apparent motions of the heavens may, at any time, be perceived, by fixing on any star that appears nearly in a line with a tree, a spire, or other fixed object, and in the course of a few minutes its motion will be perceptible; or, fix a common telescope into a pedestal, and direct it to any star, and in three or four minutes it will be seen to have passed out of the field of view. And thus my young friends will see how simple is the study of Astronomy: every boy or girl has an opportunity, if he or she should choose, of observing the aspect of the heavens in the manner now described—excepting those, perhaps, who live in dark and narrow lanes in large cities, where the sky is scarcely visible—the most unnatural situation in which human beings can be placed, and which ought no longer to be allowed in the abodes of man. But here, alas! hundreds of thousands of poor children live in squalid misery. But the time, let us hope, is coming when the rich and the powerful will set to work in right good earnest about the improvement of the habitations of the poor, and that great cities will no longer be the abodes of disease, pestilence, and death.

Let us now consider what is the conclusion to which we ought to come from these simple observations respecting the apparent motion of the heavens. All the phonomena I have described, when duly considered and compared together, conspire to show that the whole celestial vault performs an apparent revolution round the earth, carrying, as it were, all the stars with it in the space of twenty-four hours. This may be

Digitized by Google

plainly demonstrated by means of any celestial globe on which all the visible stars are depicted. When the north pole is elevated fifty-two degrees above the northern horizon, and the globe turned round on its axis, all the variety of phenomena formerly described will be clearly shown.

Such are a few introductory words upon the Starry Worlds. I shall, in a succeeding chapter or two, inform my young readers more of the stars, planets, and their satellites, and shall open up some of the wonders of the Celestial Scenery.

Digitized by Google

APPARATUS

For Relieving Shipwrecked Mariners.

THE number of wrecks on the coast of England annually exceed belief, and many are the inventions for saving the lives of those cast upon our hospitable shores. There is the life-boat, of which I have given an account in one of my former volumes, "the wreck waggon," "the wreck kite," and other inventions. Among the most conspicuous, however, is Captain Manby's mortar, which is represented in the next page. In this we see, upon a small clift of rock, a mortar, near which is a couple of sailors and a coil of rope; in the distance a bark is labouring, being stranded on a lee shore. She is breaking on the rocks, and there is no chance of getting her off. The only hope is to save the crew—but, how are they to get from the shore to the vessel? This is the problem for Captain Manby's mortar to solve.

The mortar is provided with a shell, attached to a long,

Digitized by Google

strong, but thin rope. Now, if we suppose a stranded vessel lying in the neighbourhood of the shore, and the surf preventing any of the ordinary methods of communication, the shell, on being fired over the hull, will carry the line, which falls on the hull of the ship or among the rigging, and this will enable



the crew to escape either directly by the cord, or by means of a larger rope which may be drawn on shore.

Digitized by Google

Captain Manby employs two species of shot for his largest sized mortar. The round shot is made by introducing a jagged piece of iron, with an eye at the top, into a hollow iron sphere, securing it in with boiling lead, or by drilling a hole through a solid ball, and passing through it a piece of iron with an eye at the top, taking care that it is well rivetted at the bottom; and secondly, a barbed shot, the latter being unheaded, to give relief by hooking in some part of the vessel.

When the crew of the distressed vessel are incapable of availing themselves of the benefits arising from communication, they having previously lashed themselves in the rigging to prevent being swept away by the sea, which is repeatedly breaking over them, and when, from long fatigue and the severity of the storm, they frequently lose the use of their limbs, and are incapable of assisting themselves in the slightest degree, the advantages of the shot are, that on its being projected over the vessel, and the people on shore hauling it in, it firmly attaches itself to some part of the hull or rigging, by which a boat can be hauled to the relief of the distressed objects; and by the counter barbs, it is rendered impossible to give up its hold or slip, while that part of the wreck remains to which it had secured itself.

The connecting a rope with a shot, and preventing it from being burnt by the powerful inflammation of gunpowder, may be deemed a principal merit of the service, and to produce this was the work of great time and innumerable experiments. Chains, in every variety of form and length, breaking, proved that not only was elasticity required, but a close connecting body; at length some stout plaited hide, woven extremely

Digitized by Google

close to the eye, happily effected the object. The best mode of laying the rope, after very numerous experiments, was found to be that of laying it in a shallow oblong basket.

By means of the rope, persons may be drawn to the wreck, or provisions be sent to them if in an exhausted state. A cot has also been sent to wrecks by the same means, and the sick and helpless borne on shore. In short, the apparatus seems to be capable of a great variety of applications, and well fitted to every emergency, and the common interests of humanity demand that every part of our sea-girt coast, where accidents are likely to occur, should be furnished with this apparatus.

Digitized by Google

Something about the Cuttle Fish.

THE Cuttle Fish, of which there are many different species, is a native of all the temperate and tropical seas. Its body is, in general, of an irregular and oval shape, and of a jelly-like substance, and usually covered with a coarse skin, having the appearance of leather. Unlike all other inhabitants of the water which are without a backbone, the *Sepia* possesses two large and brilliant eyes, covered with a hard, transparent substance. It is furnished in front with eight arms or feelers, with which it grapples with its enemy, or conveys its prey to its mouth. These arms are most curiously constructed, and afford the animal ample means of defence. They possess in themselves strong muscular power; and this is materially assisted by numerous cups, or suckers, placed along the whole of their inner surface, with which they fasten themselves to any object they come in contact with. These feelers appear to be also endued with some peculiar power of a galvanic nature, since the pain which they inflict does not cease for a long time after the removal of the animal, leaving a kind of stinging sensation like that produced by nettles, which remains

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

for many hours, and is followed by a troublesome irritation and itching.

The size to which this creature grows has been variously stated; and, although evidently exaggerated by some authors, there can be no doubt that it attains a considerable magnitude. When attacked in its own element, it has been known to overcome a powerful mastiff. Its jaws are likewise extremely strong, formed like the beak of a parrot, and very hard. In addition to these means of defence, it possesses within its body a bladder, containing an inky-coloured fluid, which it has the power of throwing out at will, and by thus discolouring the water, escapes the pursuit of its enemies. This inky liquid, when dried, forms a very valuable colour used by artists, and called, after the animal, *Sepia*. The eggs of the female are of an oval form, and joined to each other in clusters. They are of the size of filberts, and of a black colour, and commonly known by the name of "sea grapes." They are found attached to sea-weed, rocks, and other marine substances.

The Cuttle Fish generally remains with its body in some hole of a rock, while its arms are extended in every direction, to seize the wanderer that may chance to pass within its ambush. Its appetite is voracious, and it seizes as its prey every living thing that it has power to conquer.

One species, the *Sepia Officinalis*, is very common on the English coasts, and the bone which is enclosed in its body is frequently found on the sands. It is a well-known substance, and is much employed in the manufacture of tooth-powder. This bone, with the exception of the jaws, is the only solid part in the *Sepia*, differs in shape in the different species, but is always somewhat oval in its form, though differing considerably in texture.

Digitized by Google

The London Boy.

Over post and over paling,
Over bar and over railing,
Through kennel, through gutter,
Bread and cheese, or bread and butter,
Or a tatur all-hot, munching;
Orange sucking, apple crunching,
Hardbake down his weasand ramming,
Lollipops or coffee cramming,
Mischief, prog, and dirt his joy,
Leaps and runs the London Boy.

His companion now he courses
In among the heels of horses,
Now he pelts him, and his missiles
Break a window; then he whistles.
Now he bids the tipcat fly,
Putting out some person's eye;
Now he cheers some splendid marriage,
Then gets up behind a carriage.
Somebody he must annoy,
Beadle, thrash that London Boy!

From Punch's Pocket-Book.

Digitized by Google

The Little Drummer Boy.

NOTHING, perhaps, is more touching, when a regiment passes along with its colours flying, and its drums beating, than the sight of the poor little drummer-boys—little, mild-looking, meek, gentle beings, apparently more lambkins of peace than wolves of war—marching so cheerfully to the "rub-a-dub" of the drum, and the shrill music of the "ear-piercing fife"—marching, too, at the head of the regiment, as if they were to bear the battle's brunt, with their mild blue eyes, flaxen locks, and little fringed jackets. One of these was "little Sidney," as he was usually called in the corps; for he was the little doll of the regiment, the pet suckling of the ferocious flock. His father had been killed in battle, and his mother sunk in giving him birth, and the weak, little diminutive baby was taken by a poor woman who followed the camp; and the soldiers of the 47th—the heroic 47th—made, monthly, a little purse to pay for "pap, and tops and bottoms;" and Sidney was called "the son of the regiment." The regiment was, like all other regiments, flying hither and thither at the roll of the drum. At the

Digitized by Google

time that Sidney was an infant it was quietly stationed at Portsmouth. And at Portsmouth young Sidney grew out of babyhood into boyhood. Before he was five years old he could play the "triangle," and he used to be dressed as a "little corporal," and placed among the "drummers" in the home reviews and parades of the 47th. The officers used to be proud of Sidney, and very often was he brought into the "mess-room" to "tinkle his triangle," and go through the military exercise, and to sing *petite* songs, which he had learned of the band-master, among which the "Recruiting Sergeant" was a particular favourite, both with the privates, and non-commissioned, as well as the commissioned officers; and thus it was that he grew up under the sweet sounds of his own voice, the tinkle of the triangle, and the cheers of his elder comrades—till at last he threw down the triangle, and began to beat the drum. It would be impossible to describe the rapture of the Little Drummer when he first slung the drum on his side, and began to beat the "tattoo," "rub-a-dub," and "roll-call." Everybody was as delighted as Sidney himself, and the good people of Portsmouth used to flock into the streets as the soldiers passed to church, and were delighted beyond measure with the bright eyes, flaxen hair, and rosy cheeks of the Little Drummer.

These were our little hero's rose-coloured days—the morning brightness of joy and pleasure—the clear and sunny skies of unclouded happiness. What a pity it is that they are always so brief, and how sad to think that their briefness is too frequently followed by dark and stormy days of trouble, and nights of sorrow. Such was the case with Sidney. He had basked, and played, and romped, and gambolled, and

Digitized by Google

triangled, and drummed, and sung through the hours of peace—and now the "tug of war" was near. The regiment had orders to march—to march to the transport-ships that lay in the Solent—or rather to march to the harbour's strand, and there to be boated on board those vessels which were to convey them to the seat of war in the Peninsula.

After a tedious voyage—including many days of sad sea-sickness in the Bay of Biscay, a fearful storm just beyond it, and severe suffering from cold, it being in the winter part of the year that the regiment embarked—the 47th was landed at Lisbon, and had immediate orders to march to the battle-field, or rather to the scene of operations in the north of Portugal. Sidney had only just completed the eleventh year of his age. His flaxen locks had been cut off, and his angelic looks had left him; but there was still a soft brightness in his eye, and a sweet music in his voice, which seemed to give his eye a greater brilliancy, and communicated itself to the whole bearing of the boy—who began to feel himself almost a man—who was a man in courage and in heart, as you will hear by-and-by.

It was through snows and heavy tempests that the noble regiment passed over the wild plains of the Peninsula—now up mountain passes, and now down deep defiles, in deluges of rain, hail, and sleet—now fording rivers up to the arm-pits—now encamping among wildernesses of swamps and marshes—now short of clothes, of shelter, and of provisions—scores dying of fatigue and fever—hundreds perishing by famine—officers and men alike suffering, and not less the poor little drummer-boys, many of whom fell down on the snows of the Alcanza, never to rise again. And thus it was

Digitized by Google

that the gallant 47th found themselves, one dark morning, in the year 1808, under the walls of Zaragoza.

A vastly different thing this from beating the "tattoo" round the walls of Old Portsmouth. But here was Sidney, and here were the English troops: and there were the batteries of Zaragoza, bristling with bayonets, and spitting forth "grape and canister" in the most unceremonious manner possible. General Palafox was the Spanish General, who had the command of the citadel of the city; and the French, under General Lefebvre, had not only invested it, but already gained possession of many of its commanding outskirts, and were throwing shells and shot into the town in enormous quantities, determined to destroy the place and every soul within it unless it surrendered. But the brave Spaniards determined to hold out to the last; the inhabitants placed beams of timber edgeways against their houses, in a sloping direction, behind which those who were near when a shell fell might screen themselves. They tore the awnings from their windows, which they converted into sand-bags, and piled them up in immense numbers before their gates, and fortified their houses and dwellings in every possible manner. Women of all ranks assisted: they formed themselves into companies, some to relieve the wounded, some to carry water, wine, and provisions to those who defended the gates. The Countess Burita constituted a corps for this service—she was young, delicate, and beautiful. In the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot and shell, she was seen coolly attending to those occupations which were now become her duty, while Augustina Zaragoza—a handsome woman, of the lower class, about twenty-two years of age—arrived at one of the batteries, where

Digitized by Google

the greatest slaughter was going on, with refreshments, at a time when not a man who defended it was left alive; so tremendous was the fire which the French kept up against it. For a moment the citizens hesitated to re-man the guns. Augustina sprang forward, over the dead and dying, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a six-and-twenty pounder; then, jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege. The Zaragozians were thus animated with fresh courage, and the French were repulsed from this part of the city with great slaughter.

The contest which was now carried on is unexampled in history. One side of the Corso Street—about as wide as Pall Mall—was possessed by the French, and in the centre of it their general, Verdier, gave his orders from the Franciscan Convent. The opposite side was maintained by the Arragonese, who threw up batteries at the openings of the cross street, within a few paces of those which the French erected against them. The intervening space was soon heaped with dead—either slain upon the spot or thrown out of the windows. Palafox, the Spanish general, with a most courageous heart, resolved to fight it out to the last; but the odds were fearfully against him. He was surrounded on every side by the enemy, who had no other object than the utter extermination of the Spanish troops, and the plunder of the town, and the capitulation would have been followed by its being given up to rapine and destruction. Without the city was the advanced guard of a detachment for its relief; and while the fighting was going on with the greatest energy, Don Francisco Palafox, the brother of the general, had arrived with a convoy of arms

Digitized by Google

and ammunition, and a reinforcement of three thousand men, composed of Spanish Guards, Swiss, and volunteers, and the British 47th, which had been first to approach the city. But, alas! this seasonable relief was unknown to the Spanish general within the city. Had he been apprised of this assistance it would have inspired him and his devoted soldiers with fresh courage to sustain the attacks of their merciless enemies. A Council of War was held by the British colonel, Alexander, Don Francisco, and the other officers, and it was decided to send, if possible, information to General Palafox that succour was at hand. This was, however, a difficult task to be undertaken—when it was considered that the French had possession of all the approaches to the place, and that the Spaniards were enclosed quite within the centre of the city. Yet it was of the utmost importance; for, by the Spaniards holding out only for a few hours, the French could be attacked in the rear with great advantage; which attack would be much more likely to be successful by an opposing force still being retained within. Various projects for conveying the intelligence were proposed, but as speedily rejected as impracticable; at last Colonel Alexander thought of the Little Drummer Boy. He had often noticed his activity, and acuteness, and readiness for any enterprise of danger, and he suggested to those in Council the possibility of pitching the little rascal over the walls, leaving him to find his way to the Spanish party, and to take his chance of success or destruction; but he could not bring his mind to impose on the child so hazardous a journey without enlisting his good free-will; besides, he loved the boy almost as if he had been his own son. He, therefore, summoned him to his tent, and the little stripling soon made his

Digitized by Google

appearance. When he appeared he was clothed in his little undress jacket and forage cap, and looked such a little shrimp, that the Spanish captains and Don Francisco laughed outright. Alexander, however, commenced without delay to sound the boy's willingness. "Sidney," he said, "I want a message conveyed to General Palafox, in the town yonder; can you manage to squeeze yourself through some crevice or chink in the walls, or gates, or barriers, and deliver it?"

"I will try, Sir," said Sidney.

"You will be riddled with shot, my little man," said Don Francisco.

"I am not so likely to be hit as a bigger man," replied Sidney. "Put me inside the town, and I will find my way, I'll warrant me."

"It will be easy to push him over the walls, as soon as it gets dusk," remarked Alexander, "and if he creeps gently along the back streets and alleys, he will soon come in contact with some of the Spaniards: at all events, it is the only chance we have now—when will you be ready, Sidney?"

"I am ready, Sir," said the boy. "It is growing dark already."

"Then here is the communication," said the Colonel, sitting down to write.

"Pardon me, Sir," said Sidney; "but if I am killed, or taken prisoner, the paper will fall into the hands of the enemy. Entrust the message to my keeping, and I will deliver it as accurately as words can state it."

"Good—good—good!" said several of the officers at once.

"You are right, my boy. Then all you have to do is to get to General Palafox, who is posted somewhere near the

Digitized by Google

Franciscan Convent, and tell him to hold out—that succour is at hand—and that the enemy will be attacked from this side of the city by a force of four thousand men."

"I will do it," said the boy.

The Colonel then called for a sergeant's guard, and gave directions for them to take an opportunity, as soon as it was dark, to get Sidney over the battlements of the town, and to stay in the same place till he returned, or until further orders.

The night speedily set in, and it was luckily very dark and overcast, as if a storm was brewing in the welkin; but the little party, consisting of a sergeant and four men, winded their way along a deep ravine, and crossing a little stream, stood under an almost perpendicular rock, which flanked one of the batteries—a little to the right of this the wall of the town had been battered partly down, but had not been made good, as it was supposed that nature had so defended the place with the almost perpendicular rock as to make it the very last place in which the enemy would attempt to make good their footing. To scale this rock was the first effort. The soldiers had thick pieces of wedge-shaped iron in their hands, and hammers. They proceeded by inserting the wedges in the crevices of the rock as holdfasts, and forming a foothold of these, planted others where the rock was most inaccessible. By dint of much ingenuity and labour, and with many falls and disasters, two of the men made good their footing, and called out, in a whisper, for the boy to be handed up. But he was nowhere to be found. They dared not call loudly to him for fear of directing the attention of the sentries above to their operations, and, after waiting a considerable time, came to the conclusion that the poor boy had been ter-

Digitized by Google

rified at his work, and had made off to the camp. They, therefore, at last returned to report to their commanding officer the failure of the enterprise.

Sidney, however, knew better than to get back like a poltroon. When he had reached the foot of the rock, and the soldiers were endeavouring to make a way for him, he luckily found *a way* for himself. Groping about in the dark, he found in one of the deep chasms of the hard granite a kind of stair, leading upwards; and following this, he soon found another rude stair. He still continued to mount round the narrow way, zig-zag, here slanting, there it descended, and then it rose again—but he still followed, feeling convinced that it was a rude and secret way leading to somewhere—and, after a very toilsome and circuitous route, taken with the loss of the skin off his knees and elbows, the little boy found himself exactly opposite a small low sally-port or door, which had been blocked up with ponderous stones, but uncemented. Sidney felt about the place, and was convinced that it was a kind of door, or an opening into the city of some kind, and that this was the fortunate spot at which he ought to direct his efforts. He put his hand among the stones, and at last forced the whole of his arm quite through it, even on the other side; but while he was doing this, he heard the confused sound of voices, and thought he saw the glimmer of lights hastily passing to and fro. He listened, and thought, and pondered, and listened again. Then the voices came nearer—but were they the voices of friends or foes?—he listened. It was French that was spoken—they were enemies, and he waited till all was silent—and then came the time for action. He gently removed some of the smaller stones that blocked up the opening, and

Digitized by Google

then the larger, and in a short time found the aperture quite large enough to admit his body. In therefore he crept, and was quickly on the other side of the wall. He was within the city—one great object of his mission so far obtained.

All was silent. He could, however, discern in the distance, that attack and defence had not entirely ceased, although evidently partly suspended in the darkness. He carefully replaced the stones on the inside of the aperture, so that it might not be discovered that an entrance had been effected from without, and then began to consider which direction he was to take. He had been told that the spot he was to reach was exactly in the centre of the city—and he formed a pretty good idea as to the direction in which that centre was to be found—and, immediately, upon his getting clear of his place of entrance, he glided softly along the walls like a spider, feeling his way in the darkness, and stopping every moment to listen. He had not, however, proceeded far before an obstacle presented itself. It was a heavy, narrow gateway with a tower on each side, and a chamber over the arch, and massive turrets frowning down upon him. He could see it gloomily and doggedly standing up in the darkness, and he could hear the slow and leaden tread of the sentinel who paced backwards and forwards before it. The boy crouched down close to the wall, and seemed to shrink into the smallest compressible space, and might have remained unobserved, but that he was suddenly seized with an irresistible desire to sneeze—and sneeze he did—with a violence that made the old hollow arch echo. The sentinel turned abruptly round, brought his musket into position, and cried out "Who goes there?" in French. Sidney spoke not, but squeezed himself in part behind a projecting

Digitized by Google

coigne of the wall. "The word?" cried the sentinel. "Sneeze again," did Sidney, for he could not help it. "I will stop your sneezing," said the sentry. Bang went his musket. Sidney screamed, for a ball had passed through his arm. The report of the soldier's piece woke up the guard within the gateway, who had hastily thrown themselves down to sleep—and a dozen Frenchmen came tumbling forth, half asleep, knocking against each other, and against the sentinel—"Light, light," cried the sergeant of the guard. But, "now is the time," thought Sidney, and before the lights could be brought, he had crawled quickly along the narrow way on "all-fours," and, in the confusion, slipped through the gateway, and just as the lights appeared Sidney got up, and ran till he turned a corner up the street and was lost. The soldiers presently made a strict search in the direction pointed out by the sentinel, but found nothing but some drops of blood—one of them, in a facetious mode, began to quizz the sentinel, by telling him he had been frightened by a tom-cat, which sat patiently on the wall—and that he had only shot his antagonist, who had probably left his blood behind him. And it was useless for the sentinel to talk about sneezing and coughing, and the exclamation of pain which Sidney had uttered, as he was fairly laughed out of his convictions, and obliged to confess that, between sleeping and waking, he must have dreamt of an enemy.

In the meantime, Sidney threaded his mazy way among the narrow streets, and was truly horrified at the devastation he was called upon to contemplate—dead bodies sending forth horrible exhalations, houses in ruins, furniture and valuables broken, and half-destroyed by fire, were lying about in all

Digitized by Google

directions, for this quarter of the city had been the most prominent scene of the struggles between the contending parties, which had ended in the Spaniards being driven more and more into the centre of the city. Sometimes he had to mount over piles of rubbish, which blocked up the street-way, while at others he had to work his way, like a mole, underneath the confused masses of beams, pillars, and tottering ruins. So confusing to the poor boy's senses was all this, that he began to fear he should lose his latitude entirely; but he groped his way along for some time, and at last suddenly emerged in the grand square. And here a sight presented itself the most fearful and extraordinary.

The French troops had advanced upon those of General Palafox, in the centre of the square. They had driven them into a small redoubt, which had been defended on every side by every kind of barricade that could be thrown up. Five times had the French troops essayed to capture this last stronghold, and as often had they been repulsed. The Spanish general nobly held out to the last; but he was surrounded on all sides, and no provision had been sent out to his little band for several days, and the troops only subsisted by the slaughter of their horses, which were now nearly all eaten up. Some of the soldiers clamoured for a capitulation; others determined to die under the walls of their fortress, with their swords in their hands. The general's heart was almost broken, when he beheld his faithful soldiers dying by hundreds around him. A grand assault by the French was at that moment in preparation; and just as the Little Drummer Boy emerged from his labyrinth, the troops were marching forward with savage fury. In a moment the boy comprehended his duty. He saw

Digitized by Google

the Spanish fortifications, and the General animating his men upon the ramparts.

Favoured by the darkness of the morning, he pushed boldly on, threaded his way through the French troops, and succeeded in getting beyond them to the well-guarded entrance of the Spanish fortification. He called aloud to those above him that he brought good news for the General, but no one understood his "English." He, however, drew attention to his outcries, and at last an English servant to the General comprehended his mission, and ropes were let down to draw him up to the battlements. At this moment the French troops advanced, and poured in a volley upon the ascending youth, midway between earth and heaven—another, another, and another—but he was not injured, and reached the top of the walls in safety. Speedily he delivered his message. The Spanish General determined to hold out, now he knew that succour was at hand. The French attacked him in vain. For two days and nights there were nothing but continual assaults—but the Spaniards held out. At last the British troops advanced, the French were defeated, and evacuated the town; while the Little Drummer Boy was rewarded with a golden medal, and had a commission presented him by the General.

Digitized by Google

Death and Burial of the Conqueror.

THERE are, my young friends, few characters in the world's history more striking in events, or better calculated "to point a moral and adorn a tale," than the life of William VII., Duke of Normandy, called "William the Conqueror." He was pre-eminently the leading man of the age. His character has been greatly misrepresented. He was not without many noble traits of character, and had a high energy of purpose, such as neither the age nor mankind could withstand, and his influence is felt upon us at the present moment, although it is eight hundred years since he ceased to live. It will, therefore, be by no means out of place for me to give my young friends a few particulars concerning this very extraordinary man. I shall not take these particulars from the hackneyed Histories of England, but from better and rarer sources, and shall detail many particulars of great interest and importance.

In a speech, which has been preserved by the old chroniclers, or *clericis vitales*, as his last dying speech and confession. It was at the close of the year 1087, that William attacked

Digitized by Google

Nantes, which he set on fire. His horse stumbled on some burning coal, and he was thrown with great violence on to the horse's neck, and being of great stoutness of body the shock seriously injured him. The contusions he received were so severe that he was compelled to return to Rouen, where fever quickly announced the termination of his mortal career. He prepared himself for death with the firmness of a hero, arranged the affairs of England and the Duchy, drew up bequests for the clergy and the poor, and sent a sum of money to repair the sacred edifices he had so recently destroyed at Nantes. He then summoned to his bedside his two younger sons, William Rufus and Henry, and invited all the barons and knights to be seated. Then he made to them the following speech, as recorded by the old writers named above.

"My friends," said he, "sinking under the weight of numerous sins, I feel the liveliest apprehensions of my approaching appearance before the great tribunal of God. From earliest youth I was trained to the use of arms, and I am soiled with blood. I cannot enumerate the evils I have caused during the sixty years I have passed in this world of bitterness, nevertheless I shall soon have to account for them before the Eternal Judge. When my father departed to foreign countries, and delivered up to me the Duchy of Normandy, I was but a young infant, being only eight years of age; from that period up to the present I have always supported the weight of arms. In various perils, in various parts, in various accidents I have passed my life. Frequently, at night, owing to the apprehensions of my relatives, I have been stealthily removed from my chamber by my uncle Walter, and to escape from the

Digitized by Google

villains who thought to murder me, carried into the cottages of the poor. When I grew older, Guy, son of Raymond, Duke of Burgundy, my paternal uncle, returned me evil for good. He outraged me by word and deed. He revolted traitorously against me, and seduced from their allegiance many Norman Barons. Thus, then, while I was a beardless stripling, I was compelled to take the field, and fight against my vassals and my cousin. There, with the aid of God, I conquered my enemies. Shortly afterwards I had to encounter misfortunes still more severe: my paternal uncle, Mauger, Archbishop of Rouen, and his brother William conspired against me; but, by the help of God, I met them with the strength of a lion, and laid them at my feet. I deposed the insolent prelate, and let him know thereby that God was above Satan and all his legions to boot. King Henry, of France, too, thought to trample me under his feet, and invaded my territories with powerful armies, but my sword flew from its sheath to meet him, and he was discomfited in the days of his boasting.

"It was thus, that, from my infancy, surrounded on all sides by adverse circumstances, I extricated myself from them with honour, under the blessing of God, and by His aid I have founded monasteries and nunneries, and filled Normandy with spiritual fortresses, in which mortals learn to combat with devils and evil thoughts. I never violated the Church of God, or did it any harm. But I have plucked down the high and mighty from their seats, and exalted the humble and meek; and I have cheerfully confirmed all grants of lands and revenues made to God, and for the salvation of souls. "To you," said he, turning to his sons, "to you I commit the same work.

Digitized by Google

Do you, my sons, constantly imitate me on this point, that you may be honoured before God and men. Attach yourself to men of worth and wisdom, and follow their advice. Try to discern good from evil, to follow justice in all things, and spare no effort to avoid wickedness, to assist the poor, the infirm, and honest, to curb and punish the proud and selfish, devoutly attend Holy Church, prefer the worship of God to worldly wealth, and observe rigorously the Divine Law."

These, with many other words of sage import, the dying king said to those who surrounded him as he lay. His long and affecting address was frequently interrupted with tears, and when he had terminated this narrative of his life, and partial confession of his sins, his youngest son Henry, feeling that he was uncertain as to his patrimony, approached his father and said, "You have given to my brother William, the kingdom of England, and to Robert, Normandy: what am I to have for my estate and living?" William answered, "I give you five thousand pounds weight of silver out of my own treasure." Henry rejoined, "What shall I do with that gift, if I have no land to dwell in?" His father replied, "My son, be satisfied with your lot, and trust in the Lord. Suffer your brothers peaceably to precede you. Robert will have Normandy, and William England, whether you will or no. But when your time comes, you will have England and Normandy both. Trust, therefore, in the Lord, and work His will."

The King retained till the last all his prudent circumspection. He wrote to Archbishop Lanfranc to express his wish that William should obtain the crown of England, and ordered him to prepare the nobility to receive him as his successor; he then desired his son to pass over to Eng-

Digitized by Google

land at once, and he departed with great willingness to his new inheritance.

The apartment of the dying monarch was still crowded with physicians, ministers of state, and the chief nobility, and he was importuned, as a matter of grace and favour, to liberate the prisoners of rank whom he had incarcerated. To these solicitations the King thus answered: "I arrested several persons to punish them for their crimes against the state. The maintenance of public order enjoins that the wicked and the traitorous should be put away from the community, lest the innocent should suffer. But if it is to be a mercy on me, in God's name, set them free; *but not till I am dead.* But the Bishop of Bayeaux, he must be kept close, alive or dead; for my spirit would not rest were this bad prelate free. Yet let none go forth without surety, and pledge, and solemn oath, and bondsmen—be sure of this all of ye."

When Robert, Earl of Aarlain, heard this, he refused to quit the presence of the expiring monarch till he had obtained the pardon of his brother Odo. He fell on his knees to the king, and besought him, with ardent entreaties, to spare him from perpetual imprisonment, and to set him free. Worn out, at length, by the continued importunities of Robert and all the barons, who seconded him, after receiving strong pledges and guarantees from all around him, the monarch said, "It is in spite of myself that I deliver my brother out of prison; but remember, I tell ye that ye have unloosed a wolf and a fox, and that ye will rue it after I am gone."

On the morning of the 9th of September, the last hour of the Conqueror approached. He was roused from a restless sleep by the sound of the Cathedral bells: raising his eyes to

Digitized by Google

heaven, and with an air of fervent devotion, he exclaimed, "I commend myself to the Holy Mary, Mother of God, my Sovereign, that by her prayers I may be reconciled with her dearly beloved Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ;" as he uttered these words he expired.

No sooner had the King breathed his last than his palace was deserted: the nobles retired to their castles to put their property in safety, the guards abandoned their posts, and domestics plundered, with impunity, the vases, weapons, linen, and, in short, every article that was moveable. The body was left alone without a single attendant, while the gates of the palace were accessible to every intruder.

The news of the King's death soon spread through Rouen, and the monks and prelates assembled and ordered a procession. The archbishop, after the ceremony was terminated, directed that the corpse should be transported to Caen, and buried in the church of St. Stephen. The brothers and cousins of the King had already retired, and those who had lived on his bounty had shamefully abandoned their post. Herlouin de Conteville, his step-father, alone remained faithful: he arranged matters for the funeral and conveyed his body to Caen.

Gislebert, bishop of Eveaux, read the burial-service, and pronounced a panegyric on the deceased, but, in the middle of the ceremony, an alarming fire broke out, which consumed a large portion of the town, and while all the priests and monks hurried away to stifle the flames, the body was removed to an adjoining convent. Shortly after, all the bishops and abbots of Normandy assembled at Caen, and the funeral obsequies were performed with great solemnity.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

On this occasion, an extraordinary event occurred, which is depicted in the engraving, and worthy of being recorded, as showing the powerful influence of the laws of Rollo, the founder of the Duchy. When William built the great Abbey of St. Stephen, at Caen, he pulled down several houses to obtain a spacious area, and he did not compensate all the owners for their loss. When the body of the Conqueror was about to be deposited in the vault, Ascelin, the son of Axthus, stepped forward, and thus addressed the prince and bishops :—

"He who oppressed the kingdom by his arms has been my oppressor also, and has kept me under continual fear of death. Since I have outlived him who has injured me, I mean not to acquit him now that he is dead. The ground wherein you are going to lay this man is mine. Upon this very spot stood the house in which I was born; and I affirm, that, by the laws of Rollo, none may, in justice, bury the dead in property that belongs to another. If, after he has departed this life, force and violence are still used to withhold the right from me, I appeal to Rollo, the father and founder of our nation, who, although long dead, lives in his laws. I take refuge in those laws, owning no authority above them."

This demand was investigated on the spot, and the claim of Ascelin was confirmed by the testimony of his neighbours. None offered him violence for having interrupted the ceremony. On the contrary, all respected the "Haro," or appeal to Rollo. The complainant received sixty louis, with a promise that the full amount of the loss should be paid to him at an early day.

Such is a slight account of the death and burial of William

Digitized by Google

the Norman, one of the greatest of monarchs, and by far the most extraordinary man of his time. He had many rare and noble qualities. History has not done him justice—sufficient allowance has not been made for him. He was the glory and the buckler of Normandy, but the curse and scourge of England.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

The World Underground.

SHOWING WHAT WE SHOULD GET AT BY DIGGING INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.

THE world about us is very extraordinary; the world of waters is very beautiful; the world of animals is very interesting; and the world of stars and planets very sublime. What shall we say of the world underground? Why, that it is both beautiful, extraordinary, wonderful, and sublime. Of this world I should like to say a little, that my young friends may have some idea of what is beneath their feet.

If any of my young friends were to do as Peter Parley once attempted to do, when he was a boy, to solve the wonders of the earth beneath his feet, he would go out with his little spade, and dig a hole in the ground. He would dig through the vegetable mould, into sand, perhaps, or clay, or gravel. If he dug very deep in one locality, he would come upon clay, and in another, upon chalk; but he would not dig very deep before he must stop altogether; so that it would be a long time before anybody could tell much about the world underground by digging; and, if we had been confined to this

Digitized by Google

means of investigation, we should have remained for ever with very little real knowledge of the world underground.

We must, therefore, go a little into particulars before we can know much about the world underground. First, we must consider that the globe we inhabit is a planetary orb, of a few thousand miles in circumfercnce, of a spheroidal shape, its figure being such as a body in a fluid state, and made to rotate on its own axis, would assume. Its mean density is five times greater than that of water, the interior being double that of the solid superficial crust: the internal part of the earth it covers over must, therefore, be composed of very dense materials. Heat, also, increases as we proceed downwards. It is one degree warmer for every fifty feet we descend, so that one hundred miles below the surface the earth may be as hot as the hottest fire.

Then, as to the thickness of the rind or "crust of the earth," as it is called, man has been able to penetrate this but a very little way. The deepest mines are not more than a mile in depth, being no more than a mere scratch with a pin on an artificial globe a foot in diameter. Yet, with this very superficial examination, a vast deal of the world underground has been discovered.

The superficial crust of the globe is composed of numerous layers and masses of earthy substances, combinations of iron, lime, silex, or flint. The stone, gravel, clay, chalk, and such matters being derived from such combinations. They are laid one over the other, like the coats of an onion; but not in regular succession, nor are the layers complete or perfect in any case, but broken, torn, and dislocated, running into one another, and through one another, sometimes even overlapping

Digitized by Google

one another. As we begin to examine them we soon perceive that some of these strata were deposited before others. Those strata which have been deposited the latest, bear evident marks of mechanical trituration or working on the water-worn ruins of older rocks or stones. As we descend, materials broader and denser appear, which also bear proofs of having been acted upon by water; but when we go deeper and deeper we come to compact, hard rocks, which do not appear to have been acted upon by water, but by fire, and appear as if crystallized by heat. In the newer strata, or those lying uppermost, we find the remains of trees, plants, shells, and animal bones; but in the lower rocks all traces of these are lost entirely.

To enable my young friends to understand, in something like a systematic form, the successive layers of the earth's crust, and what they contain, I must first call upon them, as the drill sergeant does to his recruits, and say, "Attention." Without attention it is impossible for any one to become acquainted with the commonest kinds of knowledge. "Attention," then, is my motto, my young gentlemen. Attention! I say, attention!

I began at the top crust of the earth—but now I shall commence at the bottom crust. I said that the lower rocks were hard masses, while the upper ones were softer. The lowest of all the rocks are called "Primary," from *primus*, first. These rocks are for the most part granite, porphyry, scenite, &c. They are, as I told you, of a crystallized structure, and have been evidently reduced to that state by the agency of fire. They constitute the base or foundation on which all the other strata of rocks rest, and they often shoot

Digitized by Google

up into high mountains, and form the greatest elevations in the globe.

The next series of rocks above them is the Transition Strata. They lie upon the primitive, and more or less exhibit marks of stratification. In them are discovered also the fossil remains of some animals and plants; but their origin is very difficult to account for: they evidently prove that water has acted upon them in their composition, but they also show that heat, added to enormous pressure from above, has had to do with their consolidation.

Above these rocks lie what are called the Secondary Strata of rocks. These have clearly originated from the destruction of more ancient rocks, and have been deposited in hollows or depressions by the action of rivers and seas. They abound in the remains of animals and plants. The most ancient enclosing zoophytes and shells; the next in antiquity containing, in addition, vegetable remains and fishes; and those that succeed them, not only vegetables, shells, and fishes, but insects, and bones of enormous reptiles and birds. Of this class of rocks, the chalk is the uppermost, and the most recent.

Above the Secondary rocks lie the Tertiary Strata. They lie in hollows or basins of the chalk, and other rocks of the Secondary kind, and are formed of the remains of more ancient beds. They abound in shells, plants, zoophytes, shell-fish, such as crabs, lobsters, &c., and in these the bones of Mammalia first appear.

Besides these series of rocks and deposits there are still later formations, which go by the name of Alluvial Deposits. They are spread over the surface of almost every country, more or less abundantly. They contain remains of the *exist-*

Digitized by Google

ing races of animals and plants, associated with those of species that are no longer to be met with on the earth.

My young friends will, I should think, infer from this very brief outline of the subject, that the earth was a very different place from what it now is. We have evidence of a succession of periods of unknown duration, in which both the land and the sea teemed with forms of existence that have successively disappeared, and given place to others; and these again to new races approaching more and more nearly to those which now inhabit our earth, till at length existing species made their appearance.

We learn too, still further, that the distribution of land and water on the surface of the earth has been undergoing great changes—that the sea and land have changed places: that which was once ocean has been before dry land: and what is now dry land, has been, in ages past, the bottom of the sea. That in very distant ages, although animal and vegetable life existed, the species were then very different from what they now are. These, and other wonderful facts, will be revealed to us when we take cognizance of the *World Underground*; and I shall endeavour to show briefly, to my young friends, in one or two distinct revelations, that the former and present state of our planet must have been in reference to its underground features. For the present I will suspend my remarks, and only require my young friends to read again what I have written—to ponder over it—to think and to speculate upon the wondrous things they have already heard.

Digitized by Google

The Death Struggle.

BOB—BOB THE DOG—AND BLUE NOSE.

VARIOUS are the astounding accounts relating to the struggles between the early American settlers and the native American Indians, in all of which acts of the highest heroism and most determined bravery are recorded. Among the famous Pickwacket fights, one deserves to be recorded. There was a rugged spirit, who went from England during the enterprising period of American settlement, whose name was Bob Forsdyke. He moved from the thick-settled sea-board or coast, and penetrated far into the wilderness, with little but his dog, and his rifle, an axe, and his "victuals bag."

He, however, established himself in the wildest of the wild places of the Western States, built a log-house just big enough to stand up and lie down in. He lived upon the "bear," and other wild beasts which he shot, and turned into hams, and smoke-dried mostly; and the sooty rafters of his log-house were hung round with these delicate viands; and Bob, and

Digitized by Google

his dog Bob, lay at night on the fur of the rugged and grisly bear, the wild deer, or the dun catamount.

Bob was tall—higher than the stateliest Indian—strong as a buffalo. Four Indians of the first rank were no match for him. He was swift of foot—he could outrun the moose deer in full trot. Sagacious and eagle-eyed, he entrapped the Indian in his ambush, and surpassed him in that sort of instinct which guides the savage and the keener brute through the wide and pathless woods.

The red man passed cautiously and tremulously by the dwelling of "Bob and his dog Bob;" and a score of them would lie still when they watched in ambush, and suffered him to go unmolested, lest their rifles might miss, what they deemed, his charmed body, and bring him in vengeance upon them; for he valued them as lightly as Samson did the men of Askalon.

Around the shores of the Winnipiscogee River there dwelt a powerful tribe of Indians. Their chief was "Blue-Nose." He was a savage of gigantic size and strength, swift, cunning, and blood-thirsty, treacherous, cruel, and revengeful above the natural vengeance of the Indian, and the terror of man, woman, and child along the frontiers. This audacious savage advanced upon the civilised cities and villages of the borders, during the dark winter nights, and often made captives of men, women, and children. In short, he was the terror of the neighbourhood and of the whole district.

Bands of soldiers had penetrated to the shores of the Winnipiscogee, to find out the retreat of this terrible savage, and, if possible, to slay him, or take him prisoner; but he was too sagacious, and always eluded their search, though they came

Digitized by Google

at one time so near him that he saw the blaze of his wigwam as they set it on fire, and the smoke of it curling among the tree-tops that were then above his head.

Often had Bob Forsdyke and his dog endeavoured to find out "Blue-Nose." He had been sought for in the skirmishes, that he might be the sure mark for the deadly rifle. But "Bob" and "Blue-Nose" had never chanced to meet in bloody conflict, although "Blue-Nose" had learned from his tribe the character and talents of "Bob," as well as those of Bob's dog.

"Bob" had dwelt pretty much alone in his log-house; that is to say, he had seldom kept much company. But, at the period of the American war, a small detachment of determined men were on their way eastward, through the wilderness where "Bob" dwelt, against the tribe of Indians of whom "Blue-Nose" was the chief. Seeing this, "Bob" immediately left his log-house, and joined them in their adventure. He was considered by all as a great accession to the strength of their brave little band.

They traversed the woods for some days till, at last, they came upon an overwhelming body of Indians on the borders of the Whapoas River—and their fights have given celebrity to every portion of the surrounding wilderness. In one of these most desperate conflicts, both parties drew aside from sheer exhaustion: "Bob," weary with fighting—thirsty and faint under the hot sun—had retired to the edge of the river to drink, and to wash out his gun—which had grown so foul with frequent firing that at last he could not make it go off. He pushed his way through a copse of willows to a little beach by the river's brink, when lo! from the thicket at a

Digitized by Google

short distance from him emerged the stately figure of "Blue-Nose." "Bob" the dog eyes him first, and, by his loud barking arrested the attention of "Bob" the hunter. Bob turned and observed his mortal enemy, covered with blood and dust, making his way to the water.

The warriors at once knew each other; and each knew "that for one or both of them, the time was come"—it was impossible that two such enemies could ever part, except by the aid of death. "Blue-Nose," like "Bob," had also come to the water to quench his thirst, and to wash out his foul rifle. The condition of the rifles seemed instinctively known to these bitter enemies, and they, without saying a word, both rushed to the water to wash out their guns for the dreadful encounter. They quickly, and with equal movements, cleaned their guns and took their stations on the outer border of the beach.

"Now, 'Blue-Nose,'" said Bob, "I have you," and with the quickness and steadiness of an old hunter, commenced loading his rifle. "Na, na, me have you," replied "Blue-Nose," and he handled his gun with a dexterity that made the bold heart of Bob beat quick, and he almost raised his eyes to take their last look upon the sun. They rammed their cartridges, and each at the same instant, cast his rod upon the sand. "I'll have you, 'Blue-Nose,'" shouted Bob—as in his desperation he almost resolved to rush upon the savage with the breach of his rifle, lest he should receive his bullet before he could load. The woods along the stream echoed back the shout. "Blue-Nose" trembled as he applied the powder-horn to the priming—Bob heard the grains of the powder rattle over the touch-hole upon the fallen leaves beneath his feet.

Digitized by Google

Bob struck his gun-breach violently upon the ground—the rifle primed itself, the little dog, "Bob," barked, and the bullet of Bob whistled through the heart of "Blue Nose." He fell, and, as he went down, the bullet from the mouth of his ascending rifle touched the hair upon the crown of Bob's scalp, without avenging the death of its dreadful master.

The hunter, after recovering the shock of such a fearful and imminent encounter, cast a look upon the fallen savage: the paleness of death had come over his copper-coloured forehead. He seized upon his rifle, his bullet-pouch, and powder-horn, left him on the beachy sand, and sought again the lessened ranks of the white men, as they wearily defended themselves against the encircling savages. He shouted to them of the fallen "Blue-Nose," and displayed his conquered trappings. The Indians looked thunderstruck. The tall figure of the chief was nowhere to be seen; but his rifle, pouch, and powder-horn were in the hands of the white men, and they immediately ceased their fire and rushed into the woods.

Bob, it is said, long after, killed three of the savages who tried to revenge the death of their fallen chief.

Digitized by Google

The Shabby Coat;

OR, THE

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "GENTS" AND "GENTLEMEN."

SOME people say this is a "very shabby world." It is certain that there are a great many "shabby tricks" performed in it. The world is no longer the "superfine broad double milled" article that it was, in what poets term the "golden age,"—much of its glossy nap is worn off, and it is evidently threadbare in many places. Yet it appears better than it is. As the Jews renovate their old coats, and with dyes and brushes put a fresh colour and gloss upon them; so is the world made to look almost like new again, by various contrivances of which, perhaps, it would be well to say nothing—at all events, we may infer from what we see in the world and about it, that it will not always do to trust to appearances; that many things that look fine to the eye are not so in reality —that the rosiest apples are not always the best flavoured—that the best looking people are not always the best tempered —and generally, we find that the "sweetest nut" hath some-

Digitized by Google

times the sourest rind—that the roughest exterior often covers the fine qualities of the best understanding—in short, Peter Parley's experience in the world has learnt, a very long time ago, not to trust to the outward, but to try to get to the inward, and not by any means to go by appearances.

These convictions were for the hundredth and odd time brought before me by the following incidents, which occurred many years ago, when I was travelling from Ipswich to Bury, at the time Stage Coaches were in fashion:—It was in the month of November, at a season when people rarely travel, without they are forced to it. The Ipswich and Bury coach was, at that time, a very decent "turn out," and very frequently filled by young "sparks," going into the woods of High Suffolk on school excursions. I got up in my quiet way behind, and sat down by the side of a quiet-looking gentleman, rather beyond middle age, who, upon my giving him the compliments of the day, returned them with an exceeding degree of quite politeness. Presently, a decent-looking woman in a widow's dress, and with a baby in her arms, presented herself, and after some trouble, succeeded in getting to the top of the coach, the quiet gentlemen kindly taking the "baby" as she mounted over the dirty wheel, and when she was up, he kindly offered her his place next to me in the hind seat. While this was going on, two spruce young fellows dressed in an outrageous style of fashion, of a sporting character, mounted the coach, and seated themselves *sans ceremonie* by the side of the quiet-looking gentleman. I should have told you that the quiet-looking gentleman had upon his back a very thread-bare coat, and over this he wore an article of dress, equally thread-bare, called a "spencer"—a kind of

Digitized by Google

coat with the tails cut off. His hat, too, although very clean, as was his whole attire, had been brushed again, and again, and again; all the nap was pretty well brushed clean off; and the quiet gentleman presented, upon the whole, what is called, in language somewhat vulgar, a very seedy appearance, contrasting strangely with the full, blooming, broad cloth of our spruce young "gents" who sat beside him, and who after the coach was fairly started, began to eye him with scrutinizing glances, evidently longing to "quizz him" should opportunity offer.

The coach having stopped to change horses at the first stage, the guard, observing that the quiet gentlemen carried his small portmanteau beside him, very civilly asked him to put it in the boot, to which he immediately assented. "Put it fairly in the centre, guard," said one of the "gents." "Why, so, Tom?" inquired the other, "It might capsize the coach," rejoined the first; a sally of wit, at which both indulged in a burst of laughter, and of which the owner of the portmanteau, although the blood mounted slightly to his cheek, took no notice whatever.

The morning being fine when we set out, the ride was peculiarly pleasant. The "gents" talked of horses and dogs, and fowling pieces and percussion caps—every now and then mentioning the name of Lord John and Lord Harry; as if their acquaintance lay among the great ones of the land. Once or twice, I thought, I saw an expression of contempt in the countenance of the quiet gentleman, in the shabby spencer, but in this I might be mistaken. His attention was evidently directed to the poor woman who sat beside him: who seemed suffering from poverty and distress of mind—her silent tears

Digitized by Google

frequently falling on the face of the sleeping infant in he arms. The quiet gentleman exhibited pity and sympathy for her, as he gazed on the poor woman and the child—but he said nothing.

While we were changing horses at the next stage, an aged beggar approached and held out his hat for alms. The "gents" looked at him with scorn: I gave him a few pence: and the widow, poor as she seemed, was about to do the same, when the quiet gentleman with the shabby coat laid his hand gently on her arm, and dropping a half-crown in the beggar's hat, made a sign for him to depart. The "gents" looked at each other: "showing off," said the one. "Aye, aye! successful at our last benefit, you know," rejoined the other—as much as to intimate that the quiet gentleman was only a stage player. This produced a loud laugh from both the "gents." The quiet gentleman, however, took no notice, but I certainly did see a little pink in his cheek.

The coach again spun along; but the wind began to rise, and the gathering clouds indicated an approaching shower. The "gents" began to prepare their umbrellas, and the quiet gentleman in the spencer, surveying the dress of the poor widow, and perceiving that she was but indifferently provided against a change of weather, inquired of the guard if the coach was full inside. Being answered in the affirmative, he addressed the mourner in a tone of sympathy, told her that there was every sign of the approach of a smart shower, expressed his regret that she could not be taken into the coach, and concluded by offering her the use of his spencer, which he pulled off without further ceremony. "It will protect you so far," said he; "at all events it will protect the

Digitized by Google

baby." The widow thanked him in a modest and respectful manner, and said, "that for the sake of the infant she would be glad to have the coat." "His spencer won't spoil," said one of the "gents," in words of affected tenderness; and besides, my dear, the spencer might be made to cover all three." The widow blushed, the quiet gentleman turned round with a very quiet demeanour of countenance, and with great dignity, said to the impudent speaker, "Sir, I am far from being of a quarrelsome nature; but it is quite possible you may provoke me too far." Both the "gents" looked very foolish and very pale; but they puffed away at their cigars, and never opened their lips for sometime afterwards—not even to each other.

The quiet gentleman protected the widow and child by his spencer, and at last the coach came to the environs of Bury, and having stopped, the widow and her baby prepared to alight. The quiet gentleman got down from the coach, and took the latter in his arms while the mother descended. He then made a few inquiries concerning her, in which it appeared she was domiciled on the estate of a noble marquis in the neighbourhood; that her husband's name was Robert Langham, and that he had been accidently killed in training a spirited horse. The quiet gentleman put a piece of gold into the hand of the little infant, which smiled at him as it laid in its mother's arms; and, as it did so, told her to put her trust in Him who was a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow. He then resumed his seat on the coach, and we were soon again in rapid motion. The "gents" exchanged very expressive looks at each other, and the more forward of the two whispered the words "Methodist Parson," with a smile and a sneer.

Digitized by Google

The coach now rolled on again. Not a word was spoken. The quiet gentleman sat with his arms crossed upon his breast, and, if I might judge from the expression of his countenance, was evidently resolving some scheme of benevolence in his mind. The "gents" regarded him with blank amazement. They, also, had seen the gold on the infant's small hand, and seemed to think there was more under the shabby spencer than their puppy brains could easily conjecture. That in this they were right, was speedily made manifest.

We now entered the fine old town of Bury St. Edmund's, and were approaching the principal inn, at which our conveyance was to stop. An open travelling carriage with four beautiful grey horses, drove up in an opposite direction. The elegance of the equipage made the "gents" spring to their feet, and look over the roof of the coach. "What an out-and-out turn-out!" said one. "What splendid greys!" said another; "I wonder who they belong to?" "It is a marquis's coronet," said the first. "Ah! it's something to be a marquis," rejoined the other. The stage-coach and the travelling carriage stopped at the Buck's Head at the same moment, and a footman in top-boots and laced livery springing down from behind the rumble of the carriage, looked first inside, and then outside the stage-coach—when, observing the quiet gentleman, he lifted his hat with a smile of respectful recognition.

"Are all well at home?" inquired the quiet gentleman in the shabby spencer.

"All well, my *Lord*," replied the footman.

At the sound of that monosyllable, "Lord," the faces of the "gents" became visibly elongated; but, without taking the slightest notice of them or their confusion, the Marquis

Digitized by Google

of B—— politely wished me "Good morning," and descending from the coach, caused his servant to place his shabby cloak and despised portmanteau in the carriage. He then stepped into it himself, and the coachman, touching the leaders very slightly with his whip, the equipage and its noble owner were soon out of sight.

"Pray, what nobleman is that?" said one of the "gents" to the landlord, as he entered the inn.

"The Marquis of B——," replied the landlord, "one of the best men in the county of Suffolk.

"The Marquis of B——!" repeated "gent" No. 1, turning to "gent" No. 2. "What asses we have been! Here we have an introduction to his steward. I shall be ashamed to show my face on his dirty acres."

"We had better go back by the next coach," said "gent" No. 2.

The "gents," however, got down from the coach, and solaced themselves with a glass of brandy-and-water each, and I saw no more of them.

"Does the Marquis travel much in this quiet way?" said I, addressing the landlord—"so unattended?"

"Very often," replied Boniface; "he thinks that he gets a clearer view of society by those means."

"I have no doubt he does," I replied, as I descended the coach.

As it happened, I had an introduction to the Marquis, for the purpose of seeing his fine mansion and grounds; and I can only say that I was not afraid to present it, and that my reception was in every way worthy of the nobleman whose conduct had so forcibly struck my attention.

Digitized by Google

The Reign of Edward the Third,

AND

HEROISM OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

THE reign of Edward the Third was a reign of glory for England. Edward was a King worthy the English sceptre. From the earliest period of his life he exhibited decision of character, and straightforwardness of purpose. As soon as he came to the throne he determined to free himself from the tyranny of his mother's favourite. He consulted with his lords, and it was agreed to gain possession of her person, and to deal with the favourite according to his deserts.

The Queen and Mortimer lodged in that stronghold, the Castle of Nottingham. It was not only strongly barricaded, but strictly guarded. The gates were locked nightly, and the keys conveyed to the Queen, who slept with them under her pillow. But Edward and his confederates found a way into the palace by a subterranean hole under the castle, and

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Mortimer—notwithstanding the Queen's cries and exclamations, entreating them to spare the gentle Mortimer—was apprehended, and conducted under a strong guard, to London, where parliament was assembled, which convicted him of having procured the death of the late King—of having obtained exorbitant grants of the royal domain—of having dissipated the public treasury—of having induced the Queen to evil courses—and of having robbed the country of twenty thousand marks of the money paid to the King of Scotland. Mortimer was condemned, and was hung upon a gibbet at the Elms, Tyburn, now the site of the Marble Arch.

As regards military matters in the reign of this King, it is celebrated by two of the greatest victories in the English annals, not excepting those of Alma and Inkermann, viz., the victories of Cressy and Poictiers.

Every thing in which Edward was engaged gave proofs of his extraordinary talents. That he was ambitious there can be no question. His invasion of France, to wit; but, being determined to lay claim to the throne, he set out from Southampton with a force of one thousand ships and thirty thousand men, accompanied by the flower of his nobility, and likewise by his eldest son, Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards famous under the name of the "Black Prince," and then in his sixteenth year. The French King mustered an army of one hundred thousand men, laid waste the whole country to stop his course, and marched upon him with superior numbers. Edward was all but surrounded, and unless he could make his retreat northward, his destruction was certain. In these perilous circumstances he had recourse to stratagem.

Henry came to the bridge of Poissy, near Paris, which, like

Digitized by Google

all others in his advance, had been rendered useless, he suddenly ordered his army to march forward without attempting the passage of the bridge above. The French, in great force, were prepared to receive him. As he marched along during the night, he returned by a rapid march to Poissy, and got over his army without interruption, He had still, however, another river to cross, before he could reach Flanders; and the enemy, amounting to one hundred thousand men, and commanded by the King, Philip the Third, in person, was so near upon him that if he could not accomplish his passage in a few hours, he ran the risk of being driven before them into the river. He resolved, therefore, to make the attack at all hazards. A peasant having been induced by the offer of a reward to discover a place at which the river might be forded at low water, Edward, taking his sword in his hand, plunged in, his army followed their gallant leader; and, although they were met when they reached the opposite shore, by Godemar de Faye, at the head of twelve thousand men, they made good their landing, and drove back the enemy, and pursued them for some distance over the adjacent plain. This bold achievement had been effected just in time. While the rear of Edward's army was yet in the water, the vanguard, led by Philip, reached the bank they had left. Deterred, however, by the rising tide, the French King declined pursuing the enemy across the river. Still Edward had not escaped the necessity of fighting the increasing superior force which was thus bearing down upon him. Accordingly, he spent the night in surrounding his position with trenches, and next morning he drew up his army in three divisions, on a gentle ascent, near the village of Cressy, opposite to which he had

Digitized by Google

crossed the river. The command of the foremost division he committed to his son, the Prince of Wales. The second to the Earl of Arundel and Northampton, and the third to himself which consisted of twelve thousand men. Edward took his station upon a windmill.

The English troops, having taken a slight repast, were ordered to lie down upon the grass, and thus awaited the enemy's approach. On seeing them advance, every man rose up. During the time a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder and a terrible eclipse of the sun; and, besides the rain, a great flight of crows hovered in the air, making a loud noise. Shortly after it cleared up, and the sun shone very bright; but the Frenchmen had it in their faces, and the English at their backs. The English archers shot forth their arrows with such quickness that it seemed as if it snowed; and when the enemy felt these they wavered, and the Genoese part of them fell back in terror. When the King of France saw them give way and run, he called out, "Kill me these scoundrels! kill me these traitors!" and the men-at-arms, whom the King had brought up to support them, fell upon them with great slaughter. In the English army there were some Cornish and Welshmen on foot, who had armed themselves with large knives; these advancing through the ranks of the men-at-arms and archers, who made way for them, came upon the French when they were killing the Genoese, and falling upon earls, barons, knights, and squires, slew them like sheep. The Earl of Aleçon advanced in regular order upon the English. These, with some Germans and Savoyard bands, had, early in the day, broken through the battalion commanded by the Prince of Wales (Edward).

Digitized by Google

The first division, seeing the great danger the heir-apparent was in, sent a knight, Sir Thomas Norwich, in great haste to the King of England, who was posted on an eminence, near a windmill. On the knight's arrival, he said, "Sire the Earl of Norwich and the others with him are vigorously attacked by the French, and they entreat that you would come to their assistance." The King replied, "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded, that he cannot support himself?" "Nothing of the sort, my lord," rejoined the knight," but he is in so hot an engagement, that he has great need of your help." The King answered—"Now, Sir Thomas, return back to those that sent you, and tell them, from me, not to send to me again this day, or expect that I shall come, let what will happen, so long as my son has life, and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs, for I am determined, if it shall please God, that all the glory and honour of this day shall be with him, and those into whose care I have entrusted him." And so, then, the battle went on with more fury, and hundreds of the most noble, brave, and gallant men fell on either side. The battle raged fiercely all the day, till at last the French gave way entirely, and the King was led away by force from the field. The battle was ended by the sound of vespers, and then King Edward came down from his post, who all day long had not put on his helmet, and, with his whole battalion, advanced towards the Prince of Wales, whom he embraced in his arms and kissed, and said, "Sweet son, God gave you good perseverance. You are my son, for most loyally have you acquitted yourself this day. You are worthy to be a sovereign." The Prince bowed down very low, and humbled himself, giving all honour to the King, his father.

Digitized by Google

Such was the battle of Cressy. That of Poictiers was no less celebrated. It was fought on the 19th of September, 1356, without the loss of one person of distinction among the English; whereas the principal nobility of France fell in the contest. Two dukes, nineteen counts, five thousand men-at-arms, and about eight thousand infantry, are said to have been killed on the side of the French—now, thank God, our "brothers in the fight." Two thousand men-at-arms were taken prisoners, including John, King of France, three princes of the blood, the Archbishop of Sens, and other noblemen. The Prince of Wales (the Black Prince) had only about twelve thousand men, while that of the French King was over sixty thousand. The King of France was conducted to the Prince of Wales, to whom he surrendered himself, who treated him in the most magnanimous manner. On the next evening after the battle, he gave a great entertainment to him and all the noble prisoners. He gave to the King of France the highest honour of the table, and himself served his board, and would not sit down with him, in spite of all his entreaties to do so—saying that he was not worthy of such an honour, to sit in the presence of so great and valiant a king.

In the April following these events, the Prince came into England, bringing the King of France with him. He was received there with excessive joy, but constantly refused all honours that were offered to him, being satisfied with those that were paid to the captive king. When they made their entry into London, the Prince of Wales rode on a little black pony by the King of France's side, who was mounted on a stately white charger, adorned with costly trappings. It is

Digitized by Google

reported, that when Edward received the news of the victory of Poictiers, he said to those about him, that his satisfaction at so glorious a success was not compatible to the pleasure caused by the generous behaviour of the Prince.

It is from these circumstances that I give my young friends this account. It is not my custom to gloat over the horrors of war, but it is my delight to detail instances of generosity, magnanimity, and devotion. These are the virtues that make the reign of Edward the Third one of the most glorious of reigns. The humility and dutiful behaviour of the Black Prince to his father is beyond that of most princely sons. Victories are vulgar things, in comparison to the moderation and humanity displayed by a young Prince of twenty-seven years of age, not yet cooled from the fury of battle.

It seems unfortunate that this gallant and noble Prince did not ascend the English throne—but He, "whose ways are above our ways," took him away while all his glory shone bright around him. The Black Prince died on Trinity Sunday, 1396, in the forty-sixth year of his age. He was buried in the Cathedral of Canterbury. Over his resting-place is erected a stately monument of grey marble, with his portraiture of copper gilt. On an iron bar over his tomb are placed the helmet and crest, coat of mail, and gauntlets, and on a pillow his shield of arms. He is described, by historians, as the most excellent Prince England ever produced. Ever submissive to the King, his father, whom he never once disobeyed.

Let the Black Prince be an example to my young friends, at least in this last particular. It may not be for them to command armies, or to win battles, or obtain great renown

Digitized by Google

by heroic deeds, yet they can win what is far more estimable, the blessing of Almighty God—which is ever bestowed upon obedient children, and upon those who strive to "do their duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them."



Digitized by Google

The Alligator Tank.

INDIA abounds in the wonderful. The elephants, the camels, the tigers, the banyan trees, the broad sunshine, the mighty swamps, the monkeys, the men, the women, the rivers—all are wonderful, whether taken singly, or thrown together higglede-piggedly, all are wonderful—but most wonderful is an Alligator Tank.

Of course there are numerous Alligator Tanks in India, in which Alligators are kept for "Instruction and Amusement," as are the black, white, and blue Ducks in St. James's Park. But there is one Alligator Tank *par excellence* called, emphatically, *the* Alligator Tank, situated near Kurrachee, which is really one of the most extraordinary things in the world.

The principal portion of ground at this Alligator Tank is an irregular swamp; the higher banks of which are covered by soft grass, and the whole sheltered by luxuriant foliage. A spring rises near it, and forms a calm, still pool, or bathing place. Around it is a vast plain, with an oasis in the distance, redolent with noble clumps of banyan, tamarind, and

Digitized by Google

other Eastern foliage; and near them the white dome of the Mausoleum, dedicated to "Peer Mungar," the patron saint of the Alligator Tank.

The Tank itself is a large piece of half stagnant water, surrounded with tall, green, and various Eastern shrubs and plants. It looks like a Dead Sea, on a small scale; and the glare of the afternoon sun on its slimy waters has a sickening effect. Lying about in the swamp appeared, what seemed to me, a vast number of trunks of trees—dark, dirty logs—they had neither sound or motion, and lay as idle as painted logs upon a painted ocean. I could scarcely believe that they were Alligators—but they were: for suddenly the Moolah, or keeper of the place, waved his stick, and, uttering a strange sort of call, set the Tank in motion. The whole lake was changed at once from death to life; and from below and around every little bank within the swamp came slowly forth Alligators, who, with their hideous rolling motion, and widely opened tongueless jaws, dragged their ponderous bodies from out the slough in which they had been basking, and advanced towards their keeper, god, or priest—the Moolah. But not alone were thus obedient the numerous Alligators of the swamp: from beneath every tree surrounding it crawled forth one of these huge beasts—until, to my infinite disgust, I found myself the centre of a circle of Alligators, all resting, serpent-wise, on their bodies, with eyes fixed on the enchanter with his wand, the masters of the slimy revels, and obedient to his commands. It was past their usual feeding-time; but a young kid or two were thrown to them, and a poor, old, worn-out donkey. The scramble for these was truly fearful. Poor Neddy was torn limb from limb in a

Digitized by Google

jiffey—some running one way and some another with parts of the prize—these being pursued by their fellows—when fierce battles took place between these again and again, till every part of the animal was divided and subdivided into infinitesimal morsels. After a while, the scramble was over, the deglutition accomplished, and the Tank became again the abode of peace and quietude, and the Alligator brood again settled themselves into their former still and quiet posture.

But this is not all of the Alligator Tank. There is, beside it, a small pool or tank, in which the King of the Alligators resides, holding himself aloof from all his kind, as great men often do. He is a kind of Czar Alligator—a sulky, over-bearing, over-reaching, over-gorged, and over-petted beast. He is called "Moor Sahib," and given larger rations than all the rest, because he is sulky and ferocious above all. But he, as well as the others, exist by virtue of the will of an Eastern Prince, who has endowed the tank, priest, and temple with adequate revenues. So he lives to the extreme dread of all who go near him. Sometimes the old wretch plays strange pranks when the fit takes him; he has now and then whipped off a Hindoo mendicant or devotee, and sometimes a damsel; and, on one occasion, a party of young Griffins, as cadets are called, were put to speedy flight by the whole community of Alligators, who determined not to stand an assault of fire-works with which they had been belaboured. Excited to revenge themselves on their disturbers, they came valiantly forth to the attack, and followed their tormentors some distance from the Tank, at a pace which constrained the gentlemen to a very undignified and speedy flight.

Digitized by Google

Some very dangerous and heroic exploits have been performed in connection with the Alligator Tank. One of the most dangerous was that of a young native Hindoo, which deserves to be recorded.

A party of English officers came down, as usual, for a pic-nic to the spot, and to see the "Alligators," which I should tell you, are great "lions" in India—and few persons refrain from viewing them. This party consisted of a couple of colonels, a grand commissariat, and severals captains, lieutenants, &c., with a little bevy of ladies. They took up their position close to the tomb of the "Peer Mungar," and after having sat down to their good things, made themselves very merry and full of fun; while at their repast, they were interrupted by the begging solicitations of a poor Hindoo and his sister, who, venturing towards the circle, implored a rupee for their aged mother, who was lying sick at a village adjacent. As such people are common in India, the party made themselves very merry with the suppliants, giving nothing but "banter," a commodity not very serviceable to a sick woman—to which was added a quantity of "go along!" The unfortunate couple, however, followed the party, and they proceeded to the Alligator Tank, and, when there, one of the colonels paid some attention to the tale of the young Hindoo, who begged for his sick mother. "Do you love your mother?" said he. "Yes, that I do, and would do anything to help her." "Do you see those brown sticks (alligators' backs) lying across the pond?" "Yes, Massa." "What say you to run over them to the other side for twenty rupees?" "Very good, Massa, me do it for mother." "Do it then, and here are twenty rupees." "Very good, Massa, here I go!" and without any further

Digitized by Google

parley or hesitation, and with the quick light step of an antelope, the little fellow hopped from the back of one Alligator to the other, till he "walked over" the whole of them like a flash of lightning, showing himself quickly on the other side of the Tank, and running round it to the party with nimble and merry footsteps. The "party" was electrified with the exploit, and to the twenty rupees promised, much more was added to the Hindoo boy and girl, who skipped away, dancing, with light hearts and joyful faces. The same lad, in the afternoon, leaped into the smaller Tank, and mounted the back of the old Alligator, which he rode round and round to the infinite astonishment of the spectators—slipping off when he was tired, with the most adroit dexterity.

Such is the "*on dit*" of the Alligator's Tank of Kurrachee, a spot of very famous resort for the people who generally select Sunday as their special holiday, although Friday is the Mahomedan day of fun and frolic. Altogether, the tomb of the Peer Mungar is a popular spot, and they who bathe, drink water there, or run over the Alligators, appear to enjoy themselves mightily.

Digitized by Google

Trial of the Dog "Growler."

Suffolk to Wit. } *Murder Extraordinary; or the Most Wonderful and Astonishing Trial of "Growler" for a very Atrocious Murder committed upon the person of a Hare, on the preserves of John Brushwood, Esq.*

AT a High Court of Oyer and Terminer, and Gaol Delivery, holden on February 4, 1855, at Little Puddington Major, before the Lord Chief Just-ass Donkey, at the Shire Hall:—

The Indictment set forth that the prisoner Growler, being instigated by the "spirit of game," and by his own ferocious nature, appetite, and abominable propensity of slaying, did, on the night of January 17th, in and upon a heath, or underwood, or bank, or hill, or lane, or turnpike, or some other similar place, wilfully and maliciously way-lay and murder the said hare, against the Game Act, the peace of Our Lady the Queen, and the comfort, and enjoyment, and recreation, of the said John Brushwood, Esq.

The Indictment having been read, the prisoner was called upon by the Court to hold up his paw; but instead of which,

Digitized by Google

he only pricked up his ears and wagged his tail. He was thereupon set upon the bar of the Court; whereupon the Counsel for the prisoner (a Scotch Terrier) inquired if he were to put in his plea as a *bar*-rister, or in *propria persona?*

At this observation of the learned Counsel, the Court was very near rising, in order to take "time to go to lunch and consider." But the Counsel for the prosecution (a Skye Terrier) here said that there was no barring of a statute, and that as *bar*-ratry was not the offence charged, and as he, the prisoner, was arranged for a *bar-bar*-ous murder, therefore, according to the rules taken in the case "Yelp *versus* Snarle," no *bar*-gain could accrue to the culprit, by his acting as a *bar*-rister, and therefore he called upon him to plead simply at the *bar*.

The JUDGE—Let the prisoner hold up his fore-paws.

The Counsel for the prisoner, with great deference, and with the utmost respect for the "Court,"—that is to say the head of it, the Judge—ventured with extreme humility to inquire how the prisoner could hold up his four paws, when it was well known to every naturalist, includiug the dog-fanciers, that no dogs had four paws, but only two; and that the feet of the hind legs were in no way to be called, named, demonstrated, or described as paws, and therefore——

The JUDGE thought the objection sound; he, however, did not consider that the argument went against the pleading of the dog, and as a dog could plead by a whine or a squeak, or a growl, or a bark, he should call upon him to plead to the indictment in due and proper form. How say you, prisoner, are you guilty or not guilty?

Growler wagged his tail, and looked at the Judge as much

Digitized by Google

as to say—"I should like to have a good tuzzle with your cauliflower wig; I fancy I could knock the dust about a little."

The JUDGE warned the prisoner against contempt of Court, and reminded him, with much solemnity, that a dead dog's tail was like a break, when it stopped a *waggin*.

"My lud," said the Counsel for the prosecution, "this dog is contumacious. He refuses to speak. What is to be done?—Is the dignity of the Court to be trifled with in this manner? My lud, it is provided for by the statute in these cases that, when a culprit is stubborn and refuses to plead, he is to be made to plead, whether he will or no.

The COURT—Oh! How is that, brother?

COUNSEL (for the prosecution)—Why, my lud, the statute says, that he must first of all be thumb-screwed. If that will not do, he must be laid flat on his back, and be squeezed like a cheese in a press with heavy weights, till the breath is squeezed out of his body; and then, should he continue dumb—which has sometimes been the case,—he generally dies so for want of breath, and is no more a dog, but a dummy.

The COUNSEL (for the defence) objected:—First, that it was impossible to apply thumbscrews where there were no thumbs (the maxim of law that the law can't do impossibilities was here proved in dog-latin), and next, that it was physically impossible to lay a dog flat on his back. To make him plead, therefore, in an impossible way, would be an impossibility, and therefore—

The COURT—We must apply the law as it is only to be applied—that is to say, if the prisoner can't be pressed to

Digitized by Google

plead, let him be moved by *jam satis*. Constable, apply your teeth to the tip end of his tail—which has already wagged in contempt of Court—jam his tail between your teeth.

The PRISONER—Bough, wough, worroughow.

CONSTABLE—Zounds and Death! he has bitten a piece off my nose!

The COURT—And you have bitten a piece from his tail, —which may be called the *lex* tale-*onis*—and all that the law requires you now to do in the case is, not to make a mistake in putting the end of your nose on the dog's tail, or the end of his tail on your nose, as the Court is unable to find any precedence in such a case.

COUNSEL (for the defence)—I submit, my lord, that the prisoner has put in a sufficient plea, although he may not have expressed himself in plain language. Bow-wow is the nearest in sound to no-no, which is no doubt a corruption of bow-wow; and as the prisoner can speak no other language, and as the law can always make dogs as well as men "speak" when they can't speak," and "mean" what they don't "mean," so the law understands and infers that a prisoner, when he knows that he is guilty, may always plead not guilty. So, therefore, notwithstanding the loss of a piece of his tail—which I might make an exception of in the form of a demurrer, seeing that the dog is no longer a dog, but a piece of a dog, and that the witness against him is no longer a witness but a piece of a witness, having a part of his body snapped off—yet I shall not take advantage of this matter, but call upon the Court to receive his plea of "Not Guilty." The prisoner, therefore, pleads not guilty, and puts himself upon his trial. The Counsel also observed, that as it was

Digitized by Google

the undoubted right of every English dog to be tried by his peers or equals, he should certainly claim for his client the right of challenging the jury. He observed, with satisfaction, that the jury were a jury of dogs—but he observed various species of dogs among them, some above and others below his client in dignity, and therefore——

The COURT—Don't be too *dog*-matic, Brother Quip, and *cur*-tail the argument as much as you can.

COUNSEL (for the prosecution)—I have a sacred duty to perform for my client, and will not be put off my scent by the dogged obstinacy of the bench. I observe among the jury, two Pugs, two Terriers, one Turnspit, two Mongrels, two Greyhounds, one Bulldog, one Poodle, and one Lap Dog. Now, I shall challenge the Pugs—both of them—as being below my client's station, and the Greyhounds as being above it. The Bulldog is also objected to, because he knows nothing whatever about hares, and the Turnspit, who never knows anything about them, only when roasting. Both Pugs and Lap-Dogs know nothing of hares, except when they suck their bones after dinner. The Terriers may stand, but I object as to the others.

The COURT—You ought rather to object *in forma pauperis*, seeing there is a very *pau pau* affair.

COUNSEL—It is not a *fox paw*, my lord.

The COURT—You might as well object to a dog-rose not being a vegetable—the dog-star not being a star—or a dog-violet not being a flower—or that the dog-fish is not a fish—or that "dog's nose" is not a good drink.—A dog is a dog It is true that the Turks call the Christians *dogs*, and that the Christians call the Turks *dogs*; but a *dog* is not espe-

Digitized by Google

cially Christian or Mahommedan, nor Jew, although "Jew dog" is a very common expression. Therefore, it is clear that a dog suffers not by comparison in any way—and if he suffers not in any way as a general rule, how can we say that he suffers in comparison with himself. A dog is a dog—and not to be separated or divided in any way from himself.

COUNSEL—Your Lordship is certainly in a *præmunaire*, for the prisoner himself has been divided in himself by the constable biting off the end of his body, and thus reducing him to a bit of a dog.

JUDGE—In this case the *biter* was *bit*, which resolves itself into a rule of Equity, and is not therefore within the province of this Court, and you may therefore not pray a tales—nor to a tales *de circumstantibus*

The JUDGE—Let the witness be sworn.

COUNSEL (for the prosecution)—Stand up, Sandy Fox—Your name is Fox? What are you, Mr. Fox?

FOX—I am, by profession, a "prowler."

COUNSEL (for the prosecution)—Yes, you are a gentleman by profession, who live by prowling. Where do you carry on your profession?

FOX—I am an itinerant prowler.

COUNSEL (for the prosecution)—What do you know of the prisoner at the bar?

FOX—I know him to be a *sad* dog.

COUNSEL (for the prosecution)—How, a sad dog.

FOX—That is, a bad dog.

COUNSEL (for the prosecution)—Did you see him on the 17th of January last?

FOX—I did.

Digitized by Google

COUNSEL (for the prosecution)—What was he doing?

Fox—He was killing a hare!

COUNSEL (for the prosecution)—How did he kill the hare?

Fox—By biting it in the small of the back.

COUNSEL (for the prosecution)—Are you sure he was the dog?

Fox—Quite confident.

COUNSEL (for the prosecution)—What was the hare doing?

Fox—Nothing. He was running away.

COUNSEL (for the prosecution)—What was the dog doing?

Fox—He was doing nothing till he saw the hare, and then he ran after him.

COUNSEL (for the prosecution)—Well, then, he ferociously ran after him, bit him in the small of the back, of which bite he lingered and died.

Fox—No, he did not linger, he "went off short."

COUNSEL (for the prosecution)—That will do—Stand down.

COUNSEL (for the defence)—the Scotch Terrier, in a bark of thunder which thrilled through the Court, *à la* Brougham)—Stop where you are, Sir—Your name is Fox, is it not? And pray, friend Fox, what do you mean when you say that your profession is that of prowling?

Fox—I mean that I go about to look after things.

COUNSEL (for the defence)—Oh, you go about to look after things, do you?

Fox—Yes, to see they are not harmed or stolen! I do it on a moral principle!

COUNSEL (for the defence)—Do you get paid for what you do?

Fox—No, I find payment in the satisfaction of my own conscience.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

COUNSEL (for the defence)—Very good. Do you know Farmer Dobbins?

FOX—Yes.

COUNSEL (for the defence)—Do you know he has a "*hen roost?*"

FOX—I've heard he has a hen-roost.

COUNSEL (for the defence) You have heard—how have you heard?

FOX—I have heard cackling there.

COUNSEL (for the defence)—Cackling of what?

FOX—Geese and ducks, and cocks and hens, and turkeys.

COUNSEL (for the defence)—Now, on your oath, Mr. Fox, did you never increase that cackling by your moral intrusion?

FOX—No! I have stepped in when I thought there was a danger of the peace being broken, and offered my services for a pacification.

COUNSEL (for the defence)—Have you not been seen to issue from this very hen-roost with a fat goose over your shoulders?

FOX—Perhaps I might.

COUNSEL (for the defence)—Well, now, will you explain to the Court why you were seen in this predicament?

FOX—The fact is, I have sometimes found it difficult to make peace without taking away one of the belligerent parties! If I have made off with a goose in the manner you insinuate, it has been for the sole purpose of stopping the "cackling."

COUNSEL (for the defence)—Have you not served ducks in the same manner?

FOX—Perhaps I have.

COUNSEL (for the defence)—And turkeys?

Digitized by Google

Fox—Very likely!

Counsel (for the defence)—And hens and chickens?

Fox—It may be possible!

Counsel (for the defence)—And did you do this for the satisfaction of your conscience?

Fox—Precisely! I found that the best way of destroying discord and promoting peace.

Counsel (for the defence)—Why so?

Fox—Because, when there was *nobody to quarrel*, there could be no *quarrelling*: when there were no hens to *cackle*, there could be no *cackling*; and when there were no *fowls*, there could be no *fowl* play.

Counsel (for the defence)—Your swore that the hare was doing nothing when my client attacked him. Will you swear that he was not chewing the cud?

Fox—I can't say.

Counsel (for the defence)—You can't say, Sir; you must say!

Fox—Then I say, he might and he might'nt.

Counsel (for the defence)—That's a *cat*-egorical answer, and it's by no means evidence in a *dog* case, You said the thing attacked was a hare—and yet in speaking of it, called it *him*. Will you undertake to swear that the *hare* is not an *heiress*?—and that what you were disposed to call a *murder*, was nothing more than an abduction, or running away case?

Fox—I will not undertake to swear to a *hair*.

Counsel (for the defence)—Do yon never go out to take a *hareing* yourself?

Fox—Yes, I do.

Counsel (for the defence)—Then you take the *hare* when you can?

Digitized by Google

Fox—Yes, I do

COUNSEL (for the defence) Of course, then you admit yourself guilty of giving yourself *hares*?

Fox—No I don't!

COUNSEL (for the defence) You do and you don't. I have no more questions to ask you. Go down, Sir!

So the Fox stood down, and it was observed that the beast took a horizontal position on the floor of the Court.

The Court shook its cauliflower wig till its long ears stood prominently forward, and, after a knavish bow or two, addressed the Jury; first, by telling them to dismiss from their minds everything that they had heard relating to the case before they came into Court [this, several of the jury said, was impossible] and to be led to their decision entirely by the evidence. It was not for him to pack a jury—they were already a "pack of hounds." He was not there to guide them in their decision, but it appeared to him perfectly clear that the prisoner at the bar, worried, tore, bit, maimed mauled, towzled, destroyed, killed, and murdered the unfortunate victim, and he was, therefore, the murderer. And it was a singular coincidence—and one that clearly established the fact—that *"Fate"* always brought the murderer to account. The latin *murderare*—or, in the true and original sense of the word murder-hare—which was the very root and etymology—therefore, that proved the case. The hare was murdered, and by whom? Could there be any doubt, by the *murder-hare* at the bar? Why his very looks would hang him; besides he was a *harrier*—conclusive evidence—and therefore he, as an impartial Judge, being guided solely by the evidence—evidence, at once clear, lucid, and conclusive

Digitized by Google

—he should, without in any way directing them in their verdict, tell them to find the prisoner at the bar *Guilty*, and he should feel the greatest satisfaction in giving him the benefit of clergy—that is, in hanging him.

The Jury, without retiring from the box, seemed puzzled on a very knotty point; and one, being a tee-totaller, had some serious, conscientious scruples. He wished to inquire of the Court whether, in the event of their bringing in a verdict of "guilty," the prisoner would not be taking a "drop too much."

The Court explained that the "drop" or gallows was a very different matter, in a legal point of view, than a "drop of gin," and, besides, that dogs were not hung by dropping from their feet, but by hoisting at the head, the Jury might safely bring in their verdict according to the direction of the Court.

The Jury immediately brought in a verdict of *Guilty*.

The PRISONER'S COUNSEL immediately rose, and addressing the Court, said —But, my lord, the jury have not heard the Prisoner's defence.

The COURT—Defence! There can be no defence of this foul and barbarous deed. Defence! indeed! Such a villain ought to have no defence; he ought to be allowed none.

COUNSEL (for the prisoner)—But I have witnesses to bring forward, who will completely clear my client. Here is a most respectable witness, Lurcher—a dog of the most respectable character. Here is also one of King Charles's own descendants—an individual of the highest rank in this country. Here is Master Bull, also, who represents the courage and straightforwardness of the English character

Digitized by Google

and fifty others that I have in store, to rebut entirely the evidence for the prosecution.

The COURT—Heigh! heigh! heigh! heigh! What do you say? How are they prepared to rebut the evidence? How? how?

COUNSEL (for the prisoner)—My lord, the counsel for the prosecution has brought only one witness to prove his case—and who is that witness? Why, by his own confession, a fowl murderer—a prowling, sneaking, duck-slaying, goose-killing, hen-choaking villain. One sole witness to prove his case. This witness comes forward, and swears that he saw my client murder the hare—why, my witnesses, everyone and all, individually and collectively, are all ready to swear, and can swear, and do swear, *that they never saw him do it*. What is one witness against the testimony of so many. I appeal to the Court. I appeal to this honourable jury, composed of dogs. Besides, I can prove that this hare, or heiress, or whatever description of animal it might have been, was not, at the moment of touzelling, engaged in lawful business at that late hour charged in the indictment, but was wickedly and maliciouly bent upon a felonious design of trespassing, and scrubbing, and tearing, and munching, and chewing, cudwise, Farmer Bendall's young wheat, peas, beans, and clover; and the defendant, knowing his mischievous felonies and evil machinations, and being resolved to defend the property of his good friend and patron from such depredators, did endeavour to deter him from it, by seizing upon his coat collar and shaking the bran out of it; and that the hare (which is well known to be the most timid of all animals) finding the bran shook out of him, did then

Digitized by Google

and there feign to be dead and defunct, in proof of which by a rule of *habeas corpus*, I have here brought the body of the said hare to answer for himself. I have it in my bag along with my brief, and now produce him as a most essential witness in Court.

The Learned Counsel upon this, dipped into his bag, and brought out the hare safe and sound, who, upon being placed upon the pleader's bench, immediately made a run for the legs of the Judge. The jury, deeply excited, left the jury-box, and rushed after the hare, in which the counsel for the prosecution joined. The Judge was speedily knocked off his perch, and a coursing match came off over his body; till, after running round the Court several times, the hare took the lead over a fence, being followed, helter-skelter, by the Court, the jury, the counsel, and the inferior officers, as well as the auditory.

The proceedings abruptly terminated, and Growler, instead of being in at his own death, came in to that of poor puss, about two miles off in a rabbit warren.

Here ended, therefore, the trial of Growler.

Digitized by Google

The Holiday.

A HOLIDAY! a holiday! and is it really true?
I've not a single thing to-day but what I like to do—
I'll shut up all the horrid books—I will not leave out one,
And rush in joy without the house, to have a game of fun.

A holiday! a holiday! whole hours to laugh and play—
I'm half afraid the time will pass so very soon away.
I scarcely know what game to try of all my pretty games,
And I've so many, that I can't remember half their names.

A holiday! a holiday! Oh dear! what shall I do?
I'll go and ask mamma, perhaps she'll think of something new—
I don't like all work, I know, the same thing ev'ry day,
Nor do I fancy I should like much better always play.

A Holiday! a holiday! Oh how I wish I knew
The thing, of ev'ry other thing, that most I like to do;
I've always hoped from such a day much more than I have found—
And yet there's something full of joy and pleasure in the sound.

A Holiday! a holiday! before the day is past,
I shall be glad—I'm almost sure—it cannot always last,
For I am never half so pleased, or happy, I must say,
As when I've done my lessons well, and so deserved to play.

A Holiday! a holiday! I think I like to learn,
And play, and work—and work and play—each in its proper turn.
A Holiday! a holiday! I'll call it just the same,
For after all, it seems to me, the charm is in the name.

Digitized by Google

Emblems.

EMBLEMS are, somehow or other, going out of fashion, in this matter-of-fact age. We are fast losing our sentiment and our poetry, and the world is becoming, as it were, prosy and hard-featured. PETER PARLEY would have the world no dry stick, I can assure my young friends, but a verdant and vivid thing, full of buds, and flowers, and pretty blossoms. He sees emblems, or visible illustrations, every where: likenesses in the scene of the unseen echoes, in things material of things spiritual, and reflections from heaven to earth and from earth and heaven. From these considerations he would say a few words on the subject of emblems.

The word Emblem properly means a device, a figure, or a flower, set in a body of stone, wood, or cloth, for its ornament; having a meaning for the object beyond what is represented to the eye. Thus, the Sun is the emblem of Truth; and a Anchor is the emblem of Hope; a Lamb is the emblem of Peace; a Torch, or Firebrand, the emblem of War and Devastation. And before knowledge was communicated to man

Digitized by Google

as it now is, emblems were used very extensively, and were much in vogue among the old writers, preachers, moralists, orators, and poets of all nations; and they had a force of meaning which fixed itself in the mind, so as to remain there without fear of displacement.

Sometimes these emblems were natural, or derived from natural objects, or the nature of creatures; such as the love of the stork for its young: sometimes they were historical, as containing matters of history, as representing the actions of some noble persons; sometimes moral, as relating to virtue and the conduct of human life. Hence, my young friends will be able to learn much from emblems.

EMBLEM I.—*A Sunflower and the Sun.*

The first emblem I shall introduce is that of the Sunflower, with the motto "*I am never ungrateful.*" The Sunflower is thus made an emblem of *Gratitude.* It is to the Sun the Sunflower owes its beauty—which, as it were in gratitude, opens and expands itself at his appearance, and turns to him in its course: whence it is called the Heliotrope, or Turn-to-sun.

EMBLEM II.—*A Rhinoceros whetting his horn against a rock.*

This gigantic beast whetting his horn against a rock, which is his usual practice, signifies, and is an emblem of, *Prudence.* A wise man will always be prepared for all assaults of his enemies. The Rhinoceros has a life of warfare among beasts of prey, and is said, by naturalists, to keep his horn always whetted.

Digitized by Google

EMBLEM III.—*A pair of Scales, balanced.*

This is an emblem of *Justice*—

> "False weights, and measures false, eschew,
> And give to every man his due."

Justice is due to every one—even by the common law of morality. Christianity goes beyond this, and teaches us to imitate our heavenly Father, who giveth liberally, and without stint, to all the creatures of the earth.

EMBLEM IV.—*A Fig Tree.*

A Fig Tree has no blossoms, and, therefore, makes no promises of fruit, but it gives them abundantly, nevertheless; so that the Fig Tree teaches us to perform without promising too much.

EMBLEM V.—*A Steep Mountain, with a Laurel and Palm Tree above.*

The steep and craggy mountain shows the difficult ascent of Learning. The Laurel and Palm are emblems of *Victory* and *Honour*—the reward of those who labour up the toilsome steep.

EMBLEM VI.—*A White Thorn, with a Rainbow above it.*

The White Thorn is a fragrant tree, and its smell is more delightful after a shower. This, therefore, is an emblem that a few small storms of *adversity* sweeten *prosperity*, and that troubles and trials, in this life, should draw forth more fully the sweetness of our dispositions.

Digitized by Google

EMBLEM VII.—*A Willow Tree, with its branches rudely spread.*

A Willow Tree, with its branches rudely spread, is a signification of a neglected person who, without education, grows wild, headstrong, and stubborn; but being the most flexible and yielding of trees, can be trained, by culture, easily—

"As by the spur the stubborn tree 's inclined,
So education trains the youthful mind.

EMBLEM VIII.—*A Dog barking at the Moon.*

A Dog barking at the Moon is a just emblem of *Detraction*—one of the worst of vices. So it is that envious men rail at the good and useful.

EMBLEM IX.—*A Mulberry Tree.*

The Mulberry Tree is an emblem of *Caution*, because it never begins to bud till the Spring is far advanced, and the cold blighting winds are passed entirely So the wise and prudent will not be too much in a hurry, but take time to prepare themselves—so they do not go a-head too fast Fast young men should take advice from the Mulberry Tree.

EMBLEM X.—*A Hound with a Hare under his feet.*

The motto for this emblem is, "*For Glory and not for Prey.* The emblem, therefore, teaches us that the great end of our actions should be above self-interest. Game-dogs, it is well known, will not eat even the bones of those animals they kill in the chase; and, in like manner, whatever we do should

Digitized by Google

be more for the good of others, and for the glory of God, than for ourselves.

Emblem XI.—*The Scythe of Time.*

This is the emblem of *Death*, and the motto is "*Virtue takes off the edge.*" Time, or death, with the scythe, will certainly mow us all down, but virtue is proof against both, as it will survive even death itself.

Emblem XII.—*A Snail Creeping.*

The Snail has always been held as an emblem of steady perseverance, and that "sticking to a subject" that brings the subject to a successful issue. Its motto is "slow and sure."

Emblem XIII.—*A Hand planting a Tree.*

This is an emblem of *Disinterestedness*, and a regard for others rather than for ourselves—

> "*Self-love* for none, but for itself doth care,
> And only for the present taketh pain:—
> But Charity for others doth prepare,
> And joys in that which future times may gain;
> He that delights to plant and set,
> Makes after generations in his debt."

Emblem XIV.—*A Moth fluttering round a Candle.*

This has been evermore the emblem of *Youthful Folly*, which, in its pranks and capers, while fluttering round the

Digitized by Google

glittering and dazzling object of delight, often gets its wings scorched in the flame.

"Those fools whom pleasure's flames do dazzle
Often get burnt within their rays."

EMBLEM XV.—*An Hour Glass.*

The Hour Glass has ever been the emblem of *Passing Time*, and of the shortness of life. Our sands run out by little and little, and the days that are past soon make a prodigious heap in eternity. As we perceive by the Hour Glass how swiftly the sands of life run—so we ought to make use of them—

"Make haste—be quick—make no delay;—
So run the sands of life away."

EMBLEN XVI.—*A Sleeping Lion.*

The motto to this emblem is "*Do not rouse him.*" We ought not to provoke, but rather to shun unnecessary dangers. The paths of life have many lions in their way: some stand roaring at us—to be avoided; some menace us—we pacify them; some attack us—we should slay them: but we should never arouse those that do not molest us.

EMBLEM XVII.—*A Telescope.*

This instrument diminishes or enlarges objects according as we turn it. It should teach us to use our natural powers charitably. Looking through one end of the telescope makes things appear less, and at a distance: with this end we generally behold our own faults and vices; but with the other

Digitized by Google

end, that makes things appear nearer and bigger, we view the defects of our neighbours.

Emblem XVIII.—*A Crab.*

Its motto is "*Backwards, Forwards, and Sideways,*" an emblem of uncertain and unsteady conduct, and of unfaithfulness, which will go any way that the tide sails, or circumstances may require.

Emblem XIX.—*A Crocodile.*

The motto to this reptile is "*He weeps to devour,*" and he is universally allowed to be the fittest emblem of *Deceit.* It is known that the Crocodile makes a specious whine, which decoys victims into its clutches and then devours them; and "Crocodile's tears" are proverbial expressions for deceit and falsehood.

Emblem XX.—*A Stork.*

The Stork is universally held to be the emblem of Filial Affection. It is said that young Storks have been known to take the old ones on their backs in times of danger. It is certain that they both feed them and care for them, as may be daily seen in Holland.

Digitized by Google

The Conquest of Constantinople

BY THE TURKS, IN 1453.

THE present war waging between that overgrown and ferocious Bear, Russia, and the English Lion and the French Eagle, renders everything relating to this struggle, to the country in which it is carried on, or to the past history of the nation which forms the great bone of contention, especially interesting to my young readers. Among many historic tales, which might be written on the Greeks, or the Turks, the Russians, or the Circassians, one of the most striking would be that of the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in the year 1453, just 402 years ago, and, in adverting to it, my young readers will perceive that although more than 402 years have passed away since that memorable event, still the same cause of contention existed then as now, that is, religion. The Russo-Greek Church, and the great Russian Bear, as head of that church, still believes that the Greek cross is to be planted above the Turkish grand mosque, and thousands, and tens of thousands of poor Russian serfs

Digitized by Google

are to be slaughtered, and as many free Englishmen and Frenchmen butchered for this "idea." A history therefore, of the capture of Constantinople, by the Turks, will be, no doubt at the present time, somewhat interesting.

The siege of Constantinople by the Turks brings before us the most prominent performer—the great destroyer—Mahomet II.—a man of the most bold, enterprising, and ferocious disposition. He is reported to have sprung from a Circassian beauty—a Christian princess—yet he was bred up as a devout Musselman. Under the tuition of the most able masters, Mahomet advanced with an early and rapid progress in the paths of knowledge, and soon made himself acquainted with Arabic, Persian, Latin, Chaldean, and Greek. The history and geography of the world were familiar to him, and he is reported to have had great skill in *astrology*—which comprehended also astronomy, and supposes some rudiments of mathematical science. He was also possessed of a great taste for the arts of poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture. But still, his tyrannous disposition was unappeasable, his love of power and dominion insatiable, and his passions knew no master but himself. In war he was a thorough proficient, and, at a very early age, he had conquered two empires, twelve kingdoms, and two hundred cities.

Having been originally appointed to the government of Magnesia, Mahomet had many opportunities of weighing the probability of success in an attack of the great city of the Eastern Empire—that of the Greeks—and as soon as the power of chief fell upon him, on the death of his father, his whole thoughts were directed to the conquest of Constan-

Digitized by Google

tinople. To sound the disposition of his soldiers, he often wandered among them in disguise. His hours were spent in delineating the plan of the devoted city, in debating with his generals and engineers on what spot he should erect his batteries, or on which side he should assault the walls; where he should spring mines, or to what place he should apply his scaling ladders, and the exercises of the day repeated the lucubrations of the night.

Among the implements of destruction, he studied with peculiar care the recent tremendous discovery of the Latins (the use of gunpowder) and he determined that his artillery should surpass whatever yet had appeared in the world. A founder of cannon—a Hungarian—who had been almost starved in the Greek service, deserted to the Moslems, and was liberally entertained by the Turkish Sultan. He eagerly inquired whether he could cast a cannon big enough to crumble the walls of Constantinople, and upon being answered in the affirmative, Mahomet gave immediate orders for the erection of a foundry at Adrianople, and, at the end of three months, the fugitive engineer produced a piece of ordnance of stupendous magnitude, which carried a stone bullet of the weight of 600 lbs. for more than a mile, and buried it in the earth to the depth of six feet. This enormous cannon Mahomet called his "orator," and no doubt the weighty arguments it made use of were very effective in the capture of Constantinople.

While Mahomet threatened the capital of the East with his "big cannon," the Greek Emperor implored with fervent prayers the assistance of Heaven, but these did not prevent the Turkish vengeance from sweeping from the face of the

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

earth the Greek towns and villages to the very gates of the devoted city. The conqueror at first halted at the distance of five miles, and from thence advancing in battle array, planted before the gate of St. Romanus, the imperial standard, and on the sixth day of April, 1453, commenced the memorable siege of Constantinople.

The troops of the besiegers extended on the right of the propontis to the harbour. The Janizarees in the front were stationed before the Sultan's tent. The Ottoman line was covered by a deep entrenchment, and the whole Turkish force amounted to nearly 200,000 soldiers, with some eighteen or twenty ships of war. The population of the besieged city was not more than 100,000, mostly consisting of mechanics, priests, women, and men, without that spirit which enabled them to be called men. There were not more than 8,000 capable of bearing arms, and the national defence was reduced to 4,970 Romans, aided by about 2,000 Genoese. A strong chain was drawn across the mouth of the harbour, and other preparations made, but it was a fact, that against the whole powers of the Ottoman Empire, a city sixteen miles in extent, was defended by a scanty garrison of seven or eight thousand soldiers.

On the triangle which composes the figure of Constantinople, which my young friends may examine on Mr. Wyld's beautiful Map, the two sides along the sea were made inaccessible to an enemy. Between the two waters, the basis of the triangle, the land side was protected by a double wall and a deep ditch, of the depth of 100 feet. Against this line of fortification, which extended to six miles, the Turks directed their principal attack. The Christians, however, that is,

Digitized by Google

those true Romans that defended the walls, were more than a match for their opponents. In the first days of the siege the Greek soldiers descended into the ditch, and sallied into the field with great force, and the Emperor Constantine nobly led them to the sortie and the attack. The incessant volleys of lances and arrows were accompanied with the sword and the fire of their musketry and cannon. Their small arms discharged at the same time either five or even ten balls of lead of the size of a walnut, and, according to circumstances, very frequently the stoutest breastplates were pierced by these missiles, and the Turkish approaches were soon sunk in ruins. On the other hand, the great cannon of Mahomet threw its enormous stone-shot into the works, and that stupendous engine was supported by two hundred and fifty others of almost similar magnitude. Fourteen batteries thundered at once on the most accessible places. The Turks pushed their approaches to the edge of the ditch and in front of the wall, and endeavoured to fill up the former and scale the latter. Innumerable fascines, and hogsheads, and trunks of trees were heaped on each other to form a passage way; but as often as this was prepared in the daytime, it was undermined and destroyed during the night.

A circumstance that distinguished the siege of Constantinople, which I would wish my young friends to bear in mind, is the union of the ancient and modern artillery. The cannon were intermingled with the ancient mechanical engines for casting stones and darts, the bullet and the battering ram were directed against the same walls, and the blowing or blasting powers of gunpowder mingled with the

Digitized by Google

ancient liquid Greek fire. A wooden tower of the largest size was advanced on rollers This portable magazine of ammunition was protected by a threefold covering of bulls' hides, incessant volleys were securely discharged from the loop-holes. On the upper platform, means were at hand for scaling the walls—and many attempts were made to do so, but without effect. At last, this wonderful tower was overturned, and the Turks were repulsed from the breach. At the dawn of day, the Sultan perceived with astonishment and rage, that his wondrous tower was overthrown; but in a few days it was again restored, and made ineffectual attempts to make an entrance to the city.

While this was going on on shore, the waters of the Bosphorus were alive with a deadly struggle. One large Greek ship, bearing the imperial flag, and supported by four auxilliary vessels belonging to the Genoese, advanced boldly through the Hellespont towards the Turkish fleet, which was stretched from shore to shore in the form of a crescent, to intercept or repel all aggression. My young readers must present to their minds these five Christian ships advancing with joyful shouts, and a full crew of sails and oars against a hostile fleet of three hundred vessels, and the ramparts, the camp, the coasts of Europe and Asia lined with innumerable spectators, anxiously looking at the fight. The Christian ships were manned by brave captains, excellent pilots, and experienced sailors. The numerous Turkish craft contained a hetereogenous mass of stones and Janizaries, and the Christian ships bore down upon them with their liquid-fire missiles and effective weapons. Mahomet himself sat on horseback on the beach exhorting and threatening his

Digitized by Google

sailors: urged them to attack after attack—in each of which they were repulsed with great slaughter. At last they fled in disorder to the shores of Europe and Asia, while the Christian squadron triumphing and unhurt steered along the Bosphorus, and securely anchored within the chain of the harbour.

The reduction of the city now appeared hopeless, unless a double attack could be made, from the harbour as well as from the land; but the harbour was inaccessible, and was defended by an immense chain and eight large ships, with more than twenty of a smaller size, and instead of forcing this barrier, the Turks might apprehend a naval sally, and a second encounter in the open sea. In this perplexity, the genius of Mahomet conceived and executed a plan of a bold and marvellous character, being no less than to transport all his fleet and military stores from the Bosphorus to the higher part of the harbour. The distance was about ten miles, the ground was uneven; but nothing was inpossible with Mahomet. A level way was soon traced out, and covered with a broad flat way of stones and solid planks, and to render it more smooth and slippery, this was anointed with the fat of sheep and oxen. Eighty brigantines, of fifty and thirty oars, were disembarked on the Bosphorus shore, and were arranged successively on rollers, and drawn forward by the power of men and pullies. Two guides or pilots were put at the helm and prow of each vessel; the sails were unfurled to the winds, and the labour was cheered by song and acclamation. In the night the Turkish fleet painfully climbed the hill, steered over the plain, and were launched from the declivity into the shallow waters of the harbour, far above the molestation of

Digitized by Google

the deeper vessels of the Greeks. As soon as Mahomet had occupied the upper harbour with a fleet and army, he constructed, in the narrowest part, a bridge, or rather mole, of fifty cubits in breadth and one hundred in length; it was formed of casks and hogsheads, joined with rafters, linked with iron, and covered with a solid floor. On this floating gallery he placed his largest cannon, while four-score galleys, with troops and scaling ladders, approached the most accessible side of the city.

The Emperor within the walls was humbled by adversity, and the Christians deplored the guilt and punishment of their sins. The image of the Virgin was paraded around the city, but the divine patroness was deaf to all her worshippers. The Emperor and some faithful companions entered the dome of St. Sophia, and devoutly received, with prayer and lamentations, the sacrament and the holy communion. He reposed some moments in the palace, which resounded with cries and lamentations, solicited pardon of all whom he had injured, and mounted on horseback to visit the guards, and explore the motions of the enemy.

Mahomet spent several days in making preparations for the assault, and a respite was granted by his favourite science of astrology, which had fixed on the 29th of May as the fortunate and fatal hour. On the evening of the 27th he issued his final orders, assembled in his presence the military chiefs, and dispersed his heralds through his camp to proclaim the duties and nature of the perilous enterprise. A double pay was promised to the victorious troops, with the captives, the spoil, the treasures of gold and beauty; and the Dervishes promised the glories of paradise to those who fell in the conflict.

Digitized by Google

The camp soon re-echoed with the Moslem shout—"There is no god but God, and Mahomet is the great apostle."

The memorable morning of the 29th of May now appeared. At daybreak, without the customary signal of the morning gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land; and the similitude of a twine or twisted thread has been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack. Under their respective Bashaws and Sanjacks the troops were successively led to the charge, but after a contest of two hours the Greeks still maintained and improved their advantage, and the voice of the Emperor was heard encouraging his soldiers to achieve, by a last effort, the deliverance of their country. In that fatal moment, the Janizaries arose, fresh, vigorous, and invincible. The Sultan Mahomet himself, on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valour. He was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for decisive occasions, and the tide of the battle was impelled by his voice and eye. The cries of fear and pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and ataballs. From the lines, the gallies, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides; and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke, which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman empire.

The immediate cause of the loss of Constantinople may be ascribed to the bullet or arrow which pierced the gauntlet of John Justinian. The sight of the blood and the anguish of the wound appalled the courage of the chief, whose presence and counsel were the foremost rampart of the city. He appears

Digitized by Google

to have been panic-struck, and after being asked to return to the walls, for his wound was but slight, he refused, saying, "No, I will retire by the same road which God has opened to the Turks," and he hastily passed through one of the breaches of the inner walls; by this act of fear, he stained for ever the annals of a life of bravery. His departure was imitated by a great part of the Latins, and the defence began to slacken, when the attack was pressed with redoubled vigour. The cannon reduced the walls of the city to heaps of ruins, and nothing now was required but one dash of heroic bravery, to settle the mighty question for ever. Mahomet had offered the greatest rewards and highest honours to him who should first plant the Turkish standard upon the city walls, and the first who deserved the Sultan's reward was Hassan, the Janizary, a man of gigantic stature and strength, with his scimitar in one hand and his buckler in the other, he ascended the outer fortifications with twelve devoted companions, and reached the summit; several times was he repulsed, but as often renewed the attack. But his success proved the assault possible, the walls and towers were instantly covered by myriads of Turks, and the Greeks, now driven from their vantage ground, were overwhelmed by increasing multitudes.

Amidst these multitudes, the Emperor Constantine, who conducted himself with great bravery, was frequently seen endeavouring to rally his flying people, but in vain. His dukes and kinsman rallied indeed round his person, but only to be slaughtered. "Will no Christian save me from an ignominious death?" the Emperor exclaimed! for he feared falling into infidel hands. He put off his insignia of royalty

Digitized by Google

and purple robes, and his body was buried under a mountain of the slain. After his death resistance and order were no more. The Greeks fled towards the city. The victorious Turks rushed through the trenches of the inner wall and were joined by their brethren, who entered the city from other quarter by the side of the harbour, and in the first heat of pursuit more than two thousand Christians were slaughtered. It was thus, after a siege of fifty-three days, that Constantinople, which had defied so long the infidel power, was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mahomet the Second.

During the night, the inhabitants not knowing the full extent of the calamity that overwhelmed them, flocked together in the streets like a herd of timid animals. From every part of the capital they flowed into the Church of St. Sophia, and in the morning, the sanctuary, the choir, the nave, the upper and lower galleries were filled with the multitudes of fathers and husbands, of women and children, of priests, monks, and religious virgins. The doors were barred on the inside, and they sought protection in the sacred dome. Their confidence was founded on the prophecy of an enthusiast that one day the Turks should enter Constantinople and pursue the Romans as far as the column of Constantine, in the square before St. Sophia; but that this would be the end of their calamities, for that then an angel would descend from Heaven with a sword in her hand, and deliver the empire with that celestial weapon to a poor man seated at the foot of the column.

While the Greeks and Latins expected the angel, the doors were broken with axes, and the Turks entered in warlike array and in great numbers. Many were smote down never

Digitized by Google

to rise again; but in the space of an hour the male captives were bounds with cords, the females with their veils and girdles. The loudest of the wailers were the nuns torn from the altars, with naked bosoms, outstretched hands, and dishevelled hair. At the same hour, a similar rapine was exercised in all the churches and monasteries in every part of the capital. Above sixty thousand of this devoted people were transported from the city to the camp, or the fleet, and exchanged or sold into slavery throughout the provinces of the Ottoman Empire.

From the first hour of the memorable 29th of May, disorder and rapine prevailed in Constantinople till the eighth hour of the same day, when the Sultan himself passed through the gate of St. Romanus in triumph. The conqueror was attended by his whole court, and the most valiant of his body-guard. He gazed with wonder on the splendid appearance of the domes and palaces of the Latins. In the hippodrome, his eye was attracted by the twisted columns of the three serpents, and, as a trial of his strength, he shattered with his iron mace or battle-axe, the under jaw of one of these monsters which, in the eye of the Turks, were the idols or talismans of the city. At the principal door of St. Sophia, he alighted from his horse and entered the dome, and then, with an imposing ceremony, he denounced the religion of Christ, and the church was transformed into a mosque. The rich and portable instruments of superstition were removed, the crosses were thrown down, and the walls which were covered with images and mosaics were washed, and purified, and restored to a state of naked simplicity. On the same day, or the ensuing Friday, the muzzein or crier

Digitized by Google

ascended the most lofty turret, and proclaimed the ezan or public invitation in the name of God and his Prophet—the Imaun preached, and Mahomet the Second performed the Namaz of prayer and thanksgiving on the great altar where the Christian mysteries had so lately been celebrated before the last of the Cæsars. From St. Sophia, he proceeded to the august, "but desolate mansion" of a hundred successors of the great Constantine, but which in a few hours, had been stripped of all the pomp of royalty. A melancholy reflection on the vicissitudes of human greatness forced itself upon his mind, and he repeated an elegant distich of Persian poetry. "The Spider has wove his web in the Imperial Palace, and the Owl hath sang her watch song on the tower of Afrasiah." Yet his mind was not satisfied, nor did his victory seem complete, till he was informed of the fate of his great enemy, the Emperor Constantine. His body was found beneath a heap of slain, and only recognised by the golden eagle on his boots. The Greeks acknowledged, with tears, the death of their last Emperor, and after exposing the mangled body, Mahomet bestowed on his rival the honour of a royal funeral.

Digitized by Google

Serious Thoughts of a Little Child.

Mary had said her evening prayer,
And closed her little book,
And on her infant features fair
There was a thoughtful look.

She paused awhile, at length she said,
In such a serious tone,
"Mamma, supposing I were dead,
Should I be all alone?

It is not death that I should fear;
When little sister died
I never shed a single tear,
And wondered why you cried.

I used to sit beside her bed
And kiss her little cheek,
Although I knew that she was dead,
And never more could speak.

Digitized by Google

And very gentle was her look—
  Most beautiful and mild—
Just like that picture in my book
  Of a little angel child.

I should not be afraid to die—
  No, not this very night,
If they would only let me lie,
  All nicely dressed in white.

Here on my little bed at home,
  Strewn o'er with pretty flowers;
Where you, mamma, could often come
  And sit with me for hours.

For though I'm happy, yet I know,
  My little sister dear—
For you have often told me so—
  Is happier there than here.

I'm often naughty—often long
  To do what is not right;
But she in Heaven can do no wrong,
  In God's most holy sight.

I cannot understand at all,
  Why she should go away—
She could have heard our Saviour call,
  Here at the Judgement Day.

Digitized by Google

And then He would have called us too,
And we should all have gone;
My dear papa, and I, and you,
And never been alone."

I took my darling to my heart,
Her words had made me weep;
And told her death could never part
Us half so much as sleep.

And when her sister slept, that she
Could neither feel nor know;
But, when she died, her soul must be
Conscious of joy or woe.

That she could watch us from her home,
Of light, and peace, and love,
And when our day of rest was come,
Would welcome us above!

Digitized by Google

Another Walk among the Stars.

I HAVE already spoken of the scene presented to view upon inspecting the Starry Heavens in the month of February. I shall now say something concerning the celestial appearances at other seasons. It is well known to every one who pays the least attention to the subject, that we do not perceive the same clusters of stars at different periods of the year. If, for example, we take a view of the starry heavens on the first of October, at ten o'clock in the evening, and again at the same hour on the first of April, we shall find that the clusters of stars in the southern parts of the heavens are, at the latter period, altogether different from those which appeared in the former; and those which are in the neighbourhood of the Pole will appear in a different position in April from what they did, at the same hour, in the month of October. The four stars that form the wagon-part, or square, of the Great Bear, for example, will appear immediately below the Pole star in October, whereas, in April, it will appear far above it and near to the zenith. In the former case, the two stars called the Pointers will point *upward* to the Pole, and in the latter case they will point *downward*.

Digitized by Google

These variations in the appearances of the stars lead us to conclude that there is an *apparent annual motion* in the luminaries. This motion, my young friends may observe, if they take notice for a few days or weeks, of those stars which are situated near the path of the sun. When we see a bright star near the western horizon, a little elevated above the place where the sun went down, if we continue our observation, we shall find that every day it appears less elevated at the same hour, and seems to be gradually approaching to the point of the heavens in which the sun is situated, till, in the course of a week or two, it ceases to be visible—being overpowered by the superior brightness of the sun. In the course of a month or two, the same star which disappeared in the west will be seen rising some time before the sun in the east—having passed from the eastern side of the sun to a distance considerably west of him. The stars in the western part of the heavens, which appeared more elevated, will be found gradually to approximate to the sun, till they, likewise, disappear; and in this manner all the stars of heaven seem to have a re-rotation—distinct from their daily course—from east to west, which is accomplished in the space of a year.

If my young friends will take the trouble to watch the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, a little at different seasons of the year, they will soon be convinced of the motion. About the middle of September these stars will be seen, about eight o'clock in the evening, a little to the south of the north-east point of the horizon—about the middle of January, at the same hour, they will be seen in the meridian, or due south—on the first of March they will be seen half-way between the zenith and the western horizon. About the middle of April

Digitized by Google

they will appear very near the horizon: soon after which they will be overpowered by the sun's rays, and will remain invisible for nearly two months; after which they will re-appear in the east, early in the morning, before the rising sun,

This annual motion of the stars evidently indicates that the sun has an apparent motion every day from west to east, contrary to his apparent diurnal motion, which is from east to west. This apparent motion is at the rate of nearly a degree every day—a space nearly twice the sun's apparent diameter. In this way, the sun appears to describe a circle around the whole heavens from east to west in the course of a year. This apparent motion of the sun is caused by the annual revolution of the earth around the sun as the centre of its motion, which completely accounts for all the apparent movements in the sun and stars to which I have adverted, and, to illustrate this in a familiar manner, if we place a candle upon a table in the midst of a room, and walk round it in a circle, and as we proceed to mark the different parts of the opposite walls with which the candle appears co-incident; when we have completed our circle the candle will appear to have made a revolution round the room.

Thus, my young friends, may conceive of the earth as a body, placed, as it were, in infinite space and surrounded in every direction, above, below, on the right hand, and on the left, with the luminaries of heaven which display their radiance in every quarter, at immeasurable distances; and that its annual and diurnal motions account for all the motions which appear in the celestial sphere. Hence it is a necessary conclusion that we are surrounded at all times with a host of stars in the daytime, as well as in the night, although they are then

Digitized by Google

imperceptible. The reason why they are invisible during the day, is obviously owing to their fainter light being overpowered by the more vivid splendour of the sun, and the reflective power of the atmosphere. But although they may be unperceived by the naked eye, they can be distinctly perceived at the brightest noon-day by means of telescopes constructed for that purpose. But whether seen by day or by night they are glorious and beautiful. By night they serve as a glorious ceiling to our habitation. Like so many thousand sparkling lustres, they are hung up in the magnificent canopy above us, we perceive them shining and glittering on every side, and the dark azure that surrounds them seems to augment their splendour.

The stars not only adorn the roof of our sublunary mansion: they are, in many respects, highly useful to man. The power of man's mind has turned them to his use. They serve to guide the traveller both by sea and land, they direct the navigator through the pathless ocean—they serve for signs and for seasons; they direct the labours of the husbandman, and determine the work of the seasons. They assist us in commerce, and have enabled us to measure the circumference of the globe, to ascertain the density of the materials of which it is composed, and to determine the exact position of all places upon its surface.

In attempting a particular examination of the heavens, we shall find the stars apparently dispersed in the heavens without any fixed order: they also appear of different degrees of brightness. They are, consequently, divided by astronomers, into different groups, to each of which is given a figure, which is called a constellation; and every star in each constellation

Digitized by Google

is distinguished by a letter in the Greek alphabet. The stars of the various constellations are divided into six different classes; those which seem the largest and brightest are called stars of the first magnitude, and the smallest we can see with the naked eye are called stars of the sixth magnitude. In consequence of this arrangement there is scarcely a visible star, the situation of which in the heavens is not better known than that of most cities on the earth.

When the stars are viewed by the naked eye, seldom a thousand can be seen at a time, but when we apply the powers of the telescope the number of them is so prodigiously increased that the understanding seems bewildered. In the Bible we find Job speaking of Orion and Pleiades, two constellations—the former of which does not appear to contain a dozen, and the latter not more than seven stars, but, with powerful telescopes, more stars have been discovered in these two constellations than can be seen by the naked eye in both hemispheres. Every one who looks up to the sky on a clear night will observe a long streak of light, of a whitish appearance, stretching from north to south, which bears the name of Via Lactea, or Milky Way,—and in other parts of the heavens similar white specks, or cloudy appearances, may be discerned: these are termed nebulæ. Upon applying the telescope to any part of the Milky Way, or the nebulæ, they are found to contain such immense numbers of stars as to defy the powers of calculation. Dr. Herschel supposed that above 116,000 passed through the field of view of his telescope in a quarter of an hour. The same astronomer made a catalogue of 2,500 nebulæ, or clusters of stars, discovered by

Digitized by Google

the aid of his grand telescope—and most of these have, since his time, been resolved into distinct stars.

If it is difficult to ascertain the numbers of the stars, it must be, doubtless, as hard a task to conceive the immense distances at which they are placed from each other, or from our earth. Sirius, commonly called the Dog Star, one of the nearest, and not the very nearest to us of all the stars belonging to the stratum in which our system is placed, and of which our sun forms one star of the innumerable multitudes, is supposed to be 400,000 times the distance from the sun that our earth is—which is, 400,000 + 95,000,000 of miles, or thirty-eight millions of millions of miles. Increase the powers of the telescope to what extent you will, still no limits can be found to the vast expanse, and no end to the continued succession of new stars. Millions upon millions still pour their light upon the astonished eye: and this light, which is supposed to travel at the rate of twelve millions of miles every minute, according to the assumed distance of some of the stars, must have left those we behold more than 40,000 years ago.

But all the stars that decorate the sky—the increased, and still increasing, myriads which the most powerful telescopes have discovered, are but a mere point in comparison with the unfathomed infinity which lies beyond. Consider the whole of these, that they really are suns, lighting systems with their joyous beams. Consider the millions whose light has not yet had time to reach our earth—but consider them all as a few particles of dust floating in the sunbeams, when put in comparison with that Eternal Being, whose love at first created, and

Digitized by Google

still sustains the whole in their rapid courses, calm, regular, and harmonious, and who, from this immeasurable height of majesty and glory looks down upon the humble heart, communes with it, and shines on it—"as shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew."

Digitized by Google

The World Underground.

IF the heavens above are wonderful, and the broad and beautiful earth, with its sublime sea, and wide expanse of air, claim our admiration, so does the interior of the earth; that is, the World Underground. It is from thence that we derive the valuable gold and silver; the useful iron, copper, lead, and other metals; the precious rocks, stones, and gems; the valuable coal, the useful lime, and the very salt that flavours our food. A journey, then, through the realms of the World Underground will, I am sure, be highly interesting and instructive to my young readers.

It is not my intention to proceed with any very scientific *data* on the subject of Geology, which the World Underground involves. But I should like, notwithstanding, to give to my young friends something like an outline of that Science, so that while they read for amusement, they may be instructed in useful knowledge. First, then, I would direct your attention a little to the nature of the earth as a material body. You all know, I suppose, that the diameter of the earth is nearly eight thousand miles, that is to say—that if a line

Digitized by Google

were to be drawn quite through it, such would be the measure of that line. If we were to dig a deep hole in the earth, it would be four thousand miles deep before we could reach the earth's centre—nobody has ever yet dug such a hole as this, nor ever will. Miners and explorers have not been able to do more than dig holes less than a mile in perpendicular depth. This depth, when compared with the thickness of the earth, is a mere scratch, such as a pin would make in the substance of a three-feet globe—and truly, it may be said that we have, as yet, only been able to pierce a small way into the *crust* of the globe—or *earth's crust*, as it is familiarly called. As to the crumb of the inside of that, we know little. It may be solid —it may be gaseous—it may be water—it may be fire; indeed we may amuse ourselves with the most wild conjectures concerning it, without ever arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. Nevertheless, we know a great deal about the substances of which the earth's upper crust is composed, and we find that it is formed of numerous solid materials, consisting of various elementary substances, which, in some cases, form hard rocks, such as granite, slate, and porphyry, and in others, softer substances, such as chalk, clay, sand, &c. These varieties of materials are called "formations," and are deposited over one another in layers or strata. Those that are found lowest in the scale exhibit a crystalline structure, produced by the action *of fire*, while those above them appear to have been deposited by the action *of water*, and acted upon in various ways by that element.

The rocks, formed by the action of fire, are called Plutonic, and are supposed to have been formed at great depths in the earth by a molten process, and to have crystallized when

Digitized by Google

cooling. The watery rocks are called *stratified* or *aqueous*, as they bear evidence of being successive deposits of matter worn away from older rocks. They are called stratified, because the materials of which they are composed have been strewed or deposited in successive layers.

The Plutonic, or fire rocks, contain no traces of animal or vegetable life, while the Aqueous contain abundant remains of animals and vegetables; they thus exhibit a kind of history of past ages, and of the successive changes that our planet has undergone. There is another class of rocks, called *volcanic*; these also owe their origin to internal fire, and seem to have been thrown up in a state of fusion, and the matter of which they are composed extends considerably over the earth's surface. The Giant's Causeway, in Ireland, presents a wonderful specimen of a variety of this kind of rock, called trap, and lava and asbesdan are other varieties well known.

Referring again to the stratified, or water-formed rocks, we observe that among the lowest and earliest of them a very few remains of animals or plants occur, and when they do, they are most widely different from any known at the present day; but, throughout the continued succession, there is a gradual approach to plants and animals like those that now exist upon the earth. When we classify these rocks, they are divided into, 1st—the Primary Period; 2nd—the Secondary, or Transition Period; and 3rd—the Tertian Period.

The Primary Period includes the metamorphic rocks already described; they are the lowest formation in the series, and exhibit a crystalline structure, affording numerous instances also of sandstone being converted into quartz; clay into slate or jasper; limestone into crystalline marble, and so on by the action of heat.

Digitized by Google

The Transition period is divided into two great groups. The first, or oldest, is named the Cambrian, so called from Cambria, the ancient title of Wales, because these formations were first investigated in that country.

The Cambrian System consists chiefly of clay, slate, shell, sometimes stone, with anthracite, or stone coal. These contain very few organic remains, and the few that occur are principally shells in the form of casts, or impressions of shells after the shells have disappeared.

The Second is called the Silurian Group, named from the Silures a tribe of ancient Britons, who lived on the borders of Wales, part of Shropshire, Cumberland, Cornwall, and Devon.

The Silurian System consists of Llandilo flags, and Cardoc sandstones, Wenlock limestones, and Ludlow rock. The Cardoc rock consists of limestones, almost wholly formed of shells of freestones and sandstones. The Wenlock rocks abound in fossils.

The fossils of the two formations are both vegetable and animal. Algæ, or sea-weed, marks the existence, at a former period, of seas like the present. A few land plants of the most simple structure, resembling ferns, mares-tail, or club mosses, indicate extensive marshes or quagmires.

The animals of these formations were, for the most part, of a very humble class. Numerous Polypi, much resembling plants, which attach themselves to the bottom of the sea, and send forth branches like arms, for the purpose of catching prey. These creatures now exist in great abundance at the bottom of tropical seas.

The Limestones of this period are supposed to have consisted of ancient coral reefs, formed by Polypi, nearly allied

Digitized by Google

to the common Actinæ, or Sea Anemone of our own shore. These are affixed to rocks. They feed on small crustacea and mollusca. In the Silurian rocks are also found the Encrinites, which belong to the Crinodians, so named from the word Crinon, signifying a lily, on account of their resemblance to that flower; the most remarkable is the *actino-crinites*. Its form consists of a column, composed of numerous joints, and supporting above a cup-like body, from which proceed arms or branches, upon which are numerous fingers or feelers, surrounding the mouth, with which the animal supplies itself with food.

In the same growth of rock, we find among the articulated animals an extinct family of crustacea, called the Tribolite, of which, above sixty species have been observed. They, however, appear to have become extinct before the commencement of the Secondary Series. The eye of the Tribolite has been found to contain four hundred spherical lenses, in separate compartments, on the surface of a cornea projecting conically upwards, so that the animal, when at the bottom of the sea, could view things around. From this, it appears that both the air and the sea must have been generally as pellucid as they now are.

In this series of the rock, are also found many remains of Amonites, varieties of which exist from the transition through the intermediate strata, upwards, to the chalk, inclusive. In size, they vary from a line to four feet in diameter. One of the first forms, under which this family appeared (*Amonite Henslowi*), ceased with the transition formation. Other species differ according to the age of the strata in which they are found. The animal lives in the outer part of its wreathed

Digitized by Google

shell, the interior of which is occupied by air cells, by which it is made nearly of the same weight as the surrounding element. The lower part of the shell is furnished with a pipe, by which the animal had the power of letting in water, so as to sink, and a muscular pump, by which it could eject it when it wished to rise to the surface of the deep. The appearance of the nautilus of the present period, and its habits, are precisely similar to those of the ancient world.

The transition rocks are now succeeded by the Old Red Sandstone group. The Carboniferous group, the New Red Sandstone, and the Oolite group, comprehend the Lias, the Oolite, the Wealden, and the Chalk.

Among the organic remains of this group, impressions of fossil plants are met with, corals, the stems of Encrinites, Tribolites, of new forms, and, among the molluscous animals, Terebrutulæ, Sperefers, and others. The fish appears to be distinct from any other system: one of them is called Cephalaspis, that is, Buelle-headed, from the head being covered with a kind of buckle or shield. Impressions also of the feet of some unknown animals have been observed in the Welch formations.

No organic remains, except imperfect traces of *fuci*, have been observed in any of the deposits below the old red sandstone. In the lower slate formations, fossils are of rare occurrence, and the few species of fuci, corals, and shells found therein, present the earliest traces of organisation; indeed, at this point, we seem to arrive at the extreme limits of the animal and vegetable kingdom of the ancient world.

Digitized by Google

The Eternal City.

FUN AND FIREWORKS.

ROME is associated with the grand, the sublime, and the terrible. She is a monument of departed greatness—one huge tomb of glory passed away, but, as if in mockery of the past, and to show that "vanity of vanities, all is vanity," Rome has its "Carnival," and a very funny spree the Romans make of it, concluding by a display of fireworks; the like of which is not to be seen in any other part of the globe, either natural or artificial.

The Carnival in Rome commences on Twelfth-day, and continues till the ensuing Lent; but the public fun and festival is confined to the last week or ten days. At the sound of the cannon, which, fired from the Piazza di Venezia each day, announces the commencement of the amusements—shops are then closed—palaces deserted, and the Corso, a long and narrow defile, teems with nearly the whole of the Roman population. The scene then exhibited is truly singular, and, for the first day or two, infinitely amusing. The whole

Digitized by Google

length of the street, from the Porta del Popolo, to the foot of the Capitol, a distance of considerably more than a mile, is patrolled by troops of cavalry;—the windows and balconies are crowded from the first to the sixth story by spectators and actors, who, from time to time, descend and take their place and posts in the procession of carriages, or among the maskers, on foot. Here and there the Monk's crown, and Cardinal's red scull cap are seen peeping among heads not more fantastic than their own. The chairs and scaffolding along the sides of the streets are filled to crushing with maskers and country folks, in their gala dresses. The centre of the Corso is occupied by the carriages of Princes, Potentates, the ambassadors of all nations, and the municipality of Rome, and two lines of carriages moving in opposite directions, on each side, are filled by English Peers, Irish Commissioners, Polish Counts, Spanish Grandees, German Barons, Scotch Lairds, and French Marquises; but above all, by the hired jobs of the badauds and pizzacravoli of Rome, and these form not the least curious or interesting part of the procession, and best represent the Carnival as it existed a century back. In an open carriage, bolt upright, sits La Signora Padrona, or mistress of the family. Her neck covered with rows of coral, pearl, or false gems; her white satin robe and gaudy head dress left to the "pelting of the pitiless storm" of sweet-meats and sugar-plums, showered indiscriminately from all the houses and pedestrians, and also the occupiers of the carriages. Opposite to her, sits her caro sposo, or husband, dressed as a Grand Sultan or Muscovite Czar (not very complimentary to the husband), while all the little signorini of the family, male and female, habited as harle-

Digitized by Google

quins, columbines, kings and queens, are crammed into the carriage. Even the coachman is supplied with a dress, and appears in the character of an elderly lady or an arcadian shepherdess, and the footman takes the guise of an English Miss or a French Court Lady, and figures with a spencer, or a hoop, or a fan, and salutes the people with, *Vu'st' buon gio'n, Messieurs.*

At the Ave Maria, or fall of day, the cannon again fire, as a signal to clear the street for the horse course; all noise then ceases, the carriages file off by the nearest avenue, their owners scramble to their windows, balconies, chairs, or scaffolding; while the pedestrians, who have no such resources, are driven by the soldiers to the footways, where they stand wedged up into immovable masses. But no fatigue, danger, or disquiet can restrain them in their ardour to see the "Start."

A temporary barrier erected near the Porta del Popolo is the point from which the race commences, and the other on the Piazza de Venezia is the termination of the course. The horses are small and of little value. They have no riders, but are placed each in a stall behind a rope, which is dropped as soon as the moment for starting arrives, when the animal leaps forward for a run. A number of tin-foil and paper flags are stuck over their haunches; small pointed balls are placed so as to operate as a spur, and the noise and pain of these decorations serve to put the "naggies" on their full speed, to which they are further urged by the cheers, laughter and screams of the populace. At the sound of the trumpet, the signal for starting, the animals exhibit their impatience to be off, and prick up their noses in great delight, and away

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

they go, amid the screams, plaudits, and vivats of the people of all ranks. This scene forms the last act of each day's spectacle, when every one is obliged to quit his carnival habit.

At Ave Maria, I drove to the Piazza of St. Peter's, to see the grand fireworks, such as are to be seen nowhere in the world. The lighting of the lanteroni, or loose paper lanthorns, each of which looks like a globe of ethereal fire, had been going on for an hour, and by the time I arrived there, was nearly completed. As I passed the Ponte San Angelo, the bridge of St. Angelo, the appearance of this magnificent church, glowing in its own brightness—the millions of lights reflected in the Tiber, and mingling with the last glow of evening, so as to make the whole building seem covered with burnished gold—had a most striking and magical effect.

My progress was slow, being much impeded by the long line of carriages before me, but at length I arrived at the piazza of St. Peter's, and took my station on the right of its extremity, so as to lose the deformity of the dark, dingy Vatican Palace. The gathering shades of night rendered the illumination every moment more brilliant. The whole of this immense Church, its columns, capitals, cornices, and pediments—the beautiful swell of the lofty dome, towering into heaven; the ribs converging into one point at the top, surmounted by the lanthorn of the church, and crowned by the cross—all were designed in lines of fire, and the vast sweep of the circling colonnades in every rib, line, mould, cornice, and column, were resplendent in the same beautiful light.

While I and fifty thousand more persons were gazing upon

Digitized by Google

it, suddenly a bell chimed. On the cross of fire at the top waved a brilliant light, as if lit by some celestial hand, and instantly ten thousand globes and stars of vivid fire seemed to roll spontaneously along the building, and as if by magic and self-kindled, it blazed in a moment into one dazzling road of glory. Fancy, herself, in her most sportive mood, could scarcely have conceived so wonderful a spectacle as the instantaneous illumination of this magnificent fabric (to be done per contract by gas next year). The agents by whom it was effected were unseen, and it seemed the work of enchantment. In the first instance, the illuminations had appeared to be complete, and one could not dream that thousands and tens of thousands of lamps were still to be illuminated. Their vivid blaze harmonized beautifully with the softer, milder light of the lantaroni, while the brilliant glow of the whole illumination shed a rosy light upon the fountains, whose silver fall of ever-playing showers accorded well with the magic of the scene.

Viewed from the Trenita di Monte, its effect was unspeakably beautiful—it seemed to be an enchanted palace hung in air, and called up by the wand of some invisible spirit. And now came on the great wonder of wonders, the exhibition of the Girandola, or great fireworks from the castle of St. Angelo, which commenced by a tremendous explosion, that represented the raging eruption of a volcano. Red sheets of fire seemed to blaze upwards into the glowing heavens, and then to pour down their liquid streams upon the earth. This was followed by the incessant and complicated display of every device that imagination could invent—one changing into another, and the beauty of the first effaced by that of the

Digitized by Google

last. Hundreds of immense wheels turned round with a velocity that almost seemed as if demons were whirling them, letting fall thousands of hissing dragons and scorpions, and fiery snakes, whose long convolutions, darting forward as far as the eye could reach in every direction, at last vanished into "thin air." Fountains, and jets of fountains of fire, threw up their blazing cascades into the skies. The whole vault of heaven shone with the vivid fires, and seemed to receive into itself innumerable stars and suns, which shooting up into it in brightness almost insuperable, vanished; while its reflection in another sky—that of the Tiber—was beyond all comparison grand and beautiful. The whole ended in a tremendous burst of fire, that, while it lasted, almost seemed to threaten conflagration to old Rome itself. I only hope some of my young friends will, one day or other, go to Rome and see it.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

The Ocean World.

Endless, ever-sounding sea,
Image of Eternity!
Oh, what precious things there be
Shrined and sepulchred in thee;
Gems and gold, from every eye
Hidden—in thy bosom lie.
Many a treasure-laden bark
Rests within thy caverns dark,
And, where towers and temples rose,
Buried continents repose.
Giant secrets of thy breast—
With their thousand isles of rest.

YES, my young friends, beneath the surface of the mighty deep there is a world hardly known to man. He knows what the tremendous amount of the surface may be, and how to sustain himself unharmed upon it. He knows how to draw some of its inhabitants from their abodes, and to enrich himself with their products. But its deep recesses and its contents are far deeper than his investigation can extend; all that

Digitized by Google

is going on through this vast expanse of the waters of the globe is for the most part closed to human view, and the millions and millions of animated beings as varied, probably, as those which are submitted to man's surface on the earth, are and must for ever be almost entirely unknown to man. The great mass of the water, however, which covers nearly three-fourths of the globe, is crowded with life, perhaps more abundantly than the air, and the surface of the earth, and the bottom of the sea, within a certain depth accessible to sight, swarms with countless hoards of worms and creeping things, and strange and wonderful productions.

Any of my readers who are in the least acquainted with the elements of descriptive geography, must be aware that the extent of the sea is much greater in mere surface than that of the land. That if we reckon the whole surface of the globe in round numbers at two hundred millions of square miles, which is not very wide of the truth, the land occupies only sixty millions of these, while the sea extends over one hundred and forty millions, or double the extent of the land, and a third over. This, however, is not all, nor nearly all, when we come to consider the capabilities of the two for being the abode of life. The earth, in its steppes, deserts, and other places, has much that is almost entirely unproductive. The sea, on the other hand, contains no barren spot, for its waters are everywhere nearly the same, both in composition and in degrees of temperature; and thus, taking surface for surface, it is the land which is comparatively the desert—"while the "waste of waters," as it is sometimes called, is fertility all over.

This extraordinary fertility is indicated in a wonderful manner by the luminous or phosphorescent, appearance of the

Digitized by Google

sea at certain times. Sometimes a vessel in traversing the ocean seems to work out a trace of fire, whilst each stroke of an oar emits a light equally bright and dazzling. These lights are grouped in endless variety. Perhaps, at one time, innumerable shining points float on the surface, and then unite into one broad sheet of light. At another time the spectator fancies that he sees loose sparkling figures like animals in pursuit of each other, incessantly vanishing and reappearing. Dr. Francis Buchannan states that while voyaging in the northern part of the Indian Ocean, at about seven in the evening, the sea was observed to be remarkably white; the appearance continued till past eight; the sea then became as white as milk, and bright specks, spots, or stars of flame appeared on every part as far as the eye could reach. It continued in this state till past twelve, and disappeared at daybreak. Several buckets of the milky flood were drawn up, and when examined the water was found to contain a great number of small luminous bodies, the great bulk of which were about a quarter of an inch long. They were seen to move in the same manner as a worm does in water. When taken up on the finger they retained their shining faculty even when dry; when brought near a candle their light disappeared, but by minute attention an extremely white filament could be observed, and lifted on the point of a pin; it was of a uniform shining colour and form, and about the thickness of a spider's thread. In a gallon of water there were found about a thousand of these luminous animals.

It has been found upon investigation that this luminosity of the sea is produced from various causes, as well as from various species of minute animalculæ. Mr. Burnet found that its

Digitized by Google

phosphorescence proceeded from a small round fish of the Medusa kind, which was emitted from every part of its body, and also from a kind of scopelus, about three inches in length, which emitted light from the scales or flakes, covering the body or head, as well as from its belly and sides.

It is supposed that this light does not penetrate to a greater depth in the sea than 1,000 feet. This circumstance, and the prevalence of great darkness even at the surface of the sea in high latitudes during certain seasons of the year, lead the writer to suppose that the power of emitting light is generated in animals as a means of seeking their foes.

The "Ocean World" is inhabited, as we have shown, by a strange variety of creatures. Among the most numerous of these the shark family stand pre-eminent. They are the great scavengers of the ocean, for they devour with indiscriminate voracity almost every animal substance, whether living or dead. They often follow vessels for the sake of picking up any offal that may be thrown overboard. No fish can swim so nimbly as the shark: he outstrips the swiftest ships; even your screw-steamers are nothing to him, for he plays round them, and is seen first behind, then before, then on one side, and then on the other, in an incredibly short space of time, the steamer going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour all the while. Not only are the members of the shark family prodigious, but their varieties are also great: they exist of all sizes from within a foot long to that of thirty feet. There are white sharks, and blue sharks, fox sharks, baskey sharks, and hammer-headed sharks. But all are fish of war, more or less, Dragoons of the first order, and the depredations they commit in the watery element are beyond all calculation. Then their

Digitized by Google

mouths, to enable them to perform their *mission*, are armed with several rows of serrated teeth, and open as wide as that of a boa constrictor. To snap off the leg of a man, or to snap a man in two, is about the work of a moment; and to bolt him in a twinkling is the shark's supreme delight. Let those, then, who would explore the "Ocean World," beware of sharks as among the first of the many odd fish it is ours to describe.

The flying fish is also a curious inhabitant of the deep. By the extraordinary length of its pectoral fins, it is enabled to spring occasionally from the water, and to support a kind of temporary flight through the air—hence its name. It is evident, however, that its flights are performed for the purpose of escaping from the jaws of the dolphin and other predacious fishes. "I have," says an observing naturalist, "never been able to see any percussion of the pectoral fins during flight; and the greatest length of time that I have seen this volatile fish on its fin wings has been thirty seconds by the watch, and the longest flight about two hundred yards. The most usual height of flight, as seen above the water, is from three to five feet. But they have been known to spring into the rigging of ships at an elevation of twenty feet from the water."



In tropical seas the flying fish rise from the water in flocks, or, more properly, shoals, of hundreds at a time, when disturbed by the passing of a ship. They spring from the crest

Digitized by Google

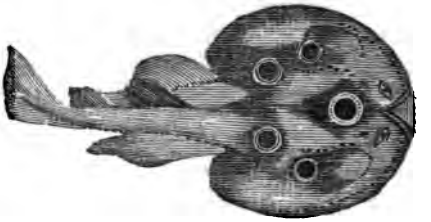
of a wave, and, darting forward, plunge into another to wet the membranes of their fins, and in this manner continue their flight for many hundreds of yards, often pursued by marine birds in the element to which they are driven for protection against the tyrants of their own; and it is truly interesting to observe the flights of these curious creatures in the world of waters.

Another odd fish is the remorée, or sucking-fish. It is the Echencis of the Greeks, and is about 18 inches in length, and its general colour a uniform brown, without scales, but marked with numerous pores. It has been celebrated from very ancient times for its power of adhesion to any other animal or inanimate substance. In short, the most incredible stories are related by Pliny and other ancient naturalists with all possible gravity. One is, that Antony's ship, at the battle of Actium, was kept motionless by the exertions of the remorée, notwithstanding the efforts of several hundred sailors; also, that the vessel of Caligula was detained between Astura and Actium by another of these fish, found sticking at the helm, and whose solitary efforts could not be countervailed by a crew of four hundred able seamen till the remorée was detached. The apparatus by which this adhesion of the remorée is accomplished consists of an oval area on the top of the head, traversed by numerous partitions, each of which is fringed by a row of very numerous perpendicular teeth or filaments, while the whole oval space is strengthened by a longitudinal septum, as may be seen in the engraving.



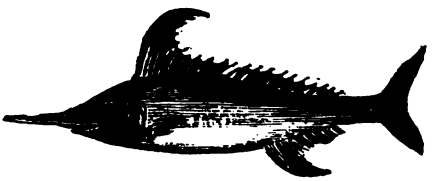
Digitized by Google

Another very curious inhabitant of the "Ocean World" is the torpedo, called also the cramp-fish. It is remarkable for being able to give a smart shock of electricity to the person who handles it. The body of this fish is nearly



circular, and it is sometimes so large as to weigh seventy or eighty pounds. The skin is smooth, of a dusky brown colour; there are, on each side below it, five breathing holes. The shock is often attended with great pain to those who receive it, who also feel a numbing sensation. It is in this way that the torpedo benumbs its enemy, and also its prey, and thus gets clear of one and secures the other.

The sword-fish is also an ugly customer in the world of waters. It has its name from its long snout, resembling the blade of a sword. It sometimes weighs above one hundred pounds, and is fifteen feet in length. It is often taken off the coast of Sicily. The sword-fish and the whale are said never to meet without coming to battle, and the former has the reputation of being always the aggressor. Sometimes two sword-fishes join against the whale, in which case the combat is by no means equal. The whale uses his tail in his defence, and the sword-fish his nose. The whale dives under water, head foremost, and makes such a blow with his tail that, if it take effect, it finishes the



Digitized by Google

sword-fish at a stroke; but the other, who is generally sufficiently adroit to avoid it, immediately falls upon the whale, and buries its weapon in its body. When the whale discovers the sword-fish darting upon him, he again dives to the bottom, but he is soon compelled to rise by his enemy. The battle then begins afresh, and lasts till the sword-fish loses sight of the whale, who is at length compelled to swim off. In piercing the whale's body with its tremendous sword-snout, the



sword-fish seldom does great damage to the whale, not being able to penetrate much further than the blubber. But all the extraordinary force with which the sword-fish can use its snout may be seen by a specimen of timber shown at the British Museum, and the Naval and Military Museum, in which the solid timber of a ship is pierced through to the extent of more than a foot in length, and there embedded.

So much for a few of the ocean wonders; but far more beautiful is the embedded floor of the mighty deep if we could get at it, as the mermaids and tritons are said to do. There are the corals of every variety of form and colour, the pearl-oysters, the crustacea, and the beautiful sea anemones; the star-like sea urchin, the ælinæ, the curious sea-mat, spreading like a net over stones, rocks, shells, and marine plants. There is the timid velvet crab, the sea jelly, and the sea moire, with its colours not inferior in beauty to the plumage of the humming bird, or to the lustre of the richest gems. Then there is

Digitized by Google

the zoophyte, called the Peacock's Tail, exhibiting all the glory of the rainbow, and with ten thousand times ten thousand other things of beauty. Lovely, then, is the Ocean World, whether we view it from its upper surface or its lowest depths; in either the power, wisdom, goodness, and glory of the great Creator are visible. There is no place either in earth, or air, or ocean, or the depths of ether, into which the telescopic eye cannot pierce, in the darkest caverns, in the brightest sunshine, where God is not present to us in his works. Let us, then, my little ones, with souls elevated to His glorious throne, with hearts trembling in the dust, adore our great and good God, and praise His name for evermore.

Digitized by Google

The Doge:

A VENETIAN STORY.

MOST of my young friends who read Parley's Geography well know that there is such a place as Venice. That it is in the Adriatic Sea, or Gulf of Venice, standing in forty-five degrees, forty minutes, of north latitude; that it is a city rising from the waters, being built on a number of small islands, which are situated at the mouths of the numerous rivers which discharge themselves over a space of thirty leagues on the north-western coast of the Gulf of Venice. Towards the land these islands are protected by the channels of several rivers, and partly by a bed of soft mud covered with water not exceeding for the most part one or two feet in depth, and extending at the same time some twenty or thirty miles from the outer shore. The entrances through the outer barrier are few, and the navigation afterwards most intricate and difficult.

The situation of the city is beautiful and romantic. Nothing

Digitized by Google

can be more wonderful than to see one of the finest cities in the world rising out of the ocean, and appearing to float upon the waves. Its magnificent palaces, and lofty towers, washed by the flood, form a noble and delightful spectacle. One would almost think them either the splendid work of some magician's wand, or one of fancy's light ærial scenes. Yet, notwithstanding this beauty, Venice has been the focus of crime, and scenes of the most dreadful character have been transacted within its walls.

The original form of the Venetian government was that of magistrates chosen by a general assembly of the people, who gave them the name of tribunes, which existed for about one hundred and fifty years. A chief magistrate was then elected by the others, who bore the name of Duke or Doge, who had the power of life and death, peace and war, and the election of many high offices in his hands. The first Doge was Anœfesto, elected in the year 697.

The College, called the *Seigniority*, or supreme cabinet council of the state, was originally composed of the Doge and six councillors only, after which the number was increased to forty by additions from the people of the city. But the most fearful engine of the state was the *Consiglio di Dicci*, or Council of Ten, a high penal court, which consisted of ten councillors, with the Doge as president. It was supreme in all state crimes, and possessed the power of bringing any one that was accused before them; of committing him to close confinement, and prohibiting all communication with his friends and relatives; of examining, torturing, and trying him in a summary manner, and if a majority of the council pronounced him guilty, of condemning him to death. The death might be public, be-

Digitized by Google

tween the red columns of the market-place, or private, in the depths of the dungeon. This tribunal was established in the year 1310, and about two centuries after a still more despotic power was entrusted to three individuals, always chosen from the above Council of Ten, and from the court called the State Inquisition. These inquisitors also kept the keys of the chests which were kept on several posts of the ducal palace, inclosed within the open jaws of lions' heads, carved on the walls, through which notes were conveyed by any one who was disposed to drop them, and thus notice was secretly given to government of conspiracies or other matters.

No government has been more attacked by deep-laid plots and conspiracies than that of Venice, many of which have been brought to the very eve of execution. One of the most remarkable was that which I have already detailed in a former volume, formed by Marino Faliero, in the year 1355. But I shall now detail the story of another conspiracy—not by a Doge against the state, but of some of the Venetian nobles against the tyranny of the Doge and the infamous wickedness of the Council of Ten.

Among the powerful nobles whom the long troubles of the north of Italy had raised to petty sovereignty Martino, della Stella had established one of the largest principalities, and was most powerful. He had two sons, Alberto and Ubertino, and one daughter, Ursula, alike celebrated for their heroism and personal accomplishments, and the family at large long held the reputation of being not only the most noble, but the most patriotic of all the Venetian state. At this time the Doge was Bartolomeo Gradenigo, an imperious ruler, who looked with extreme jealousy upon the rise or popularity of any family whose

Digitized by Google

afford what assistance they could to the unfortunates whose houses were invaded by the watery element. They had disguised themselves in the dress of fishermen, and, mingling with persons of that fraternity were giving their orders and their largess to those who assisted in the removal of the furniture and effects of those families who were in the greatest danger from the inundation. During their occupation in this manner a storm suddenly arose, and as they stood close to the Riva de San Marco, a person approached the quay and vainly endeavoured to induce the ferryman to pass him over to San Georgio Maggiore. "Who," said the ferryman, "can reach San Georgio on such a night as this? Heaven forbid that I should try." The stranger earnestly persisted in his request, but the ferryman was obdurate; he then appealed to the bystanding fishermen, but to no purpose. At last Alberto asked of the stranger whether he proceeded on his errand in the cause of the world or of charity. "In the cause of charity," replied the stranger, "and in the name of Him who taught charity to man." "Then we will go with you," replied the brothers; "lend us your boat, ferryman, and, by God's help, we will brave both storm and tempest." The stranger now jumped into the boat, and the brothers pulled off from the shore with all thier energy. At the urgent request of the stranger they put their boat on shore at San Nicolo, and here picked up two other strangers, clad in great loose cloaks and slouched hats. They then dashed out again to the flood, and although the waves ran very high, and the night grew very dark, they still pulled along, directed from time to time by their mysterious companions.

At last, after numerous turnings and windings among the tortuous canals, the rowers, by direction of their freight

Digitized by Google

stopped near to the Rialto. The boat was fastened to an iron ring at the side of the bridge, and at the suggestion of the stranger the brothers left the boat and proceeded with them towards a low door at the further end of the old church of St. Stephen. One of the three then produced a key from his pocket, and the others followed him into the church. Alberto and his brother hesitated to proceed further in the darkness, but in a moment the place was illuminated by a lanthorn, which the foremost of the strangers drew from his cloak, and revealed a long low passage. "Follow us," said the first stranger to the brothers, "if you would do service to the state," and leading abruptly onward the brothers followed almost mechanically, but impelled, no doubt, by a vague curiosity to know the sequel to the adventure in which they had so thoughtlessly engaged. The party proceeded through the passage to a kind of cloister, and from this they entered another low door by the same agency they had entered at the former, and found themselves close to the altars of the church. "Follow, without speaking," said the first stranger, and lifting up the massive covering that hung over the altar, discovered a door, which immediately opened, and, the five persons entering, descended a short flight of steps and found themselves in a subterranean passage of small dimensions, and so low that each was obliged to stoop as he proceeded. After walking amid the foul and damp exhalations of this place for nearly a quarter of an hour, another rising flight of steps presented themselves: these they mounted, and came upon a square stone hall, which was dimly lighted by a lamp suspended from the centre. At each side of this hall was a heavy door, studded with thick iron nails, and having a kind

Digitized by Google

of portcullis, showing its grim teeth above the lintel. To one of these doors the foremost stranger proceeded, and having led the way, the others followed him through a corridor of ample dimensions, till another door opened into a small chamber, which was covered with ancient tapestry, having seats of massive oak on either side, but no table or furniture of any kind was seen in the apartment. Here the first stranger commanded his two companions and the brothers to wait, and having passed through a door behind the tapestry, disappeared.

The brothers were lost in amazement at the adventure which had befallen them, but being men of courage and determination, were by no means alarmed at their situation, although they could not be without some misgivings as to the issue of the matter. Alberto, addressing the strangers left with them, inquired how far the adventure was likely to proceed, and the object of it, but in reply, both the strangers simultaneously placed their fingers on their lips, and shook their heads with fearful meaning. "What!" said Alberto, "Is this a mission of charity, and is it to be shrouded in mystery; believe me, the light of goodness has no companionship with mystery and darkness. We will be resolved of our question, or we will proceed no further." "You will proceed but little further," said one of the strangers, "and then you will know more than you expect; but I advise you to be silent—your pertinacity may be dangerous, to avoid all braggart expressions, and to submit yourselves to the powers that surround you." As he said this the first stranger reappeared, and beckoing with his finger, the party passed through the door to a little vestibule, the further end of which was closed by a heavy dark-red curtain; upon this being drawn

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

aside, a most dreadful scene presented itself. In a capacious prison room, hung round with manacles and instruments of torture, were seven persons: one stripped to his under garments, lay extended upon the floor, having his legs passed through a pair of heavy wooden stocks; behind this a charcoal fire was burning, and was placed in such a position as slowly to roast the soles of the victim's feet, who writhed in front with the greatest agony. Two monks knelt before the head of the tortured man, one urging him to make confession, and the other with a pen and tablet, taking down the groan words that fell from his parched lips. Looking on in haughty cold, and impassable stoicism, stood Gradianio, the Doge of Venice, and behind him three members of that execrable council, who preserved rule by secrecy and terror, and by abominable practices such as these now in action. The brothers recoiled at the sight. The groans of the wretch appalled them as he fainted in agony. "It is enough for the present," said the Doge. "Bear him away, and pass we to the Hall of Justice."

Having so said, the Doge led the way, and followed by his emissaries, with the exception of the confessing priest and the executioner, the whole of those assembled passed into the Hall of Justice. It was a spacious apartment, hung with tapestry representing the naval triumphs of the republic. At its upper end was a dais, or slight elevation, on the centre of which was a raised seat, and on either side benches, covered with red velvet. In front was an iron table, at each end of which sat a councillor. The Doge took his place on the centre seat, and immediately the two strangers advanced and placed themselves on either side; the remainder of the seats were

Digitized by Google

quickly filled by councillors, who passed in stealthily, as it were, from a small side-door at the upper end of the room. Four were now seated on each cross-bench at the right and left of the Doge, and the other two at the table in front, as already stated. Alberto and his brother were left standing in mute astonishment at the lower end of the apartment, but were not kept long in suspense as to the nature of the proceedings, for the Doge, waving his hand, one of the council—that is, one of the strangers who had performed the principal part in bringing the brothers to the place—began to read, in a formal tone—

"Alberto and Ubertino, sons of Mastino della Stella, having been proved guilty of conspiring against the State, and of forming designs for the usurpation of the supreme power, are, by the unanimous decree of the Council now assembled, sentenced to perpetual confinement in the prison of the Hall of Justice, previous to which imprisonment it is decreed that you undergo the question of the rack, or of such other punishment as may succeed in discovering your treasonable accomplices, the said question to be applied from time to time as circumstances may require."

"Are you agreed, councillors, on this sentence?" inquired the Doge, rising.

"We are agreed," said each senator, in a low and muffled voice.

"Nothing then remains but to put in force the sentence of the court?"

"Nothing remains," echoed the Council.

During this process the brothers stood fixed to the ground like statues—pale, and cold, and immoveable as marble. It seemed to them as some terrible dream, till at last, Alberto, with convulsed utterance, cried out, wildly—

Digitized by Google

"For the sake of God, who is just and true, hear me, senators. We are no conspirators; we are friends to the State of Venice. We know of no plot or conspiracy; we have engaged in nothing but what is true and lawful. We were entrapped to this place under the pretence of a mission of charity, and we have been betrayed."

"Silence, culprits!" answered the Doge, in a voice of thunder. "Patience and quiet are best for dying men!"

"Give me the proofs, you say you have, of our being traitors. Show us, at least, the evidence upon which you doom us to this lingering death. Are we to be condemned unheard?"

"Answer me, as you value life and deliverance. What of your father, Mastino della Stella, on the night of the eleventh day of November last, called the feast of St. Martin? He left his house in the company of his sons, Alberto and Ubertino, and proceeded to the house of Garcia Sebastino, where he remained in grave consultation, with closed and barred doors, in an upper chamber, till daybreak. What passed at that private meeting? Who assembled at it? and what course of action was determined upon in consequence of this secret deliberation?"

The brothers were both conscious that the meeting, of which the Doge appeared so cognizant, was one at which the subject of the State tyranny of the Doge and his Council had been discussed, although the meeting had been one ostensibly relating to a marriage union between themselves and two fair ladies of noble Venetian families. Alberto replied boldly that the meeting in question had private objects entirely, and gave a detailed account of what took place during the night, and of the conclusions that had been come to with regard to

Digitized by Google

a marriage settlement, with all the important matters of such a transaction, declaiming, at the same time, at the charge of treason made against them; but his explanation, ingenious and energetic as it was, produced no effect whatever on the Council, and the Doge, having a paper handed to him from one of the Council, who sat at the table, read as follows:—

"On the eleventh of November, at night, between the hours of twelve and five o'clock, there proceeded to the house of Garcia Sebastino, Mastino della Stella, his two sons, Alberto and Ubertino, in masks, Signor Cubella, Signor Contralto, Signor San Lucia; and five other persons, masked, who entered by a private door on the Via Casmalto. Declare to this Court who were the five masked persons, and prove thereby that you are friends to the State."

Alberto and Ubertino now clearly saw that their father and his friends had been betrayed, that the Council had obtained scent of a conspiracy, but that they were not in possession of the real facts of the meeting, to obtain which, had been evidently the object of the strangers, who had betrayed them; but loving their father as children should love their fathers, they determined to brave all the horrors of the torture, or even death itself, rather than say a word that should imperil his safety, or that of the noble friends with whom he had consulted. Alberto, therefore, replied boldly, that he knew not the masked persons, which was true, because he had never known that anybody had approached the house in masks, and he gave a stout denial to the fact, and endeavoured to enter into explanations, but he, as well as his brother, were suddenly stopped by the rising of the Doge, at the same moment, four guards, with manacles, ap-

Digitized by Google

proached from a side-door. The brothers were quickly bound, and immediately led back to the room through which they had proceeded to the Hall of Justice. The Doge and his Council now withdrew; and Alberto and his brother found themselves in the apartment of death. The wretched malefactor had been removed, but the rack and the various instruments of torture remained. Quickly were the brothers chained to iron rings, at separate sides of the chamber. Some bread and water were placed within their reach; a small lamp was lighted, and they were then left in silence—dismal, profound, and dreadful—without comfort and without hope.

Digitized by Google

A Final Walk among the Stars.

NOTWITHSTANDING the amazing extent of the worlds, and system of worlds I have described, they do not contain the whole universe, but only a very small part of it. Countless fiamaments or clusters of stars, distinct from ours, and at immense distance from it exist, sustaining an independent position. I have already walked, or, perhaps, rather jumped through a vast infinity of space; but I must now take a bolder leap, and wish my young friends to take a leap with me.

In the intervals between the stars of our own system, and at an immense distance beyond them, in the depths of space, many clusters of stars may be seen, like white clouds or round comets without tails. When examined with proper instruments, they convey the idea of globular spaces, insulated on the heavens, and filled full of stars, constituting a family or society of stars, subject only to its own internal laws. The number of these masses is very great. In the northern hemisphere, after making all allowance, those whose places are filled, cannot be fewer than one or two thousand, and

Digitized by Google

we can form some idea how plentifully they are distributed, by recollecting that this is at the least equal to the whole number of stars which the naked eye beholds at once in any ordinary night. To attempt to count the stars in any one of these clusters, which bear the name of NEBULÆ, would be a vain task, for they are reckoned not by hundreds, but by thousands. On a rough calculation, it appears that many of them must contain ten or twenty thousand stars compacted and wedged together in a globular space, whose area is not more than a tenth part of that covered by the moon, so that its centre, where the stars are seen condensed, is one blaze of light. If, as we have every reason to believe, each of these stars be a sun, and if they be separated by intervals equal to that which separates our sun from the nearest fixed star, the distance which renders the whole cluster barely visible to the naked eye must be so great that the existence of these splendid assemblages can only be known to us by the light which has left them more than a thousand years ago.

These nebulæ or clusters of stars have a variety of shapes, some of them most singular and fantastic, presenting the appearance of long streaks of stars, globes of stars, double globes, oval, and cloud-like forms of every variety of figure. As they become more remote, the interval between the stars that form them diminish, and the light grows fainter. In their faintest, stillest aspect they may be compared to a handful of fine sparkling sand, or, as it has been aptly termed, "star dust." Beyond these we see no stars, but only a streak or patch of milky light. Vast multitudes of these are so faint as to be with difficulty discerned at all, till they have been some time in the field of the telescope, or are fast about to quit it.

Digitized by Google

As I said of the nebuler forms, some are spherical, some straight, some oval, &c., while others are of no regular shape. In the southern hemisphere a phenomenon, known by the name of magellanic clouds, long excited the wonder of all beholders. To the naked eye it had somewhat of the appearance of the wing of a bird. This nebulæ, according to the description of Sir John Herschel, who spent some time at the Cape of Good Hope in astronomical researches, is a congeries of clusters and nebulæ of various magnitudes and degrees of condensation, among which is interspersed a large portion of irresolvable nebulæ, which is no doubt composed of very distant stars. Some of the objects in it are of very singular and incomprehensible forms, the chief one especially, which consists of a number of loops arched in kind of centre, disposed like a bunch of ribbands when forming what is called a true lover's knot. There is no part of the heavens where so many nebulæ and clusters are crowded into so small a space as in this cloud.

But when we arrive among the almost bewildering multitudes of unresolved systems we are most forcibly struck by the variations of these fantastic shapes. The unresolved clusters being at depths much profounder than the sites of others. There are great varieties of shapes. The annular form often occurs, one fine instance of it is in the constellation of the Lyre. Another singular-shaped cluster has the shape of an hour-glass, or dumb-bell. The two connected hemispheres being bright and beautiful, manifest a dense collection of stars in those regions, while the oval is completed by two spaces, which do not transmit a greater quantity of light, nor indicate the presence of a larger number of stars than the

Digitized by Google

comparatively vacant interior of the ring above-mentioned We are lost in mute astonishment at these endless diversities of character and form.

Of all these wonderful exhibitions there is no one more singular than that I shall now endeavour to describe. It is a broad ring of stars, having a surrounding ring, and a bright central nucleus. It seems to manifest in its composition the prevalence of an internal attractive power. Notwithstanding the fantastic forms which occur, the round, or globular structure, is the general, or favourite one, and in most of these round clusters there is also a strongly-marked increase of light towards the centre, much more than would arise from the circumstance of the eye looking through the deepest part of the group, and thereby seeing at once the greatest number of its stars. "There are besides," says Sir William Herschell, "additional circumstances in the appearance of exended clusters and nebulæ, which very much favour the idea of a power lodged in the brightest part. Although the forms of these are not globular, it is plain to be seen that there is a tendency to sphericals, by the swell of the dimensions the nearer we draw to the most luminous place—denoting, as it were, a *course or tide of stars* setting towards a centre, and if allegorical expressions may be allowed, it would seem as if stars thus floating towards the seat of power were dimmed by the crowd of those already assembled, and that while some of them are successful in forcing their predccessors sidewise out of their places, others are themselves obliged to take up lateral situations, while all of them seem eager to strive for a place in the central swelling and generally "spherical figure."

Here, my young friends, another grand field for contempla-

Digitized by Google

tion is opened. Even the heavens are not stable. These globular masses, at least, seem in the progress of growth—are ripening—they are congregating together towards that nucleus round which a new order of things is slowly growing up, and where, perhaps, a mighty orb, whose dimensions almost frighten the imagination, is preparing for its birth. And this procedure is, after all, only the prolongation of the condensing of a simple nebula. Already some of its particles have come together, and formed its secondary stage, and now that secondary stage which we term a firmament is passing into a third, where all the dispersed atoms will be gathered together and lodged in the centre of the mass.

Our own firmanent presents appearances which not only sustain the foregoing conclusions through a strong analogy, but point the way to still brighter thoughts. The Milky Way has already been alluded to—it is a ring for the most part isolated, in which the stars are very dense, and where the aggregating power has drawn them from the general mass, and by some curious operation, compress them into a crowded circle. But neither is this girdle uniform. It is divided into groups, chiefly inclining to the spherical form, and separated from each other by dark spaces like *wrinkles of age*. Sir William Herschel counts no less than 225 such groups, or subordinate clusters, within the portion of it which he examined, and as all these were of a kind to mark the action of gravity, he inferred the existence of a clustering power, drawing the stars of it into separate groups—a power which has broken up the uniformity of the gaze, and to the irresistible force of which it was still exposed. "Hence," said he, in one of those bold moments in which he may be said to

Digitized by Google

have capered among the stars in a more lively manner than Peter Parley dares, "may we be certain that the stars will be gradually compressed through successive ages and stages of accumulation, till they come to what may be called the *ripening period* of the globular clusters and total insulation, from which it is evident that the Milky Way *must* forcibly be broken up, or cease to be a stratum of scattered stars; and from the gradual dissolution of the Milky Way may be found a kind of *chronometer*, that may be used to measure the time of its past and present existence. And although we do not know the rule and going of this chronometer, it is nevertheless certain that since a breaking up of the parts of the Milky Way *affords a proof* that it cannot last for ever, it equally bears witness that its past duration cannot be *infinite*. Here is a vision of unfathomable changes—of the solemn march of the majestic heavens from phase to phase, obediently fulfilling their awful destiny."

If the aggregation of the stars in the Milky Way still goes on as it prognosticates for ages, the clusters which now with some intermissions form its ring, will become isolated, and appear in the character of separate systems. But if this may happen in future times, may not something similar have happened in times past. The aspect of the heavens affords much to countenance this supposition. We can point out, for instance, a cluster of a remarkably irregular form, very narrow in one direction, and surprisingly ragged at the edges. Can it be possible that masses of stars have been torn away from it in certain directions, so that its thinness may simply indicate that through the action of some irresistible cause, parts of it had there ripened sooner? Singular to relate, it is

Digitized by Google

precisely towards these thin sides, and almost immediately beyond them, that the vast mass of neighbouring isolated clusters is found—clusters all spherical, and grouping together in extraordinary proximity.

But these operations are, perhaps, only types of what may have occurred on a more majestic scale. The separate firmanents which our telescopes have discovered show even more emphatically than the groups on the Milky Way the efficacy and progress of a clustering power. May not they all have come originally from one homogeneous stratum or mass of stars? So from their present isolation, their separation and various groupings are only the measured movements of the clock, the gigantic steps of the hands by which time records the days of the year of the existing mechanism of the universe. Stupendous the conception, that these great heavens—the heavens which we have deemed a synonyme of the Infinite and Eternal, are nothing else after all than one aspect of which matter is destined to present itself, and that their history is like the birth, life, death, and dissolution of a flower. If this, indeed, be true—and the idea seems to be supported by many probabilities—how immense the sphere of real existence—how little can *we* even know of it—at least, how much may be referred to that higher state of existence which is destined for the soul of man.

Digitized by Google

The Blind Mother.

Gently, dear mother, here
The bridge is broken, near thee, and below,
The waters with a rapid current flow;
Gently, and do not fear;
Lean on me, mother—plant thy staff before thee,
For she who loves thee most is watching o'er thee.

The green leaves as we pass
Lay their bright fingers on thee unaware,
And by their side the hazels cluster fair,
And the low forest grass
Grows green and lovely where the wood path wind.
Alas! for thee, dear mother, thou art blind.

And Nature is all bright,
And the faint grey and crimson of the dawn,
Like folded curtains, from the day are drawn,
And evening's dewy light
Quivers in tremulous motion on the skies.
Alas! dear mother, for thy clouded eyes.

Digitized by Google

The moon's new silver shell
Trembles above thee, and the stars float up
From the blue air, and the rich tulip's cup
Is pencilled passing well,
And the swift birds of brilliant pinions flee.
Alas! dear mother, but thou canst not see.

And the kind look of friends,
Peruse the sad expression of thy face,
And the child stops amid her bounding race,
And the tall stripling bends
Low to thine ear, with duty unforgot.
Alas! dear mother, that thou seest them not.

But thou canst hear; and love
May richly on a human heart be poured,
And the slight cadence of a whispered word,
A daughter's love may prove;
And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
Albeit, thou dost not see my face the while.

Yes, thou canst see, and He
Whom thy sightless eye in darkness hung,
To the attentive ear, like harps, hath strung
Heaven, and earth, and sea;
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know,
With but one sense the soul may overflow.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

The Sunny World.

Bright climes of the East! where the vulture's fierce eye
Melts to love in the soul-soothing tints of the sky,
And Eden's proud bird, soaring upwards alone,
Would gloss his fair plume in the disc of the sun,
Where gold birds by day, and fire-flies by night,
Make the soft, balmy air all resplendent with light.
Oh, *Beauty!* that walketh in fulness of bloom,
'Mid the incense of vows, all the grove to perfume,
The clear cloudless azure of heaven spread o'er thee;
The sunlight all antics, brisk dancing before thee.
'Tis here, in these climes, not a tree, nor a flower,
But exults in thy magic, and owns to thy power.
No bird fans the air but hath something of thine,
Which it gives out in song, or in love at thy shrine.
Oh, *Grandeur!* enthroned on the bold mountain brow,
With thy mantle of gold, and thy turban of snow,
On which the fond moon shows her crescent less pale,
And the condor shouts triumph in face of the gale;
Even here, from high peaks, full of haughty disdain,
That hurl down the Ganges with foam on the plain,
May man's spirit triumph o'er nature and time,
As it quenches its thirst in emotions sublime.

Digitized by Google

Oh, *Glory!* uprising from earth and from sea,
In sunlight, in starlight, in rapture, in glee;
Flow'rs that glisten in odour, and sparkle in dew,
Birds that change with the daybeam their plumage anew,
Piles of crystal beneath the emerald wave,
Gems and pearls that profusely the ocean beach lave;
And brilliants that tremble in brightness, and gleam
In smiles of full rapture beneath the clear stream;
Clear gum drops that offer yourselves to the ray
Of the life-giving sun, in the zenith of day,
From boughs where the luscious pomegranate and vine,
With the fig-tree and date, as enamoured entwine;
Rills of naphtha, lit up by the lightning, that hold
Your course in bright flame, over topaz and gold;
And thou, heaving Ocean, whose bosom is bright
As some sultan's cuirass in the heat of the fight,
Will add to the glory and beauty thus thrown,
O'er the plains of the East and the climes of the sun.

W. Martin.

IN passing from the North Pole to the Torrid Zone, which may very properly be called the Sunny World, we pass over those regions called Temperate, with which we have nothing especially to do just now. In the cold climate we have seen vegetation scanty, and man and animals diminutive. In the countries near the Equator, we find the reverse of this to be the case; for it is here that nature revels in her fullest luxuriance. We find the landscape affording the sublimest characters; the mountains, in many places, tower above the clouds, and up to a certain height are clad with imperishable verdure; while the rivers, whose currents resemble seas, flow stately and majestic for many thousand miles. Vast plains, also, of unknown extent, covered by vegetation of every de-

Digitized by Google

scription, and impenetrable forests, afford refuge to almost every species of animal. It is here that the fiercer and larger beasts of the earth hold undisputed monarchy. The lion, the tiger, the elephant, the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, and the enormous boa-constrictor, at mid-day may be found basking in their lairs, and at evening emerging from these recesses; while at night their yellings, hissings, or bellowings, fill the solitude with discord, and the weaker animals with dismay.

The tropical seas are no less wonderful. In many places bottomless, by day they roll mountain waves, or they stretch in monotonous length for hundreds of leagues in one dreary, stifling calm. At night the surface of the deep is often covered with millions and millions of animals of a luminous kind, which give the ocean the appearance of fire. In these hot latitudes, also, coral reefs may be seen, in all their beauty, many fathoms below the crystal waters, rising up to their surface. In some spots the bottom of the sea is as green as a meadow, and thousands of turtle may be seen feeding luxuriantly. Forests of submarine plants may also be descried, and myriads of fish and crustaceæ sporting among them. Here, too, the pearl-diver wins the precious gem from the darkest depths. Here, too, the dolphin and flying-fish frolic about; and here, too, the grim and bloody shark prowls in continuous rage. Nor is the air less prolific than the earth or sea, for it teems with every species of winged insect of the most resplendent hue, and is brightened by the gaudy plumage of every variety of bird. The pheasant, the parrot, the cocatoo, the cardinal, the beautiful little humming-bird in its endless varieties, the gorgeous bird of paradise, the stately ostrich, the savage vulture, clothe the atmosphere with grandeur and glory.

Digitized by Google

To crown all, tropical climates yield the richest abundance of all sorts of grain, pulse, and fruit, fit for the food both of men and animals. The trees bow to the earth with the richness of their produce. The wonderful Bomeæan tree, the stately fig, the pomegranate, the lordly palm, the tall cane, and the gigantic teak tree, all present features of grandeur and of beauty. In tropical countries, also, the tempest, the hurricane, the tornado, the winds of the monsoon, and the terrific whirlwind, show forth their sublime rage, and strike man with terror, and scatter his proudest trophies in the dust. Tropical hurricanes, like fire, seem to consume everything before them. An awful stillness prevails before the setting-in of an hurricane, with a dense, close, and misty atmosphere, which renders breathing difficult, and throws a heavy, melancholy sensation over the spirits. The sun appears of the colour of blood, and the stars, when the hurricane approaches at night, seem increased in magnitude; suddenly the sky is overcast and wild; the sea, which appeared before pent up with the horror about to ensue, soon swells upon the land, and rises into waves like mountains; the earth shakes, and appears to be convulsed with successive fits of tremor, and universal consternation, and terror seems to prevail among all animated beings—birds dart from their coverts distracted and wild, and are carried by the fury of the winds into the ocean; the beasts of the fields rush together, goring each other in their eagerness to reach a place of safety, which, alas! is nowhere to be found, for trees are torn up by the roots, houses are blown down, or their roofs blown to an immense distance; every plant and blade of grass is laid flat to the earth, and the whole face of nature seems suddenly transformed from the full luxuriance of summer to the barrenness of winter.

Digitized by Google

At sea the effects of a hurricane are no less distressing. In a moment, perhaps, a whole fleet are engulphed, which appeared riding in the fondest security, or perhaps numbers of dismasted hulls are dashed upon the rocks, the waves beating them to pieces, and the falling crags burying them underneath mountains of earth. When the hurricane has subsided the picture that presents itself is truly heartrending; in populous places, where whole towns are blown down, we see mounds of earth and rubbish in one place, and the trunks of trees in another, mingled with dead bodies, and the dying men, women, children, and animals, all scattered about, some dreadfully mangled, some crushed to atoms, and, if a survivor be seen, he appears driven to destraction at such an accumulation of horrors.

The great and good Being who rules the universe has, however, shown his mercy to man, by giving him timely warning of those violent convulsions of the elements. As a herald to the approach of the hurricane, a small cloud is generally seen on the verge of the horizon, like a black spot, and is by the sailors called "the bull's eye." This grows larger as it approaches; at length, coming to the place where its fury is to fall, it invests the whole of the sky with darkness, and the hurricane begins. Again, if at the change of the moon the sky appears very turbulent, the sun redder than at other times, a dead calm shall succeed instead of the usual breezes, the hills become clear of those clouds and mists which usually hover about them—if a hollow rumbling sound, like the rushing of a mighty wind, is heard in the walls and clefts of the mountains, the sky on the north-west should have a black and menacing appearance—the sea emit a strong smell, and rise

Digitized by Google

into vast waves without any wind—these signs predict that a hurricane will happen at the succeeding full moon; and nearly the same signs happen at the full, before a hurricane comes on at the change. By these indications then do the planters and others in the West Indies secure, in many instances, much of their property, and are able to preserve the lives of themselves and families.

The setting in of the monsoon, or tropical sea wind, in the East Indies, very much resembles the coming of the tornado in the West. The atmosphere grows suddenly dark, the heat becomes extremely oppressive, and a horrid stillness pervades the bosom of nature—at last, the clouds having collected as it were from every part of the heavens to one spot, are suddenly seen darting their lightnings in a thousand directions; while the thunder, resembling the discharge of many thousand pieces of ordnance in the air, absolutely deafens the ear; the rain descends in a deluge, while the tempestuous ocean rolls from a black horizon, literally of darkness visible, a series of floating mountains of wave, heaving under heavy summits, until they approach the shore, when these stupendous accumulations flow in successive surges, and break upon the beach with astonishing force, and fearful destruction to anything in the line of their march.

Many other striking phenomena are peculiar to the countries lying within the tropics. In Egypt, the south winds, called the Sirocco—are so dry and hot that they raise blisters upon the skin and almost stop respiration; these are followed at times by the most fearful pestilences, which sweep their millions from the face of the earth. Another wind, called the Zamiel, is equally dangerous and dreadful, for it instantly kills those whom it

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

involves in its presence, whether beasts or men. But perhaps the most terrible tempests that convulse the face of nature, are the sand tempests in the great African deserts. Here we find a vast waste of sand, many hundred miles in extent, resembling a troubled sea, the waves of which are sufficient to bury whole hosts within their bosoms. These waves rise up so fast, that in a very short time a hill from fifty to one hundred feet in height is transported from one place to another with extraordinary rapidity. The shiftings of these hills are not always sudden, allowing at times the means of escape; more generally, however, the sands, in addition to their undulation and wave-like appearance, exhibit themselves like dancing columns, sometimes reaching apparently as high as the clouds, turning on their bases as on pivots, sometimes moving with great celerity, and at others stalking on with a majestic slowness. Deplorable is it to behold these sandy waves overwhelming an army on its march, or the numerous caravans. It appears, however, by the accounts of the most recent travellers, that these hills of sand are usually dispersed in the manner they are suffered to accumulate, that is to say, gradually diminishing in their progress, till they by degrees disappear; sometimes a furious wind disperses them, as by magic.

As the appearance of these sandy waves and columns is only visible during the hottest part of the day, they are supposed to originate in the solar beams causing the dust of the desert to rise and float through the air, being formed into columns by the action of the wind; and it is supposed that only their grosser parts subside after the wind has ceased, while the more minute particles are kept in an undecided and negative state, till the cooler temperature of evening restore their specific gravity, when they sink to the earth.

Digitized by Google

In addition to the phenomena of the earth and sea, which I have described, the climes of the sun are remarkable for the frequency and brilliancy of their atmospherical phenomena. Meteors in their latitudes have assumed the most brilliant appearance. Sometimes the heavens seem to be all on fire, as they were noticed in French Guiana by M. Bonpland. "Thousands of fire-balls and falling stars," says that enterprising traveller, "were seen for upwards of four hours, in a direction from north to south, during which time there was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon, which was not filled at every instant with blazing balls of fire, many of which were observed to have a very distinct nucleus, as large as the disc of the planet Jupiter, from which darted sparks of the most vivid light. Sometimes the meteors might be compared to the blazing streams shot out from a firework; at other times bright rays appeared, from five to ten degrees in height, of a reddish colour, resembling the luminous track of a sky-rocket; and, in most cases, these fire-balls seem to burst as by explosion, although the larger ones disappear without any scintillation, leaving behind them phosphorescent bands exceeding in breadth about the sixteenth part of a degree, which kept their brightness seven or eight seconds."

Such are the phenomena of the torrid zone, which exhibit some of the most striking specimens both of the omnipotence and beneficence of the Almighty; and whether we turn to the tumults of the air, the rich profusion of earth, the luminous appearance of the sea, or the splendour of the skies, we find God in his works ever present, and ever felt;—

> From seeming evil still educing good,
> And better thence again, and better still
> In infinite progression.

Digitized by Google

The Doge:

A VENETIAN STORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

MASTINO, the father of the two noble youths whose adventure has been detailed in the preceding pages, having observed their absence from the palace in which he resided, at first suffered no anxiety about them, as he knew the nobleness of their dispositions, and felt that wherever they might be, they would be in the performance of some good deed. The storm had raged most fearfully, and he little doubted of their being engaged in some act of grace, which might afford help to those most suffering from its violence. But the morning came on, and he heard not of Alberto and Ubertino. The midday sun rose high in the heavens, and set low in the Adriatic, but his sons returned not. Inquiries were set on foot, and the circumstance of their leaving the port in a boat, accompanied by a stranger, was clearly established, and the inevitable conclusion to which the now bereaved father came to was, that

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

all had perished in the storm. It was not till the fourth day after the youths had been missing that the old gondolier brought back the boat in which they had embarked, and stated that he had found her quietly moored opposite to the church of St. Martin, without hurt or damage. This information being communicated to Mastino, he immediately inferred that his sons had been entrapped and betrayed, and perhaps murdered, under the terrific forms of the Council of State, and he immediately determined within himself to unravel the mystery that hung over their fate. This was, however, a most difficult task, owing to the celerity and secrecy with which all the acts of the council were performed. Yet powerful as he was, he did not despair of setting agents to work, who would, in due process of time, bring to light facts upon which he might be enabled to proceed with some hopes of a successful result.

Nor was he long in realizing his hopes in this respect, for late one evening a stranger presented himself at the gate of the palace, and expressed his desire to see the Count on business that admitted of no delay. The hour was unseasonable, but after due consideration, and thinking it probable he might bring some tidings of his sons, the stranger was admitted to an audience. "Count," said he, "it is now twenty years ago that I was a Venetian slave. I was taken prisoner from the Turks at the battle of Adgacio, and while lying bound upon the sea-shore, with the manacles cutting through my wrists and ancles, and my mouth filled with dust, you had compassion on me. You ordered my bands to be loosened, and wine and water to be given me. From that hour I have owed you a debt which I am now come to repay."

Digitized by Google

"How to repay? I wish not to be repaid for replying to the call of humanity—the payment is given by heaven for every good act we perform, by the satisfaction it affords our souls."

"Gratitude is a duty too," said the stranger, "and to perform it is to do oneself a service; and therefore I bring you the tidings that your sons live."

"Live! oh, where?" said the agonized father.

"They are now," said the stranger, "in the dungeons of the Ducal Palace; and I am their executioner. It is for me to destroy two of the noblest youths in Venice."

"Thou!"

"Yes, I—who am looked upon with horror and dread, and who am branded with infamy—who durst not appear in the streets by day, and who at night fear the hand of the assassin—who am looked upon as a being without a single touch of pity—with a heart harder than the nether millstone. I can feel for the father, and for the son; and I have wept to behold their resolute endurance of the torture rather than betray their father."

"The torture! Surely my poor boys have not suffered the torture."

"They have—and at my hands. I have been obliged to rack their limbs, in order to wrench from their bosoms their father's secrets. They have endured the rack—the water and the fire—but they remain constant, and they have stimulated each other to heroic endurance, by calling out in the depth of anguish, 'Remember our father's love.' Nothing can subdue their constancy. They are faithful unto death."

"Dead! death!"—said the father, frantically: "are my poor boys dead? Oh! vile Doge, thou shalt suffer."

Digitized by Google

"They are not dead," said the executioner, "but they may be ere to-morrow's sun shall set—farewell. Beneath the Ducal Palace I and your sons will be found. I have no power to save them. You may be able; but what you may do must be quickly done—farewell."

"Stay, excellent man—assist me—bear my heart to my poor boys. Tell them how I love them, and that I will save them, or lose my own life in the attempt. Say all you—"

"I will say all you wish. Farewell," was the hurried reply of the executioner, who immediately withdrew, and took his departure.

Mastino, overcome with grief for the fate of his sons, remained for some time overpowered with feelings too intense to be easily subdued. But so soon as his mind had attained sufficient calmness for reflection, he clearly saw that the time for action was come, and that he must be ready to sacrifice his own life, if necessary, for those of the noble youths who were so ready to sacrifice theirs for his own. Mastino, therefore, called his family together, and having detailed to them the story of their brothers' captivity, informed them of his resolution to save them, or to perish in the attempt. The parting of the father with his younger children was an afflicting sight; but amid weeping and wailing he tore himself away from them, and with his private secretary and the chief captain of the small force which had been allowed him for the protection of his palace, hurried away to the houses of those noblemen who had promised to give their aid in any attempt to destroy the power of the Doge and his infamous council. Here, however, he was far from successful. Some decidedly refused to lend their aid—others hesitated—and none offered

Digitized by Google



MASTINO TAKING LEAVE OF HIS FAMILY.

Digitized by Google

to enter cordially into his project: which was to arm their respective followers, and divide themselves into different bands; to seize the members of the council at their residences, and the Doge himself in his palace, and then to proclaim liberty to Venice. Thus baffled, the anxious father had but one resource. He hastily got together all his retainers, amounting to only seventy men. These he armed to the teeth, and at nightfall they issued secretly from their place of rendezvous, —an old castle, near the moat—and thence, at the dim time of nightfall, proceeded by obscure streets and avenues to the Ducal Palace. Here they came to that part of the building used as the kitchen and buttery of the palace, and having overpowered the cooks and inferior servants of the casino department, who were at that moment upon the point of serving a grand banquet to the Doge, the Council of Ten, and the grand dignitaries of Venice,—rushed up a back staircase, and came suddenly upon the company in the midst of their enjoyment. A few minutes only were necessary to make prisoners of the Doge and his principal myrmidons. The Venetian nobility fled in all directions, and the followers of Mastino penetrated into every department of the palace. Mastino himself, with a chosen band, descended the vaults beneath the building, and explored cell after cell in vain. He called loudly the names of his boys, and the subterranean passages and crypts echoed his voice as it were in mockery. At last the invading party came before the door of the Hall of Justice, as it was called. It was locked and barred, but a few blows of the axe surmounted all obstacles, and they entered the chamber and the adjoining apartment, which might be called the "Tormentors;" and here, with joints dislocated, and un-

Digitized by Google

strung, lay stretched the noble youths, who had suffered the extreme of torture for their father's sake; and there was the executioner, pressing to their lips the reviving draught. "'Tis your father comes to save you, my children," said Mastino, and rushed to embrace them. The poor youths stretched out their arms in recognition, but their tongues failed them, and they wept for joy in silence.

Now return to the upper parts of the building. Alberto and Ubertino being borne in litters to the air, Mastino sent intelligence to his backward friends of his success, who forthwith came with their dependants to support him. The whole of the Ducal Palace was soon filled with the enemies of tyranny. Armed bands sprung up in every quarter, and the guards of the Doge either remained silent, or mingled with those of Mastino. A proclamation was issued detailing the barbarism of the Doge and Council. The emaciated forms of several prisoners, some of them of noble birth, were brought from their dungeons; and amongst these the skeleton of the Count de Lucca, who had been starved to death in the dungeons under the Bridge of Sighs. Summary justice was called for by the assembled multitude. Mastino was elected Doge, in the place of Gradenigo; and the dethroned Doge, with his infamous counsellors, led forth to the place of St. Mark, to undergo the penalty due to their crimes. Upon a kind of stage was elevated the decomposing skeleton of the Count de Lucca, and beneath its presence the Doge and his accomplices in iniquity were brought forth, under the columns of St. Mark, in the public place. The infuriated mob would scarcely suffer justice to be done on the culprits in due form. Several of the Council of Ten were torn to pieces as the procession advanced; the

Digitized by Google

others, with the Doge at their head, passed along, surrounded by the ministers of religion, and followed by the new Doge, and expiated their crimes beneath the bloody pillars of the Piazzetti, some single and some in couples. The Doge was beheaded, and his body put into a gondolier, and conveyed to the church of St. Giovanni; those of the other conspirators were thrown into the Adriatic.

While these scenes were being performed, a body of the mob had fallen upon Bartholomew, the executioner, and had brought him to the place of execution, to make of him a signal example. Mastino, however, informed of the peril of the man to whose timely revelation of the fate of his sons their deliverance was owing, immediately interfered, and saved his life. Alberto and Ubertino both testified to his good offices, and he was speedily conveyed to a place of safety, and finally restored to his own country, from which he had been absent more than twenty years.

Such were the circumstances connected with one of the many conspiracies which tyranny occasioned in the City of Venice. It preaches an instructive lesson, namely, that when states are attempted to be sustained by wickedness and cruelty their foundations are upon a quicksand, that may at any moment engulf them. I say nothing to my young friends about filial love and fatherly affection, but that I hope they may, at all times, endeavour to carry out in a small way, if they cannot in a large one, the heroism of Alberto and Ubertino.

Digitized by Google

Funny Things about Bears.

I HAVE frequently told my young friends stories about bears, but the subject seems to be inexhaustible. Every day brings up something fresh about them. The great Russian bear has been playing mad tricks in the East, and we English and French have been trying to play "Baste the Bear" to some good purpose, and I hope we shall not end till we have made the bear dance, and put a muzzle on him. The great Russian bear is, my friends, a very dangerous old beast. He is, above all animals, fond of plunder. He is not particular neither as to what he steals; he will rob orchards and potato gardens in the south; steal honey and the honey-comb in the east; lay hold of the stores of the 'cute American in the far west, and in the north make love to seals and walruses. He is the great thief of the animal race, and when he can get nothing else, he is ignoble enough to suck his paws, and sleep away the winter in inglorious inaction.

There is something very curious about his retirement in the winter season, which I may as well relate "en passant," as I like to blend a little instruction with amusement. It is towards the end of October, that the bear—that is, your bear,

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

regular—your Scandinavian beast—that he ceases to feed. His bowels and his stomach become quite empty, and contract into a very small compass, while the extremity of them is closed by a hard substance, which, in Swedish, is called *Eappen*, and is composed principally of pine leaves, the covering of ant hills, &c., all of which undergo a regular process in the stomach of the bear, and becomes a substance calculated to supply the absence of that food, which the increasing inclemency of the weather would prevent the animal from obtaining.

In the beginning, or towards the middle of November, the "old chap" retires to his den, which he has previously prepared, and here, if undisturbed, he passes the winter months in constant repose. But throughout the whole of this time he takes not one particle of nourishment. Still he retains his good condition, and the most experienced chasseurs assured me that if undisturbed in his lair, no perceptible difference is observable in his condition, whether he is shot in the early part of the winter, or immediately before he rises in the spring.

As the spring approaches, he begins to shake off his lethargy, and look about him—he is born again in his bearhood—the world is all new to him—whether he recollects his former existence or no, does not bother him a bit. He does not care—not he—whether

> Our life is but a sleep, and a forgetting;

or whether

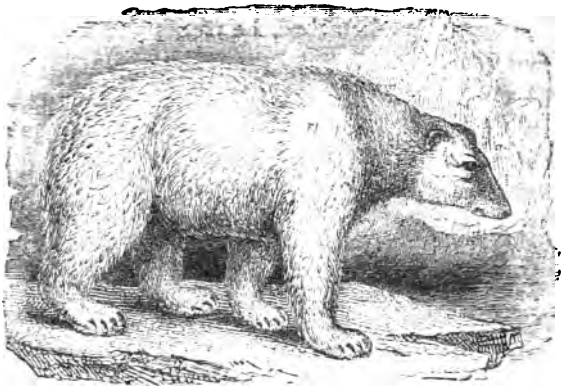
> The soul that rises within our life's star,
> Has had elsewhere its setting.

All he cares about when he wakes is—what is the best dish,

Digitized by Google

and the first. He has licked his paws for four or five months, and he wants something more relishing, and so he looks about him. He confines himself pretty much to the forest at first —and licks up the ants by millions, which are fine provocatives to his stomach, delicate by long fasting. When his stomach regains its natural tone, "he goes at it" like a man just out of a fever, and "makes mincemeat" of everything, digestible or indigestible.

Thus it is that "bears" are considered "fair game" and "good sport" for the hunter, and of all bear-trackers and bear-hunters, there are none to come up to our American



cousins. They seem as if made for such exploits as bears can furnish; and as North America furnishes a good supply of bears, they have many opportunities for practice in this way, which they do not lose sight of, I can assure you.

The animal which the Americans delight in is what is commonly called the American Black Bear (Ursus Americanus), and the grisly bear (Ursus Ferox). The former is a very

Digitized by Google

ugly customer, as well as the latter. The black-bear has an appetite for anything—green fruit, flesh, and especially pork. He often runs away with a pig in his arms, which he embraces like a nurse walking off with a baby. Some years ago, one of our nearest neighbours, says old Carl Tucker, the American trapper, "I was aroused in the night by a noise in my hog-stye, and on getting up and looking out by the light of the moon, I saw Master Bruin deliberately walking off with a fine porker of about six stone weight, which he carried in his arms, for all the world like a nursery-maid. The pig called out ten thousand murders all in a breath, but Bruin only hugged his precious suckling the more for its squalling. He had, that is, the bear, clambered over a high hickory fence to get at the pig's domicile, and consequently had to clamber back again with the pig in his arms; and as piggy was a very 'cross child,' and particularly obstreperous, plunging and kicking, and wriggling about with as many contortions as an eel in a frying-pan, old Bruin had a job. He, however, tucked the pig's head under one of his arms, and gave it a hurried squeeze or rather jam, which half suffocated its cries, as well as half stifled its breath, and by means of the other hand had reached the top of the hickory fence. In the mean time, I had loaded my rifle, and stood at my chamber window in my shirt and night-cap, and just as Bruin reached the top of the fence, I let fly at him, and immediately he dropped the pig. One of my bullets, for I had put two in my piece, had killed the porker dead, and passing through its body had wounded Bruin. The pig fell on the inside of the fence, and Bruin leaped on the outside, and I thought I should see no more of him. However, before I could get on my 'drawers' or

Digitized by Google

leggings, and descend to the back of the house, the wretch came over the hickory and seized the pig. I had descended without my gun, else I could have shot him dead; but before I could return for it, Bruin seized the pig. I was tarnationly tantalized at this, and seizing a chopper that lay on the dresser, I went boldly at the intruder. He saw me coming, and with a hideous roar ran at me, and clasped me round the body, endeavouring to place his grisly muzzle in contact with my own for the purpose of blowing me—but I was not to be blowed. I fetched him a topper as he rushed at me. I dipped and dived under his hind legs, threw him a summersault upon his back, and before he could recover from his surprise, I dealt him such a blow on the nape of his neck, that 'dozzled' him at once. So I had no further difficulty in despatching him."

A very curious exploit occurred in the high latitudes of North America with our relative, Brother Jonathan, and a bear—one of those big, white, sharp-nosed, hook-backed, nimble-limbed "varmints" who are to be found in Baffin's Bay, and such other cold countries, and which go by the name of Polar bears. There was one living, or rather existing, in these parts at a place called Bagarrash, at the north bend of the Hudson—a sharp, rat-whiskered, ferret-nosed, hawk's-eye, monkey-armed and goat-footed little creature, about five feet and an inch high, called "Bob Breckles," an out-and-out shot, and such a lover of bear's fat and interiors as never was known. He was upon the keen look-out, one sharp frosty night, with the thermometer about ten degrees below zero, and in the far distance edged up between sea and sky, he saw one of these white duffed gentry, and clumpin along on a

Digitized by Google

great cake of ice that lay on the leeward side of the bay, up against the bank. Bob was determined to have a slaughter, if possible. So he tripped down to the beach, and slipped into a small flattish skiff, which he ran out to the sea, and pitching in his double-barrelled rifle, well loaded with two balls in each barrel, he pulled away for the ice.

It was not long before he got over this little creek of the great bay, and which was not more than a mile wide, and then he got out on the ice, on which Bruin was meditating. It was a pretty large cake, and the bear was away down at the other end of it, close to the edge of the water. Bob walked slily forward with a kind of circumbendibus course, stooping very low upon his bones, and sometimes crawling upon his knees, and made his way rather as the engineers do when they make their zigzag approaches to a fortification. He tried, of course, to humbug the bear and make him believe that he was only "innocently" looking after plain simple plovers. And the bear sat scratching his nose in a very sentimental manner, and thinking himself mighty comfortable; at last Bob got within about fifty yards of the old creature, and then all at once he "loomed up," like Disraeli when he is walked into by Palmerston,—gnashed his teeth, gave a grin, and sniffed up the air, as if it was the last pinch in the world's snuff-box. He smelt the powder, no doubt, and began to associate that with the shot and his short ribs. Bob now stopped and rested on his knees, with his gun ready to let fly. The old bear didn't seem very much over concerned, but continued sniffing up Bob, just as an old hound sniffs up a buck in the strong season. He came along, and began to walk slowly towards him, and as he came with his clump, clump, clump motion, he made the ice

Digitized by Google

bend and crack under him, so that the water came up and pretty much covered it all over. Well, there the bear-fancier was—poor Bob—bobbing about on the floe, for the water came up and pretty well covered it all over. There he was, squat on his knees, with his gun pointed, waiting for the "varmint" to come up, and his knees and legs were particularly cold by reason of the water oozing up around him. At last the bear seemed to make up his mind to see how "Bob" would taste, and so he left off walking slow, and started off at a swift smart trot right towards the hunter, with his mouth wide open, roaring, and his tail sticking out behind as stiff as a poker. Bob kept his eye sharp on him till the beast got within ten yards of him, and then he let him have it; but, although he aimed at his breast, Bruin dodged as soon as he saw Bob's eye taking sight, and reared up at the flash, so that the balls went into his two hind legs just by the joint, one into each, and broke the thigh bones smash off, so that he went down "right aft," as the sailors say, on the ice, bump on his hind-quarters, with nothing standing but his fore-legs, and his head bolt up, growling like a cavern hurricane. Bob had been sitting all this time with his legs doubled under him, amid the ice and beast; and he now determined, as Bruin was a fixity, to get up and go right at him with his bowie knife; but when he started to get up, he found, to his astonishment, that his nether parts were frozen fast to the ice; he strained one leg and then the other, but he could not move either of them; they were both frozen fast in the ice, about an inch and a half deep, from knee to toe, and his underparts were also frozen likewise to a considerable breadth, depth, and thickness—Bob was in a fix! He looked at the bear, and the bear looked at him, and they grinned horribly at each other. "Come

Digitized by Google

on," said Bob to the bear, "you thundering old varmint," as he, the bear, swalloped along on his hinder end, coming towards him; "come along," said he. The bear, however, was one of those "slow coaches" that might have done for the Crimea, and swalloped along very slowly; but his hind parts dragged heavily, and so he came slower and slower, till at last he seemed to come to a stand, or rather a set still; he wriggled and stuck fast, and set up a roar. He was so near to Bob that he could have managed by a long arm just to give him a dig on the nose with his fist; but there they were, both of them, frozen fast on their latter ends, opposite to each other. Bob burst out a-laughing and clapped his hands down on his thighs, and roared. The bear seemed to be most uncommon mad at Bob's fun, and set up such a growling, that what should come to pass, but the ice begun to crack and break all round Bob and the bear down to the water's edge, and the wind just then shifting and coming off shore, away they floated on a cake of ice about ten foot by six, off to sea, without a biscuit or drop of grog, or a shot in the locker.

What was Bob to do? He was in a pretty fix; but he was not without a companion, and he was determined not to be without amusement. So every now and then he stirred up Bruin with his ram-rod to make him roar, thinking that his roar might send somebody to his assistance. But the beast roared long and loud enough to no purpose. The wind was pretty fresh, and they drifted out to sea, twin brothers in misfortune. Bob felt half inclined to shake hands with the bear, but the old chap would not be sociable, and made several attempts to satisfy the natural cravings of his appetite by snapping at Bob's nose. This was not to be endured, and so

Digitized by Google

Bob up with the butt-end of his gun and gave him a topper, which settled him at once. But still Bob and the bear were drifting out to sea, and now that the game was up, the hunter began to think seriously upon his condition. How was he to get to the shore—or was he to perish in the mighty deep without a monument? By no means. Bob cut off the bear's fore-paws, and made a couple of paddles of them, and began to ply the oar with the most extraordinary vigour; and after half an hour of the most herculean exercise, he found himself evidently edging the coast. He pulled away with redoubled energy, till at last he had the satisfaction of seeing a low long ledge of rocks jutting out into the sea, called the Rullocks; and he was making towards them. He pulled and pulled, and guided, and steered his ice floe as well as he could, till at last it struck with a smash, and capsized both Bob and the bear. However, Bob was on *terra firma*, and as soon as he found himself on his legs he struggled for the bear, which he succeeded in dragging upon the reef. He was, however, now five miles from his home, on the other side of the bay. But when his nether parts were thawed Bob stuck the bear upon his shoulders, and, after a fatiguing walk, reached home with his trophy, which he exhibited as one of the funniest emblems of a bear hunt ever known, and for the truth of which I would appeal to those who know it to be true.

Digitized by Google

Something about Kangaroos.

THE Kangaroo is a very curious animal, I may say an extraordinary one. It is peculiar to Australia, where everything is so peculiar. The circumstances concerning the first discovery of this curious animal are very peculiar and interesting. It was in the year 1770, when the celebrated navigator Captain Cook was stationed for a short time on that part of the coast of New Holland which is now called New South Wales. On Friday, June 22, says Cook, a party who were engaged in shooting pigeons for the sick of the ship, saw an animal which they described to be as large as a greyhound, of a slender make, and extremely swift. The following day the same kind of animal was again seen by a great many of the ship's people. On the 24th it was seen by Captain Cook himself, who, walking at a little distance from the shore, observed a quadruped, which he thought bore some resemblance to a greyhound, and was of a light mouse colour, with a long tail, and which he should have taken for a kind of wild dog, had not its extraordinary manner of leaping, instead of running, convinced him to the contrary. Some time after this

Digitized by Google

Mr. Banks, afterwards Sir Joseph, accompanied by a small party, had an opportunity of chasing two of these animals with a couple of greyhounds. But Master Kangaroo, by his boundings and odd leaps over the high grass and brushwood, soon got away. It was not long, however, before one fell by the power of the rifle, and then its nature was investigated.



Digitized by Google

If our friends will look at the cut, they will see that the upper parts of the animal are small, compared with the lower ones; that its head is somewhat like that of a deer, and that the visage is mild and placid; that its fore-legs are short, and its hind ones long. The fore-feet have five claws, and the hind ones only four. The tail, which is very long, is extremely thick at the base, and is used by the animal to rest itself upon. When feeding, the kangaroo sits in a crouching position, resting on its fore-paws as well as on its hind-legs, while it browses on the herbage, and in this attitude it hops gently along, deriving some assistance from the tail. Kangaroos use their tails also as a means of defence, for when pursued and overtaken by dogs, they turn and seize them by their fore feet, strike them by their hinder ones, and by a slash of the tail, sometimes inflicting death at a single blow.

Kangaroos are exclusively herbivorous in their diet, feeding chiefly on grass; and they associate in small herds, under the guidance of the older males; and they have generally two young ones at a time. And here we have a most singular contrivance of nature, namely, that of a pouch, situated just below the breast of the female, which opens and shuts like a purse—is lined with a nice soft down, and in it the young ones are kept, as in a little house of their own. It is a very pleasing thing to see the little creatures, when very young, run into this pouch for shelter; and to see their little heads hanging out, while the whole of their bodies are closely shut in the body of their mother.

The kangaroo is of very little importance as a domestic animal. From its structure it cannot be employed in any species of work, like the goat or ox. The skin is of some value,

Digitized by Google

but not of equal importance to that of our domestics. The milk is of no use but to the young, as it is shut up in its pouch against all intruders. Its hair is neither fit for spinning nor felting. As food, its hind-quarters are, it is said, very delicious to those who like it; but it is a fat and no fat, a lean and no lean sort of a morsel, which it is difficult to know what to do with when you have it. In a social point of view, the kangaroo is not very pleasing: it seems destitute of affection or attachment, and it is rather fond of mischief. In the Zoological Gardens numerous instances are given of this quality; and therefore, being neither useful nor social, and only "odd," perhaps it will be as well to say no more about the kangaroo, until we shall become acquainted with some of its estimable qualities.

Digitized by Google

Morals from Flowers.

No. I.—The Ivy.

A thousand bright flowers may enliven the scene,
A thousand bright tints may bespangle the green;
But the blithest young blossom my spirit can see,
Has no charm like the evergreen ivy for me.

There's a sympathy, sure, in its darkness of leaf,
That is dear to the bosom in deepest of grief;
And its blossom so sombre seems fearful to raise
A tint to remind us of lonelier days.

Oft round some old pile, smote by storms or by time,
Thou seems't like a friend or a helper to climb,
Stretching forth to the failing a succouring arm,
And throwing round ruin a beauty and charm.

And the lightning-seared tree thou dost sweetly entwine,
Whose leaves, when all faded, are cover'd by thine,
Which, as to declare thee more faithful and true,
Weep over it nightly in crystals of dew.

Digitized by Google

Oh! how much of pure friendship thy nature thus gives
Of enduring affection, which so often outlives
The green of the bosom it clasps, and would say,
I will twine round thee still, though thy heart should decay.

I will shield thee from tempests, and when the winds roar,
Will cling all the fonder, and clasp thee the more;
And not only in sunshine or summer be seen,
But in winter's deep gloom be thine own evergreen.

W. M.

Digitized by Google

Story of Prince Arthur,

AND DEATH OF JOHN, KING OF ENGLAND.

THE history of John, King of England, is full of interest and much instruction. From it may be learned that crooked, unprincipled and deceitful conduct will not, even in this world, accomplish its ends, where with the undermining and the false, the way is full of trouble, and ends unfortunately. This period of our history is full of wickedness, and it is difficult to say whether John, King of England, or Philip, King of France, was the greater villain.

On the death of Richard Cœur de Lion, who had much magnanimity and true soldier-like bravery, a contrary spirit seems to have animated the principal characters of the great warriors of the age. The Earl of Mortain, brother of Richard, seized upon the Ducal and Royal thrones of Normandy, to the prejudice of Arthur, Duke of Brittany, his nephew, then a youth fourteen years of age. This young Prince was son of Geoffry, second son of Henry the Second, King of England, and consequently the lineal heir to the crown, and legitimate

Digitized by Google

successor to his uncle Richard, who had publicly proclaimed him his heir before he departed from Palestine, and in that capacity he had been acknowledged by the barons and prelates.

When John heard of the death of his brother Richard, he at once determined to seize the throne of England. His mother, Eleanora, assisted him, and Walter, Archbishop of Rouen, favoured his cause, while Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, was equally instrumental in placing the usurper on his throne, who was crowned in Westminster by that prelate, on the 26th of May, 1199. But the speech which Hubert delivered on that occasion, bears internal evidence that he was himself convinced of the injustice of his own conduct, as he declared the crown to be not hereditary, but elective, if the people so willed it, and that it belonged to the most worthy, and not to the most legitimate. "John," said Hubert, "holds his crown from the free will of the Nobles and Commons, and not from his birth. I do not hesitate," he also said, "to prefer the *more worthy*; the greater worthiness I discover in the presence of John, brother of the deceased King Richard." The spectators applauded this speech, and accepted John, who was duly anointed with the holy oil, blessed with the sign of the cross, and consecrated at the altar as one of God's vicegerents on earth.

John having thus secured the possession of England, crossed over to Normandy, with a determination to exterminate all the adherents of the young Prince in Brittany. Philip, King of France, had received the homage of Arthur for all the continental territories he had claimed, and constituted himself his guardian; but, instead of protecting his

Digitized by Google

interests, and, no doubt, thinking he might steal Normandy himself, his first measure was to seize all the strong fortresses in Poitou, and when the young Prince remonstrated against this act of perfidy, Philip angrily answered, "Am I not your Suzerain? have you not done *me homage?* Shall *a vassal* dependant upon my protection, question my conduct?" and with a great deal of impudent and unprincipled blustering, he gave Arthur to understand that he intended to treat him as he liked.

The mother of Arthur was Constance, who at once saw that her son was rather the prisoner than the guest of France, and they both fled to Angers, and threw themselves on the mercy of John. The wily and unprincipled monarch pretended the greatest friendship to his nephew; having ascertained that his uncle intended to imprison him, he once more returned to the court of Philip.

Though John was resolved upon the ruin of his nephew, he was not disposed to allow Philip to incorporate his inheritance with France, and he, accordingly, prepared himself to resist force by force. But just as war was about to commence, the Cardinal of Cafale, the papal legate, interposed, and by his mediation a treaty of peace was drawn up, by which John abandoned all the conquests of his brother Richard in France, and surrendered many other places, and consented to pay 20,000 crowns for the whole of Brittany, by which he became, instead of Philip, Suzerain of Arthur, with the power of crushing him, under the colour of feudal sovereignty.

History affords few transactions more disgraceful than this treaty. It is an indelible stain on the memory of Philip that

Digitized by Google

he should abandon Arthur to his uncle, for he knew his character, and could not have forgotten the treacherous murder of three hundred of his subjects at Evreux. The eagerness which John displayed to have a hold on his nephew, and the immense sacrifices he made to carry his point, must have convinced so shrewd a politician as Philip, of the wicked designs of the King of England. Horrible as this imputation is, it is not difficult to believe that Philip speculated on the criminal designs of John, as the murder of Arthur would have furnished him with a pretext to confiscate Normandy, an event which actually followed shortly afterwards.

The favourable moment seems now to have arrived for realising those vast schemes of ambition which Philip had so long and so anxiously cherished, and he determined to bring Arthur prominently on the scene to embarrass his uncle. He conferred on the young Prince the order of knighthood, and affianced him to his daughter, Mary of France. He also honoured him with a guard of two hundred horsemen, and marched him into Poitou with great state. The Bretons had promised a reinforcement of five hundred cavalry and four thousand infantry; but the youthful impetuosity of Arthur, who was only in his sixteenth year, would not brook delay; he laid siege to Mirabeau, and captured the town. But the castle was strong, and defended by a numerous garrison, who were animated to resistance by the presence of Queen Eleanora, mother to John, and they held out so effectually, that the King of England had time to advance in force to their relief. William Desroches, a gentleman of Poitou, who acted as Arthur's general, was surprised by the arrival of the unexpected succour, and fearing to place the Prince in peril, he

Digitized by Google

concluded a peace, which John readily granted, and by virtue of the treaty he entered the town. But the unprincipled monarch at once displayed his habitual perfidy, by imprisoning Desroches and all the gentlemen of the army. He sent Arthur to the castle of Falaise, from whence he was transferred to the tower of Rouen, and placed under the custody of Robert de Vreux Pont.

When John returned from this campaign he visited Arthur, professing a warm friendship for him—he tried to cajole him to dissolve his alliance with France, and to submit to his guidance, promising him the throne of England upon his death; but Arthur rejected all these offers with indignation, and boldly asserted his present right to heirship to the Crown of England, as well as to the Dukedom of Normandy. John was confounded by a display of spirit in one so young, and he resolved to remove a competitor whom he could neither humbug nor intimidate; but his mother, it is said, penetrated his views, and solemnly warned him not to imbue his hands in the blood of her grandson.

Unprincipled as he was, John felt some qualms at murdering his nephew with his own hands, and he requested William de la Braye, the captain of his guards, to commit the assassination; but that noble-minded soldier recoiled with horror from the cowardly and ignoble act. Thus disappointed, the King resolved to perform the office of executioner. He entered the prison of his victim in the night, dragged him into a boat, and plunging a sword into his body, threw the poor unfortunate Prince into the Seine, and returned to his palace. This horrible murder was perpetrated on the 30th of April, 1203.

Digitized by Google

Such, according to the French histories, was the tragical death of the unfortunate Arthur. D'Aizeatrè, in his History of Brittany, states that the Prince wishing to escape from Rouen, leaped from the wall into the river. Mathew Paris ascribes his death to grief when in prison. It is stated by other writers, that the murder was committed at Cherbourg, on a rock close to the margin of the sea, and that after John had slain his nephew he threw his body into the water, which was drifted away by the tide, and never afterwards seen.

It is quite clear that from this moment the young Prince disappeared, and that he was basely and inhumanly murdered by his uncle was the general opinion of the day—for the whole population of the province, from the highest to the lowest, clerks and laymen, united in one generous burst of indignation. Constance, mother to the unfortunate youth, invoked the aid of Philip to avenge the death of her son, and all the Breton nobles, sharing her grief, implored him to punish this fearful violation of Divine and human law. The King of France was not slow to answer this appeal, not moved, indeed, by any just or ennobling feeling, but principally by policy and ambition. He seized with alacrity the favourable opportunity that presented itself, to restore to France those rich and extensive provinces which the imprudence of his father had lost.

"When the King of France," says the Flemish Chronicle, "heard the complaints which reached him from all quarters against the King of England, he was deeply incensed. He summoned his peers, and explained to them the injuries he had personally received, and asked them their advice, when they decided that two of their members should repair to

Digitized by Google

England, and have an audience with John. They accordingly selected the Bishop of Beauvais and the Bishop of Noyon, who saw the King at Windsor Castle, and delivering their letters, said, 'Sire, the peers of France have desired to summon you, on the demand made by their King; and we, who are peers of France, now cite you before this tribunal.'"

On this, John despatched the Bishop of Ely to Paris, to demand a safe-conduct. "I grant it," said Philip, "he may come securely." "And return?" rejoined the English envoy. "Yes, if the sentence of the peers allow him," replied the monarch, "for I swear by all the saints in France that he shall never return, unless he is acquitted!" "But, remember that he is King," remarked the Bishop of Ely, "and that the English Barons will never expose him to captivity, or perhaps death." "What matters that to me?" said Philip, "John, duke of Normandy, is my vassal. I know that he seized the crown of England by violence, and destroyed his nephew, the rightful heir; *he is* King of England—but what is that to me? It is not because he is powerful, and the king of another state, that he is not my vassal, as Duke of Normandy; and therefore, come though he may, go he may not. This is the answer of the King of France to him who calls himself King of England." This haughty bearing was quite sufficient to frighten the timid-hearted John, who accordingly refused to appear at the citation; and the consequence was, that the peers proceeded to try him, and finding him guilty, confiscated the duchy of Normandy. The sentence convicted John of parricide and felony, condemned him to death, and stripped him of all the lordships and fiefs dependant on the crown of France.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

John in vain endeavoured to recover his possessions by force of arms, and was obliged to retire from France with the loss of his duchy. In England, all kinds of leagues were formed against him, particularly that of the Barons, which forced Magna Charta, the palladium of English liberty, from him. The Pope also launched his thunders at him, and then the King of France invaded England. He was compelled to resign his crown to the Pope, who had put the whole kingdom under an interdict. Cardinal Randolf kept the crown five days, as a mark of the King's submission. For a while, the Church of Rome had all its own way: but at last, John found courage to fight against his enemies. He, however, little knew the enemies that surrounded him. A monk poisoned him in a cup of drink, given to him while sick and feverish: and he died at the castle of Newark, to which he had fled, after the loss of the greater part of his army in the Lincolnshire marshes. So much for the perfidious murderer and villain—King John.

Digitized by Google

The Last of the Montems:

OR,

WHAT THE ETON BOYS DID AT ONE TIME.

WHAT is a Montem? Many of my young friends have never heard of a Montem. Many never will see one—for Montems are now gone for ever. They are stowed away in the "tomb of all the Capulets" among other worn out things, such as the Megatherii, the Pterodactylii, the Palace Court of Westminster, pig-tails, buckles, bob-wigs, shoe-ties, and Lord Mayors' Shows that are to be.

But still the Montem was a glory and a delight to "Boyhood," particularly to Eton boyhood. Our greatest Senators, our Judges, our highest naval and military men, our Lords and Commons, great or little as they may happen to be, have many of them been Etonians, and either actors or spectators in the Eton Montem.

Shall it pass away then and be remembered no more? Certainly not. Peter Parley will embalm it in his Magazine, and then it will flourish as an amaranth, and live for ever

Digitized by Google

and a day, and a little time longer, supposing time itself should continue afterwards.

As to Eton, that is a noble foundation, as every one knows. The school of Heroes, Statesmen, and Philosophers. "To have been an Etonian" is a glory all would acknowledge if they could. Eton College, so distinguished for the men of talent it has educated, was founded A.D. 1440, by the unfortunate King Henry VI. The foundation was originally endowed for a provost, ten priests, six clerks, six choristers, twenty-five poor grammar scholars, with a master to teach them, and twenty-five old men. Some of these endowments have since been changed, and it now consists of a provost, vice-provost, six fellows, two schoolmasters, with their assistants, seven clerks, seventy scholars, and ten choristers, besides various inferior officers and servants; but independent of the scholars on the foundation, there are seldom less than five hundred of the sons of noblemen and gentlemen, who board with the masters and receive their education at this school.

Of the origin of the Montem nothing is known with any degree of certainty. Formerly, the practice of electing a Boy-Bishop existed at Eton, as well as at other grammar schools, and the Montem is, by Brand the antiquary, considered as a corruption of the ceremony of the Boy-Bishop. The latter was formerly held in November, and within the memory of persons now living. The Montem was kept in the winter time, a little before Christmas, although in latter days confined to Whit Tuesday.

The custom of having a procession of the scholars can be clearly proved as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, when she visited this College, desired to see an

Digitized by Google

account of all the ancient ceremonies preserved there from its foundation to that period, in the number of which it appeared that an annual procession of the scholars was one, and that, at such times, verses were repeated, and sums of money were gathered from the public for a dinner, to which fund was added the small pittances extorted from the boys who were recently admitted.

The Eton Montem consists in a procession to a small tumulus on the south side of the Bath Road, which has given the name of Salt Hill to the spot. The chief object of the celebration was to collect Salt, *i. e.*, money, from all persons who assembled to see the show. The scholars who collected the salt were called Salt-bearers, and were arrayed in fancy dresses, attended by others called Scouts, of a similar but less showy appearance. Tickets were given to such persons as had paid their subscriptions, to secure them from any further demand.

Till the time of Dr. Barnard, the Montem was held every two years, and on the first or second Tuesday in February. It consisted of something of a military array. The boys in the fourth and inferior forms marched in a long file of two-and-two, with white poles in their hands, while the sixth and fifth form boys walked on their flanks, as officers, and habited in all the variety of dress which Monmouth-street could furnish; each of them having a boy of the inferior forms, and neatly dressed, attending upon him as a footman. The second boy in the school led the procession in a military dress, with a truncheon in his hand, and bore for the day the title of Marshal. Then followed the Captain supported by his Chaplain, the head scholar of the fifth form,

Digitized by Google

dressed in a suit of black, with a large bushy wig, and a broad beaver decorated with a twisted silk hat-band, as were the fashionable distinctions of the dignified clergy of that day. It was his office to read certain Latin prayers on the mount at Salt Hill. The third boy of the school brought up the rear as Lieutenant; one of the higher classes, whose qualification was his activity, was chosen Ensign, and carried the colours, which were emblazoned with the college arms, and the motto, "*Pro More et Monte.*" This flag, before the procession left the College, he flourished in the school-yard with great dexterity, as displayed sometimes at Astley's, and other places of similar exhibition. Those who bore the titles of commissioned officers were exclusives on the foundation, and carried spartoons; the rest were considered as sergeants and corporals, and a most curious assemblage of figures was exhibited. The two principal Salt-bearers consisted of oppidan and a colleger; the former was generally some nobleman, whose figure and personal connections might advance the interests of the collection. They were dressed like running footmen, and carried each of them a silk-bag to receive the contributions, in which was a small quantity of salt. During Dr. Barnard's mastership, the ceremony was made triennial, the time changed from February to Whit Tuesday, and several of its absurdities retrenched.

So much for Montems in early days—and now a little about the last, at which Peter Parley made a non-conspicuous figure as visitor. Loving the boys, and the boys' doings, and everything that can tend to enlighten and enliven them, I started off one bright day in May, determined upon a treat; especially as it was whispered that the Montem was to be

Digitized by Google

the last—said to be owing to the sage admonitions of some fastidious people, who, with the best intentions possible, are at deadly war with everything in the shape of popular amusements, and who would set all our doings to the tune of the "Dead March in Saul." There is an old and very true proverb which says, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;" and we remember that one of our first copies, when we had just escaped the "pot-hooks and hangers" of calligraphy, said, "Recreation after business is allowable." There are, however, many persons who think otherwise, and would, if they had the power, put down all merry-making, cheerfulness, gaiety, and fun. Peter Parley is not one of these, and, therefore, he determined to go to the last of the Montems.

The day had scarcely dawned when the road from the metropolis to Eton was crowded with carriages, teeming with wealth and beauty; and yet early as many of them were, the servants and runners were in waiting at each turnpike-gate, levying contributions on the visitors, under the protection of their plea, *Mos pro lege*. They did it, however, in so polite and decorous a manner, that no person of any sense could be offended at it. The King was prevented from attending, but His Majesty sent his donation of one hundred guineas, by that illustrious Etonian, Mr. Canning; and there was no lack of the high and titled, with their carriages, landaus, beautiful equipages, glorious calve-legged footmen, full blossomed, wigged, and button-holed coachmen. As to poor old Peter Parley, he had to content himself with his old black mare, Rosinante, who bore him onwards with a stubborn pluck, and constancy worthy her high-breeding.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

The ceremonies of the day commenced by a public breakfast at the College Hall. There was a band of music of the Guards, who played lively and soul-inspiring melodies. In the forenoon, the Salt-bearers, Sir John Mordaunt and young Chapman, a son of Sir John Chapman, attended by their servitors, took up their position, with much ceremony, on Windsor bridge. These gentlemen were dressed in brilliant fancy costumes, and really looked like princes.

At half-past eleven, the scholars, amounting to five hundred or more, having been called over and marshalled, proceeded round the quadrangle in the following order, the bands playing alternately the whole of the time:—

Master Marshal Evans,
in the dress of a Field Marshal, with baton.
Six young Gentlemen Attendants.
Musicians.
Captain Pickering,
in a Full Dress Uniform of the Foot Guards.
Eight Attendants,
in Elegant Fancy Dresses, richly ornamented.
Master Sergeant-Major Wethered,
Two Attendants.
Eleven Sergeants, in rich military habits, each followed by
Attendants in fancy dresses.
Colonel Scale,
Six Attendants, elegantly dressed.
Pole Men,
in beautiful blue coats and milk-white pantaloons,

Digitized by Google

Thirty Corporals,
two and two; in royal red coats, with martial swords in grand array, flanked, backed, and supported by
Four Policemen,
with bands round their left hands to distinguish them from their right.
Marshal Musical Musician,
A Black Ban Drummer,
6 ft. 8 in. high, with large golden earrings, and most extraordinary flourish of trumpets, right and left.
Ensign Vallancy, K.B.,
Knight of the Montem Banner,
with the motto "*Pro More et Monte.*"
Six Attendants,
ornamented with white ribbons, roses, shoe buckles, peeled ozier rods, and funny three-cornered hats.
One Hundred and Twenty Corporals,
two and two, ornamented with white gloves, alternately followed by Polemen, ornamented with Long Poles.
Lastly came—

The Montem Poet Laureate, Old Herbert Stockmore, grotesquely seated in a triumphant car, or rather car-t, drawn by a high-bred Jerusalem pony. He bore in his hand copies of the "Montem Ode," written by himself, and worthy the publication of Moxon—certainly not so dangerous as Shelley's blasphemy. Here is a specimen:—

"I, Herbertus Stockmore, once more,
In spite of pains rheumatic,
Give out my verses attic.
I have not Mitford's learning,

Digitized by Google

Nor Jessie's keen discerning;
And can't sport venison,
Like Alfred Tennyson,
Nor of 'Travels' give the pith,
Like Albert Smith.

"But to all good kind of fellows,
I'll sing 'Old Rose,' and 'Burn the Bellows,'
So come, young and old,
Well, ill, maim'd, or halt,
In copper, silver, or gold,
Down with your salt.
Hurrah, boys! hurrah, boys! and let the bells ring,
Down with your salt, boys, and
God save the King."

Away went now the cavalcade—the bells ringing, the mob hurra'ing! The beadles and bellmen, the polemen, the lath-sword men, the club-men, and the knob-stick men, rushing and crossing, and splashing and crushing up through Eton. They had a glorious flourish at the meadows—and I once thought poor old Stockmore would have shared the fate of Falstaff, at Mead Bottom, and been turned out of his cart into the stream.

At last the procession reached Slough, and here the scene was brilliant, for independent of the sparkling of the embroidered dresses of the Etonians, the lustre of bright eyes and beautiful faces in the surrounding carriages, aided by all the advantages of grace and fashionable embellishment, tended greatly to heighten the splendour of the scene.

"Then, all the crowd came thicker in,
Advances Captain Pickering;
With Squeerly Thwackum, the dandy schoolmaster—
With his cigar in his mouth, a rose china-aster—

Digitized by Google

See, all the people admire him,
Eight followers esquire him,
In gold and laces,
And shining faces,
And bran new braces."

And, besides, there were nearly five hundred young gentlemen, some of them splendidly attired in scarlet military dresses, with swords and Field-Marshals' hats, and many others in glittering silks and turbans, and feathered caps, such as are worn by the heroes in Asiatic melo-drama. Then there were the military bands drawn up, ready to play up. Young gentlemen had been stationed at all the entrances leading to Windsor, Eton, and Salt Hill with Salt-boxes, and stopped every passenger, whether on foot, on horseback, or in carriages, and made them deposit a sum of money. Each contributor received a ticket of acquittance, on which was inscribed the words, "*Mos pro Lege! Vivat Rex!*" "Custom for Law! long live the King!" and these tickets, stuck on the hats of the men, or on the bosoms of the women, served as passports against future taxation. All persons walking through the College or the streets were accosted in the same manner by the Salt-bearers, who even knocked at every door to demand money.

When the grand cavalcade arrived at the Hill of Salt, called Lot's Wife, their principal Ensign ascended the summit of that memorable hill, and there, before thousands and tens of thousands, unfurled and waved his flag in the most dexterous manner. The bands struck up; the boys struck up; the dogs struck up; and even the innumerable donkeys of the lower squad, struck up in full and mighty universal chorus

Digitized by Google

—even glorious old Poet Stockmore, elevated on his Jerusalem car, rose up at the end, and waving his banner of red, blue, and white calico, intermingled with the Union Jack, the Royal standard, and St. George's flag—flourished it about right and left, to the no small disfigurement of eyes and noses in his immediate vicinity. Peter Parley had the good fortune—and he thought it a great honour—to have his nose damaged on that memorable occasion; another hurrah, and many a firing from cannons placed upon the Mount continued the glory of the day, till at last an hurrah, a bang of cannon, a flourish of flags, an uproar of drums and trumpets, and a nine times nine cheer for the King, concluded this most wonderful, extraordinary, and joyous proceeding. The various parties—official and non-official—the dignitaries of the fête, soon after vanished away like snowflakes in the sun. The multitudes diverged from the centre of all the attraction in rows of slow retreat, and the Last of the Montems departed for ever.

So much for Eton's glorious revelry. It will be no more! Everything is passing away. By-and-by, school boys will have no holidays. There will be no plum pudding at Christmas—no oaken apples on King Charles's day, 29th of May—no Guys on the fifth of November—no kings and queens on twelfth night—no pantomimes, no new-year's gifts—no school prizes—no fun, no frolic, no joy, no laughter—no nothing—except, perhaps, sour and gloomy, dusky, beetle-browed, louring, ugly, good-for-nothing faces. But before this day arrives, Peter Parley's cheerful heart and bright sunny looks will, I hope, be exchanged for a brighter and more beautiful hereafter. To live without joy, smiles, and cheerfulness would be to him a living—aye, worse than a living—death.

Digitized by Google

The Discontented Bees.

Within a garden's cultured mound—
  Where Flora kept her court:
Where all her gentle subjects found
  A sweet and safe resort—
    An active colony of bees
    Work'd hard to fill their treasury.
Long had I watched their industry
  The summer flowers among,
And though I was not born a bee,
  I listen'd to their song.
And soon did their continuous hum
An easy dialect become.

And now I heard the angry sound
  Of sharp and sad dissension:
The inmates of the hive, I found,
  Engaged in dire contention.
    And as each winged disputant
    Was on the civil war intent,

Digitized by Google

I ventured to approach the scene,
And, hiding 'neath a covert green,
I lent a listening ear—
Much fearing lest some hasty wing
The intruders' punishment might bring.

Within that dome of wheaten straw
No hanging combs were found;
The youthful queen had made a law—
Which all her subjects bound.
No bee should have a separate cell,
But to one grand receptacle
Should bring his honied treasure home;
Nor waste his time, and skill,
In forming, on that curious comb,
So many a little cell—
The closets for their winter store
Took half their summer hours, and more.

Well pleased the novel plan to try
(For bees resemble men),
Forth did each little labourer fly,
Returning soon again,
Like misers from their secret toil,
All laden with their golden spoil;—
Nor rested there the weary wing
Even in the sultry noon;
Their neighbours all much wondering
Why they were out so soon.
No idle moment had they pass'd,
And yet they could not work so fast.

Digitized by Google

But Time, whose still, relentless hand
  Each changing project tries,
Soon found the labourers at a stand,
  Contriving remedies.
    The labour of the previous day
    The night had melted all away!
At length the council all agree
  To form a wall of wax
Around the common treasury—
  Sure, 'twas a grievous tax;
But all their little cells would take
A great deal longer time to make.

They own no wholesome sovereignty;
  No guiding hand was there,
To give to each unwilling bee
  His just, allotted share.
    And hence arose the sound of strife,
    With insect pride and anger rife.
The Queen Bee droop'd her burnish'd wing,
  Now dimm'd with sorrow's gloom;
Each artist ceased his labouring,
  To join the general hum—
An insect Babel seem'd to dwell
Within that straw-roofed citadel.

But even bees will sometimes tire,
  And silent sorrow feel.
Their wrath has spent its hasty fire,
  And suddenly was still.
    Just then, a stranger bee appear'd,
    Who all the late disputes had heard!

Digitized by Google

Her silver wing bore marks of age:
Her soft and peaceful note,
Like oil upon the tempest's rage,
In gentleness did float;
And from her venerable tongue,
I give the moral to my song.

By nature's wise decrees, to each
Are separate duties given:
A wiser Power than thought may reach,
Hath made the balance even.
And to attain each lawful end,
Nature herself hath means ordain'd—
She gives our precious winter food;
She tells us where to place it;
In every gift, her aim is good,
Although we may not trace it.
She tells us how to build our cell,—
Shall we not use the knowledge well?

Let bees this useful lesson find;
To men, howe'er unwilling—
Each should in his own station live,
His duties well fulfilling.
Nor perfect parts, however small,
Will surely make one perfect all.
The disputants in silence heard
The monitor with dread;
And soon each active wing was stirr'd
To calm the hive around.
I left the covert of the tree
Instructed by an "Humble Bee!"

Digitized by Google

Something about Horses, and their Doings.

THERE'S a beauty!—look at him, girls and boys. Is he not a perfect picture of a horse? Call a lion king of beasts! your horse is the true monarch of animals—his courage, strength, features—his symmetrical form, and grandeur of development are unalloyed by any quality likely to claim our aversion; the lion looks fierce, the tiger revengeful, the elephant is a clumsy man, as is the rhinoceros, hippopotamus and other great beasts; but the horse looks intelligent, noble, and beautiful at all points. He is the friend of man next to the dog, and obeys his orders implicitly, and with pride and cheerfulness. Nor is this all, for when called to bear our warriors to the battle-field, nothing can excel his resolute fierceness. It was only the other day that a bold charger bore his brave master, the Earl of Cardigan, over the guns of a battery, amid the most fearful discharge of grape-shot, canister, and shell, and bore him harmlessly. Well is it said, in the poetical language of the sacred writings:—"His neck is clothed with thunder. The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth the valley, and

Digitized by Google

rejoices in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at danger, and is not affrighted, neither turneth he his back upon the sword."

It is difficult to trace the period at which horses were subjugated to the use of man. That he comes from the East there is no question, as he still roves about in the wilds of Tartary in immense herds or troops, under leadership of the elder and braver of his kind. The first mention of the horse occurs during the wise administration of Joseph, in Egypt, when Jacob was removed from thence for burial in the land of Canaan, and when it is said that there "went up with him (Joseph) both chariots and *horsemen*."

This is more than three thousand years ago.

It is very difficult to say when this noble beast was introduced into this country. It seems to have been common among the ancient Britons, and used especially in their war-chariots. King Athelstan had several German running horses, and William the Conqueror, with his Norman followers, introduced the Spanish horse, in whose veins runs the blood of the swift-footed barb. But still, horses of this period, and for many subsequent ones, were obliged to be large, strong, bony, and muscular, to enable them to carry the immense loads of harness or armour with which they were encumbered. In course of time, the heavy armour, the battle-axe, and shield, were laid aside, and when the sword and carbine, and the lighter dresses of our cavalry were introduced, speed and elegance were considered more eligible than weight and power. At length the sports of the field engaged the attention, and became the amusement of kings and princes, and the English hunter became unmatched in the chase, and the English racer in the race.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The engraving exhibits the picture of a racer—he has a beautiful Arabian head. Look at his finely set-off neck—his oblique, lengthened shoulder — well-bent hinder legs — his ample muscular quarters—his flat legs, rather short from the knee downwards, and his long elastic pastern. But the most beautiful and symmetrical horses are not the most swift. The famous horse, Eclipse, was by no means a handsome horse, according to the "Schools." Eclipse measured in height one-seventh *more than he ought*; his neck was one-third too long, according to the "Schools" and their geometrics, a perpendicular line falling from the stifle of a horse, should touch the toe; this line on Eclipse touched the ground, at a distance of half-a-head before the toe. The distance from the elbow to the bend of the knee should be the same as from the bend of the knee to the ground—the former in Eclipse was two parts of a head longer than the latter. But Eclipse was, and is the most celebrated of all horses; and his excellence in speed, blood, and pedigree, will be transmitted for many ages. He was, originally, bought at an auction, by John Wildman, a sporting gentleman, for forty-six guineas, and, at four years old, was sold for one thousand seven hundred guineas. He won every race, year after year, and gained him numerous—hundreds of thousands of pounds. His life was insured for £5,000. His speed was so great, that at every complete action of the gallop, he cleared a space equal to twenty-five feet, and he could repeat this action twice and one-third in each second of time; and thus he could run four miles in six minutes.

Such are a few particulars about particular horses; and I hope my young readers will make the best of them.

Digitized by Google

The World Underground.

WHAT WE SEE WHEN WE GET AMONG THE COAL-BEARING GROUP.

IMMEDIATELY upon the old red sandstone, follows a very important series of strata, called the carboniferous system, or *coal-bearing* group, consisting principally of primitive or saccharine limestone, sandstone, and a sort of clay, called shale. This system is divided into two groups. The first is called the mountain limestone group, and the second the coal measures. The first forms considerable mountain chains in the North of England. It lies, geologically speaking, immediately above the old red sandstone, and consists of a grey, compact, and half crystallised limestone, yielding, in many places, excellent marble for the statuary, and for domestic use.

Upon making an examination of the rocks of this group, we find a great many varieties of organic remains, consisting of corals, and many species of crustaceæ, a few remains of fish, and a great variety of marine shells; one of the limestone rocks of encrinital marble, being wholly composed of the stems and detached bones of a species of encrinite. The family to

Digitized by Google

which these belong, appears now to have become nearly extinct, a very few individuals only having been found in the seas surrounding the West India Islands. Limestone rock is composed of carbonate of lime and carbonic acid. Carbon is the lowest element that enters into the composition of animal and vegetable bodies.

I shall not, although this is the proper place for my doing so, say anything about the coal formation, but that coal is a vegetable origin is proved by vegetables, or parts of vegetables, being discovered in it. Besides this, there are vast quantities of fossil plants found in the sandstone and shale which lie among the beds of coal. These are often in an extraordinary degree of preservation, for the most delicate leaves are spread out in the stone, like the dried plants on the paper of the *hortus siccus* of a botanist. How perfectly the forms are preserved, may be seen in any common specimens. Some plants belong to the fern tribe. About three hundred different species of plants have been discovered in the coal measures of this and foreign countries, and, of these, nearly two-thirds have a close resemblance to ferns. Among the rest, one tribe of plants resembles very much the weed, which is commonly called *mare's-tail*, which is about a foot long; but the plants of this kind, found in the coal shales, are often twenty feet long, and as thick as a man's thigh, and at the period at which these plants lived, there flourished, in a damp, dark, rank, and luxurious growth, groves of such plants as are now tropical with us, namely, those akin to Norfolk Island—pines, bananas, ferns, huge cacti, and palms; while tall rushes, fifteen or sixteen feet high, filled all the marshes, and coverts of mighty ferns the deep and dank valleys.

In England and Wales, there are twelve great coal-fields,

Digitized by Google

as they are called, the principal of which lie in Durham and Lancaster, and always to the north and north-west of London. The eastern and north-eastern counties are quite destitute of coal, being composed of strata, below which coal has never been found.

Above the coal measures, we come upon the *red marl*, or new red sandstone group of rocks, which consists of a number of marlstones, variegate, red, white, and other clays; these are sometimes associated with a rock, called magnesian limestone, above which the soil is generally very fertile.

There are but few organic remains in the sandstones of this group; but the limestones abound in those marine animals; the vegetables are chiefly those of the conifera, or cone-bearing kind, of which the fir-tree and yew are examples; they contain also remains of gigantic ferns and palm-trees, and of trees which seem to have united the height of the palm with the structure of the conifera.

The most interesting particular connected with this formation, is an animal, supposed (but on slight authority) to bear a resemblance to the *marsupial*, or pouched animals, which includes the kangaroo, opossum, &c. This animal seems to have been among the first of the four-footed animals of this region of the globe; impressions of the footmarks are found which must have been impressed upon the sandstone when it was in a soft state.

Some footmarks also occur in rocks of this kind, abounding in the valley of Connecticut, in the United States of America, which present the earliest indication of the existence of birds. From the form of these footmarks they seem to have belonged to the order of birds called the *grallæ*, or waders, and must

Digitized by Google

have been of an enormous size, as some of the footmarks are fifteen inches long.

In proceeding through the upward strata, we next come to what is called the Oolitic system, which consists of three divisions: the Lias, the Oolite, and the Wealden.

At the time of the formation of this system, the climate of this part of the world seems to have been similar to that of the tropics of the present day. From the character of some of the vegetable and animal remains, we also learn that it was dry land with trees on it, and that rivers and lakes were in existence. The great bulk of the beds of the system appear to have been deposited at the bottom of the sea or salt-water lakes.

The Lias consists of marlstone and clay, with strata of blue, white, and yellow limestone. It occurs in several parts of England, especially at Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, where it forms a range of cliffs about four miles in length, and may be traced till it gradually sinks beneath the inferior strata.

Beginning with the Radiata division of animals, we find in the Lias the beautiful Crinodian, called so on account of its feelers, or hands; and the Briarean, or many-armed pentacrinite, the number of parts or divisions of which have been computed to amount to fifty thousand.

Belonging to the articulated animals, we find some species of crabs, and in the mollusca division is found the fossil ink-bag of the sepia, or cuttle fish. This fossil generally bears the name of the belemnite, and is known as a long thin cone of calcareous spar, vulgarly called a thunderbolt; when broken, this exhibits a radiated texture.

It was for a long time disputed to what kind of animal this

Digitized by Google

curious fossil could belong, but it is now known that the stony cone was united by a horny cup into chambers, similar in their purpose and construction to those of the shell of the nautilus, and that the animal was of the sepia, or cuttle fish kind, having its internal bone or shell, instead of its being flat, like that of the recent cuttle fish.

The principal of the vegetable remains are various fuci, a species of marine plant, upwards of forty land plants; among these, large species of mares-tail (*equisetum*), many ferns, cycladæ, conifera, and solidified ciniferous wood.

With regard to the vertebrated animals of this formation, we now meet with an extinct genus of fishes, called Saurian, or lizard-like fishes. One of these has been termed the Ichthyosaurus, or fish lizard, which appears to have resembled the modern porpoise and grampus. It had the head of a lizard, but the formidable teeth of a crocodile. It was distinguished by two enormous eyes, each as large as a man's head, and these were remarkably fitted by a peculiar anatomical contrivance for the various degrees of light at different depths of the sea, and, in this respect, its eyes resembled those of some kind of birds. Seven or eight species of this animal have been discovered, varying from twenty to sixty feet in length.

The Plesiosaurus was an animal also allied to the lizard, as its name imports. It presented a neck of great length, resembling the body of a serpent with the head of a lizard, and the teeth of a crocodile. It seems to have swam with its long neck and head above the water, moving by means of paddles, fixed to its sides, like those of the whale. Four or five species of this animal have been found in the seas, varying in length from nine to thirty feet.

Digitized by Google

We next come to the Oolite system, which consists of oolite, or roe-like shells, and coraline, limestone, fuller's earth, blue clay, with Bath and Portland stone, and coral ray, which may be seen in the vicinity of Oxford. Its organic remains consist of coral, nautili, amonites, and encrinites, so abundant, that the beds of the seas in which they lived, seem to have been thickly studded with them. The echinus, or sea hedge-hog, also occurs very abundantly. Insects too, among which are several species of dragon flies, with beetles, and fossil spiders, are frequently found.

The reptile tribe now began to be abundant, and amongst the most extraordinary of these, was the Megalasaurus, or great lizard, an enormous carnivorous animal, fifty or sixty feet in length. Its teeth were formed for feeding upon the various animal forms that then tenanted the earth and waters. It was, apparently, covered with large scales, and had spinous bones running along the back, with huge paws armed with sharp claws.

Another wonderful animal was the Pterodactyle, which had the head and neck of a bird, the wings of a bat, and the body and tail of ordinary mammalia. Upon the elbow of each of its wings were four hooked fingers, and its anatomy proves that it could walk on the ground, or perch in the trees, or hang to the sides of rocks and cliffs. Eight species of Pterodactyle have been found, associated with the remains of beetles and dragon-flies.

Such are a few particulars of the World Underground. In our further explorations, we shall come upon the Wealden and the Chalk deposits, and, after them, have a few words to say upon the more recent periods.

Digitized by Google

Forest Wanderings.

A FOREST is a glorious thing. The noble trees, the tangled underwood, the deep shadows, the wild animal life, the four-footed and two-footed things, the beasts and the birds, the dark dells, the rugged rocks, here and there peeping out among the rank and dank grass—all these, and twenty more particulars, give a charm to forest life which those only can appreciate who have had experience therein.

Experiences may be pleasant, but they may be very unpleasant, nay, fearful, as the one I am about to relate. It occurred in a forest, on the borders of St. John's River, in East Florida. A class of men live there, whose employment consists in felling and squaring the huge forest trees, which grow in its neighbourhood. These people live in small log houses near the banks of the river, the married men having their families under the same roof.

The "wandering" to which I am going to allude, occurred at a time of the year when the country is visited, during the early part of the day, by very heavy fogs, which completely

Digitized by Google

prevent the traveller from ascertaining the direction in which he is moving. One of the men I have been describing had left his cabin to proceed to the hummock, at which he had been at work, and, anxious to reach the spot, he incautiously proceeded in the supposed direction during the continuance of one of these fogs; but, to his alarm, as soon as the fog dispersed, he saw the sun at its meridian height, and could not recognise a single object around him. Fancying, as he walked at a rapid rate, that he had gone beyond the spot, he turned back and proceeded in a contrary direction; but his efforts to discover the road were useless, and the sun set on the forest, leaving him a houseless wanderer. The night was spent in the greatest agony and terror. Wild beasts were roaring about, and he had no weapon to defend himself with in case of attack. "I knew my distressing situation, and I was fully aware," said the narrator, "that only God could protect and deliver me—that else I was a lost man, and must perish in these uninhabited woods. I knew that I had walked more than fifty miles, although I had not met with a brook from which I could quench my thirst. I knew that if I could not meet with some stream I must die, for my axe was my only weapon; and, although deer and bears every now and then started within a few yards or even feet of me, not one of them could I kill."

For several days and nights this poor man continued without food, "until," as he continues, "God must have taken pity upon me; for, as I ran wildly through these dreadful pine barrens, I met with a tortoise." This he killed with one blow of his axe ,and having sucked the blood to allay his thirst, he made a hearty meal on the carcase. This night

Digitized by Google

he slept soundly. In the morning he awoke much refreshed, and proceeded in his wanderings with greater spirit, while, in the course of the day, he killed a racoon, which he found sleeping. The remainder of his wanderings we shall describe in the words of the celebrated naturalist, Audubon, from whose description we abridge it: — "Days passed, nay weeks, in succession: he fed now on cabbage leaves, then on frogs and snakes; all that fell in his way was welcome and savoury, yet he became daily more emaciated, until at length he was scarcely able to crawl. Forty days had elapsed, by his own reckoning, when he, half dead, reached the banks of a river, his clothes in tatters, his once bright axe dimmed with rust, his face begrimed with beard, his hair matted, and his feeble frame little better than a skeleton covered with parchment; here he laid himself down to die. Amid the perturbed dreams of a fevered fancy, he thought he heard the noise of oars far away on the silent river. He listened, but the sound died on his ear. It was, indeed, a dream—the last glimmer of expiring hope; and now the light of life was about to be quenched for ever, but again the sound of oars awoke him from his lethargy. He listened so eagerly, that the hum of a fly could not have escaped his ear; they were, indeed, the measured beats of oars, and a joy to the forlorn soul! The sound of human voices thrilled to his heart, and awoke the tumultuous pulses of returning hope. On his knees did the eye of God see that poor man, by the broad, still stream, that glittered in the sun-beam, and human eyes soon saw him too! for round that headland, covered with tangled brushwood, boldly advances the little boat, propelled by its lusty rowers. The lost

Digitized by Google

one raises his feeble voice on high; it was a loud, shrill scream of joy and fear. The rowers pause and look around; another but feebler scream, and they observe him. It comes; his heart flutters; his sight is dimmed; his brain reels; he gasps for breath; it comes—the boat has run upon the beach, and the lost one is found.

It only remains to say, that the distance between the cabin and the hummock to which the woodsman was bound, scarcely exceeded eight miles, while the part of the river at which he was found, was thirty-eight miles from his house. Calculating his daily wanderings at ten miles, we may believe that they amounted in all to four hundred; he must, therefore, have rambled in a circuitous direction, which people generally do under such circumstances. Nothing but the great strength of his constitution, and the merciful aid of his Maker, could have supported him for so long a time.

Digitized by Google

The Adventures of Charles Stuart,

COMMONLY CALLED THE PRETENDER.

MY young friends, who have read the History of England, very well know that Charles Edward, the grandson of King James the Second, vainly attempted to recover the throne for his father, and that, after the battle of Culloden, which occurred in April, 1746, the young Chevalier, as he was commonly called, was forced to fly from the field. He made direct to the water of Nairn, which he crossed, and joining some of his clans, he proceeded to the house of Mr. Frazer, of Gorlich, where the old Lord Lovat was then residing, to ask his advice and counsel. The old lord, however, hurried him away, and the Chevalier put into his pocket the wing of a fowl, which had been dressed for him the night before, and, with a few devoted followers, repaired to Glengarry, where they arrived on the 20th of April, and were received, with great kindness, by Mr. M'Donald, the proprietor. It was here he passed the first cool moments since his unfortunate disaster. After taking counsel with his friends, he determined again to

Digitized by Google

move off, and he proceeded to a place called Achnacorrie, and thence to the Green of Keppoch. Here he went to Keppoch's house, and found a widow lamenting the loss of her husband, who had been killed at Culloden, and heard the wailings of her six fatherless children. After staying here all night, he set out for Glenphillin, where the Cameronians, on his first landing, had set up his standard. Here they entered a cave, not far from the place where everything was prepared for their reception, and Lochiel, having with him a guard of between fifty and sixty resolute men, and sentries being placed six miles round, no great danger was apprehended. There they continued for three days, but at last intelligence arrived of a price being set upon his head of thirty thousand pounds, and that troopers from the royal army had been despatched everywhere in search of him. He therefore determined to seek an asylum in the island of Lewis, but being unable to obtain a boat to transport them over the arm of the sea, which separated that island from the main land, they were obliged to wander for three days and nights among the mountains, till they could obtain one. At length they seized upon a small skiff, and got safely over, although through a heavy sea, first towards South Uist, but they eventually landed at Canne, a small island westward of Mull, where they were received by one Clanronald, a firm adherent of the Stuarts. The prince then went to South Uist, but had not been there long when he received the disastrous intelligence, that Lord George Sackville and Major Wilson were making the most diligent search for him all along that coast, with a strong body of infantry. As the royalists approached, Charles was obliged to separate himself from most of his faithful followers, and the

Digitized by Google

Lady Clanronald now besought him, with tears in her eyes, to think of some method of escaping—but his spirits almost failing, he knew not what to do. Whereupon, the Lady said, "Here is a young gentlewoman, Miss Flora M'Donald, upon whom I will prevail to take your highness under her protection." Accordingly, Flora, after some hesitation, having undertaken the task, Lady Clanronald brought a gown, and all other clothes necessary for one of her sex, to the Chevalier, who kept on nothing of his own apparel but his breeches and stockings. He dressed himself, with the help of the lady, who ordered a boat to be got ready for them, and a servant to attend along with the boatmen, who were directed to conduct Miss Flora and her supposed maid, to Skye. They continued all night at sea, and next morning arrived at the island, and set out for the Laird of M'Kinnon's house. The commander of the British forces having, however, received intelligence of the circumstance of the Chevalier's escape, marched the troops along the coast, till they came opposite to Skye, having previously sent Captain Ferguson thither in the cutter. That vessel soon arrived at its destination, but the captain suspected that the Chevalier might be hiding among them. M'Kinnon ordered the pilot to steer to that part of the country that belonged to them. Accordingly they put in within pistol-shot of the shore, just at the spot where the fugitive they were seeking actually was. Here he had certainly been discovered, had it not been for a rising ground, behind which he retreated and made off. The boatman now observing that General Campbell was on the point of landing with his militia, and that a king's ship, conducted by a ship-master of Inverlochy, was so near, thought proper to direct his boat to the other side of the island, and row the prince to the continent.

Digitized by Google

About five o'clock in the afternoon they set out for Glenelg, and arrived in about three hours upon the coast. Here the fisherman drew the boat up to a creek fenced on all sides, and there landed the passenger. It was now about nine o'clock at night, and they watched along the shore, for some time, in order to observe what was going on in the country. Here it was that the Prince met with one of the most singular adventures that ever happened to any man, for, at this place, a company of militia were waiting, in hopes that the unhappy fugitive might fall into their hands. To make the more sure of their prize they had with them bloodhounds, to trace him out. The dog was within a stone's-throw of them, and the men not much farther off, when M'Kinnon, the assumed name of the boatman, observed them, and particularly suspected the animal, whereupon he advised his passenger immediately to pull off all his clothes, and enter the water up to the neck, "for," said he, "if you go in with your clothes on you may expect your death. In the meantime I will direct the smell of the dog with these fishes," he having some on a string in his hand. The affrighted Chevalier instantly did as he was directed, and M'Kinnon having hid the Prince's clothes in a cleft of the rock, began to amuse the dog with his fish. The artifice succeeded so well as effectually to screen the Chevalier, but the animal would not quit the fisherman, till he was secured by the militia-men, who kept him all night and part of the next day. When he left them, he set out in an opposite direction to that he intended to go, but, when he judged himself out of their reach, he turned into the road leading to the place where he supposed the Chevalier still was. He found him, indeed, but employed in such a plight as could not but affect even the rough heart of the hardy fisherman. He was found searching

Digitized by Google

for mussels, and other small shell-fish, on the crags, and breaking them between two stones, eating the fish as he opened them, to satisfy the cravings of a hunger never so keen before. No sooner did he set eyes upon M'Kinnon than he fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands thanked heaven for restoring him in safety.

The Prince having met with this surprising deliverance, and observing the fidelity of his guide, resolved to submit entirely to his directions. "Conduct me," said he to M'Leod, the boatman's real name, "where you will, I am resolved to follow you." "Well, then," returned he, "we will go a little further to the northward, where your highness has many friends, and where the militia are not on watch, as they have never been in arms in your favour. Therefore he proceeded to the house of one M'Kenzie, and discharged the faithful fisherman, with many graces, and then he wandered about the country, sometimes alone, and sometimes with a single attendant—having nowhere to rest his head, but among the wild rocks and the green heather. At last he took the road towards Inverness, and, in the habit of a peasant, turned out of the road to Strathglass, and so, in the night-time, travelled through Glengarry to Badenoch, where his faithful Clunie M'Pherson provided for his safety, and furnished him with all the accommodation that could be procured in the forlorn state, not only of the wanderer, but of the few that afterwards followed him. Indeed, he was now more secure than he thought himself to be; this was owing to the report, that about this time prevailed, of his being dead, which being generally believed by those in search of him, they grew more remiss in their operations. A chain of sentries from Inverary almost to Inverness had stood for near two months, guarding the passes, in hopes of intercepting

Digitized by Google

him. The hopes, however, of doing so were but slight, considering the vast extent of the country, and the numerous woods, lakes, rocks, and hollows with which it abounds.

One day, as he was complaining to Clunie M'Pherson of the danger of his situation, and expressing a desire of shifting his abode again, Clunie told him that he had just heard of the Duke of Cumberland having gone off for England, and tried to persuade him to wait a little longer where he was. But the Prince, who was wavering and fearful, and terrified at the sight of a horse, or the appearance of a single man, though at the greatest distance, could never be prevailed upon to stay long in one place. There is a hill within seventeen miles of Blair, standing near a rivulet, that divides the county of Inverness from that of Perth. This was judged as a place of safety, and to it the Prince repaired, but still the most tormenting fear continually haunted him by day and night; everything was perpetually giving him alarm, and he heard his pursuers in every whistling of the wind.

The news of the execution of Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Cromarty affected him greatly. Just before this time, at the end of August, he received an invitation from Lochie to repair to him, appointing a certain cave for a meeting-place. Accordingly he, with a few attendants, set out one evening about twilight, and travelled all night, dressed in the Highland habit and wearing black cockades, except the Chevalier, who could not be prevailed upon to assume that part of the disguise. When they arrived at the place where Lochiel was, they mutually embraced each other, and without loss of time, began to consult on the most likely means for making their escape out of Scotland. After much deliberation, it was agreed that they should separately repair to the sea-coast by

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

different roads, and observe if any ship from France should appear, on board of which they might embark; that the person who first discovered it should immediately go on board and direct the vessel how to proceed for the others, and set up a signal agreed on, by which she might be known. This being fully settled they separated, and marched off by different roads. The Prince, with three or four attendants, made for the country of the M'Kenzies, crossed the long tract of country belonging to them, and came to Kinsale. Here they entered the house of one M'Krae, hoping for a kind reception, but the man, whether from his natural character, or from fear of being called to account, or from the desire of having some money put into his hands, received them but coldly, and told them he did not believe it safe to entertain such guests. Hereupon the Prince left the house with very little ceremony, and went towards the water-side, in hopes of meeting with his faithful boatman, M'Kinnon, but as no boat appeared, he was obliged to wait for forty-eight hours, in the most anxious expectation. All night he sheltered himself on the sides of the hills, for he never could sleep two nights in one place, and, in the day-time, he walked along the shore, or sat down by the sides of the rocks. At last M'Kinnon came with the boat, and meeting with the Prince, embraced him with the most affectionate eagerness. Indeed, the then circumstances of the unhappy fugitive could not but raise pity in every generous breast; for his linen was very foul and his clothes much worn, by laying out in the open air; his shoes were completely destroyed. Added to all this, he was tormented with that disease, which has been unfairly described as peculiarly Scotch.

Digitized by Google

The fisherman, M'Leod, received him into his boat with the greatest satisfaction, and conducted him to the house of a gentleman, who gave him the heartiest welcome, and supplied him with clothes, linen, shoes and other matters. From here the Prince went to Skye. It was now the third of September, and the nights beginning to lengthen were more favourable to the Prince, and having taken in a few provisions, they entered a boat which had been provided, and set sail for Harris, where they remained all night. Next day they steered their course for North Uist, where they were kindly entertained. In short, all the day-time they spent at sea, and at night they took care to get lodgings at houses and places of retreat known to the boatmen. Doubtless, the Prince's dress contributed not a little to screen him from discovery, for who that saw him in any of his wanderings, rambling about in a fishing-boat, with a coarse grey plaid thrown about him, and an old bonnet on his head, would have imagined that he was the daring youth that, but a little time before, made the whole island of Great Britain tremble, and shook the throne of one of the greatest princes in Europe.

From North Uist they set sail for Ardnamurchan, where the Prince was of opinion he might safely venture, on the supposition that the enemy would not keep so sharp a look out in a country which they had, in a manner, destroyed by fire and sword. In about twelve hours they arrived at a place called the M'Lean's Nose, and then on to Scallesdal Bog, in Mull. All that night they sailed on, being apprehensive of being discovered, till he reached Tobermory. The royal party, however, having received intelligence, sailed to that place in search of him, in the Treal sloop of war. When they came

Digitized by Google

to the shore, a party of soldiers landed, and proceeded to the house, while a boat, well manned with sailors, fell down to a village about three miles lower down, which they instantly surrounded, that they might be sure of him in case he was there.

And now, in all likelihood, the adventurer must have been taken, after all his escapes, had not Lady M'Kinnon's maid furnished him with woman's clothes, to which he was again obliged for his safety. In this disguise he passed the guard, in company with the Lady and her maid, who gave the men money for their conduct in letting them go unmolested.

The Prince and his protectors hastened down to the end of Mull, which is nearest to Coll, where a boat well-manned was ready to receive him. In this boat he went over to Coll, where he readily found entertainment. But being pursued thither, he took a boat and fled to Egg, whither his pursuers also followed him. He then fled to Barra, but hither they likewise followed him, and here he had certainly not escaped had not the boatman brought up the boat to a place where the enemy could not observe, and the very moment the King's men landed, the others again put to sea, and wafted the Prince to South Uist, and that very night he went to the harbour of Flota, where, to his inexpressible joy, he found a French schooner, of about eighteen or twenty tons, which had been waiting for him. Besides the Prince, the vessel took on board about seven persons, who had been partaking his adventures. Among them was the faithful beloved Lochiel. The next morning, September 17, they set sail for Boulogne, and, after a few days' passage, arrived safe in the harbour, to the amazement of all who saw him.

Digitized by Google

ANOTHER WALK

IN

The World Underground,

AMONG MANY STRANGE AND QUEER ANIMALS.

I PROMISED in my last to afford my young readers some further insight into the underground world. We have already gone upwards from the primitive, through the stratified rocks, up to the oolite and lias; now we proceed to pioneer through a most important portion of the earth's crust, called the *Wealden*. The beds of which this formation is composed, appear to have been originally deposited at the mouths of some great river or rivers, in the same way that beds, or deltas, are now forming at the mouths of the Nile, Ganges, and other large rivers, when their waters meeting those of the sea, and being checked in their current, let fall the earth and other substances which they had washed from the banks in their course.

These formations consist mostly of sandstones and clays, of

Digitized by Google

various descriptions, and in them the articulated and molluscous animals are found in some abundance, especially the genus Cypris. Among these, the fresh-water snail is very numerous. The vegetable productions of the period, like all those which have previously been described, belonged evidently to a hot climate. The animals are important, the foremost of which is the great Wealden Lizard, called the Hylœsaurus, which seems to have united the osteology of the crocodile with that of the



Digitized by Google

lizard. It was about 25 feet long. It had a series of angular, spinous bones upon its back, like those of the modern lizard. But a more extraordinary animal than this, was the Iguanodon, discovered in the strata of Tilgate Forest, by Dr. Mantell. This was an enormous animal, having teeth like those of the modern Iguana. It appears to have differed from the Megalosaurus, in having its teeth formed for feeding on



Digitized by Google

vegetable substances. Its length appears to have been at least seventy feet; its head, nearly five feet; its body, thirteen; and its tail, fifty-two. It had serrated procennes, or spines, in its back, and others on its head; and one on its snout, like that of the Rhinoceros.

At the time the Iguanodon existed, the land was diversified with hill and dale, by streams and torrents. Enormous reptiles, of which the Megalosaurus and Iguanodon were chief, ranged about; with them were crocodiles, turtles, lizards, fishes, and mollusca, flying reptiles, and birds. But there is no evidence that man had been created; still the earth was in a state to give life and support to myriads of living creatures, and was evidently progressing to that degree of perfection, which was to render it fit for the habitation of the human race.

We now come to the uppermost of the whole of the secondary series of the sedimentary rocks, which includes the formation of chalk, marl, and green sand. The cretaceous formations occur in various parts of Europe, and it appears that when they were deposited a large part of our northern hemisphere was covered by an immense ocean. The chalk formations are strongly marked, and can be easily traced, and for this reason they are conveniently chosen as the line of demarcation between what we term the secondary and tertiary formations.

The organic remains of the chalk consist of vegetables, chiefly of a marine character, but fossil-wood is occasionally met with. The radiated animals are very abundant, and include a great number of coral sponges, and other beautifully preserved zoophytes, which may be discerned by breaking the chalk-flints, which are so common on our southern coasts. The Cretaceous group contains many remains of crabs, and

Digitized by Google

other crustacea, and the molluscous animals in abundance. The amonite is also found of an enormous size, being frequently four feet in diameter, but this is its latest appearance. Echini, encrinites, belemnites, and nummulites are also met with, and several kinds of fish resembling species now in existence, such as the dog-fish, salmon, smelt, and shark. The Saurian reptiles are still found, but not in any abundance; and one animal which is peculiar to this group, called the Mossosaurus, which was about twenty feet long, with four large paddles at its sides, which adapted it for living in the water, is frequently met with.

Nodules of flint, deposited in regular layers, are frequently found, as we see them in the chalk cliffs of Margate, Ramsgate, and Dover; they are deposited in horizontal lines, at various distances from each other. These flints frequently contain organic remains, and Captain Alexander has, by the power of the microscope, discovered in them the scales and bones of various fishes, as well as numerous Xanthideæ. The organic remains inclosed in the flint appear to have been the attractive forms round which the silicious particles congregated, while the chalk was consolified.

Recent observations have rendered it highly probable that chalk is decomposed coral, which was worn down by the weather and action of the sea, into a kind of paste, afterwards hardened by heat. When it was formed, our country, and the greater part of Europe, was then, in all probability, at the bottom of an ocean like that of the Pacific, between the tropics, in which coral islands are continually growing up and breaking down into fragments by the ocean wave.

To sum up in a few words the particulars of the secondary

Digitized by Google

rocks, we may observe that they were all originally deposited in a horizontal position, but parts of them have undergone great disturbance by the upheaving of the rocks below, and other causes. Hence they are broken, twisted, and often thrown into a vertical position. It appears also that many of the disturbances took place prior to the deposition of the chalk, for the latter are found lying in unconformable stratification on the ends of the former. They are traversed by veins and dykes of whinstone and other unstratified rocks, which are often thrust through them in huge, wedge-like masses, some hundreds of feet in thickness. It is also further remarkable that among all the remains of plants and animals that are found in the secondary rocks, not one has been found perfectly identical with any living species.

Beside the systematic changes already spoken of there are still great changes going on in the earth; the two great powers, water and fire, are still at work. The former, as in springs, rivers, tides, frosts, and rain, is constantly employed in the disintegration of rocks under the degredation or levelling of land. The latter, by volcanoes and earthquakes, is, on the other hand, employed in restoring the elevation and inequalities of the surface. Were there no such compensating power of elevation, a time would come when the whole materials would be transported to the ocean, and the whole earth would soon be reduced to a saline marsh.

Rain is constantly at work in dissolving the hardest ice substances, and carrying them down from elevated to lower situations. This operates on a mighty scale, and is sufficient to account for the formation of some of the great valleys of the earth. The ocean, by constant attacks upon its coasts,

Digitized by Google

gradually fritters away the rocks, and has been known to destroy large tracts of coasts, by forcing its waters into the interior of continents. Numerous instances of such irruptions are on record. But while the sea is thus making inroads on the land, the latter also encroaches on the sea—the rocks are washed away from one place and carried to another. Among the igneous, or fire, causes of changes in the earth's surface, are volcanoes, and earthquakes, which produce extraordinary effects in different localities. They exist in mountain ranges and isolated spots, and frequently spring up from the depths of the sea—where they as frequently form new islands. During the convulsions of these volcanoes the sea often boils like a pot. Without proceeding further, I shall now take "A final walk underground, till I come out at the surface."

I continue my walks underground, like the mole. I find I am getting more and more into the present order of things. I have passed through some pretty stiff substances, you will say, and have had some rather hard work, equal to that of even the navvies themselves. But as I go I do not work as the mole does, with his eyes shut. I endeavour to keep mine open, and although the geologists from time to time, by their disputes, throw a little dust in my eyes, I still continue to scratch and bore with them open. Observing, then, as I go, it seems to me that after the deposit of the secondary rocks a remarkable change appears to have taken place, and a new order of things seems to have commenced. We now come to what is called the Tertiary Strata—these have been divided into three periods: the Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene.

In the Eocene period we find nearly fifty extinct species of mammalia; among them was the Palæotherium, an animal

Digitized by Google

which resembled, in some degree, the Tapir and Rhinoceros. It was about the size of a horse—the head more massive, and the extremities thicker and shorter; on each foot were three large toes, rounded, and unprovided with claws. The upper jaw was much longer than the other. They lived, probably, on the then existing lakes and rivers, and their dead carcasses were driven to the bottom during floods, and their skeletons there deposited.

Another distinct animal of this period, called the Anoplotherium, resembled the pig; one species was remarkable for the length of its tail—the other for its smallness and beauty of its form. Several other animals seem to have resembled the hog or the hippopotamus, and some the modern hedge-hog —although three times the size of those now known. In the same period we meet with extinct species of the bat tribe; also with the wolf, fox, opossum, dormouse, and squirrel.

Among sea or river animals we meet with the remains of the turtle, with several of the crustacea, such as the lobster, &c. Numerous molluscous animals also occur, of which the nautilus is one. We have also deposits of stone, the entire mass of which is made up of shells, so minute as to be scarcely visible; one of these rocks is the substance called Tripoli, used for cleaning gun-barrels, which is almost wholly composed of the shells of very minute animals.

The vegetable fossils are also numerous. We have various species of fossil wood and fruit; some of these resemble the date, others the cocoa-nut, some the pandanus, or screw-pine. We have also a great variety of plants, of which the existing genera only now grow in the hottest regions of the earth. The whole of the organic remains seem to indicate that the

Digitized by Google

earth and its atmosphere were in a certain degree similar to their present condition; although volcanic action appears still to have been of common occurrence.

In the Miocene period, which is a step nearer to the present condition of the earth, the whole of the organic remains show a gradual approach to existing species. Trees analogous to poplars, willows, maples, and elms, buckthorn, ferns, and a large species of equisetæ, seem to have been abundant; also a species of wheat, and some of the large grasses. Molluscous animals were also abundant, including gigantic oysters. The radiated animals were represented by sponges, and the indefatigable coral builders, which continue their labours during the present period. Among the articulated animals various insects were met with, which were evidently formed for the various vegetable products which at this era covered the earth's surface. Now also were found numerous fishes, crocodiles of enormous size, and immense turtles and tortoises; also an animal called the Megalochelys, larger than the Indian rhinoceros. Immense birds of the Grallæ (waders) order, exceeding in size the gigantic crane of Bengal, were frequent. At this period also the European seas were peopled by marine mammalia, including extinct species of the whale, dolphin, seal, and walrus.

The most characteristic feature of this period is the appearance of the Ruminantia, or of animals that chew the cud, such as the cow and deer kind; with these seem to have ranged elephants, tapirs, hogs, hippopotamus, &c. One of the largest land animals of this period was the Dinotherium, an herbivorous animal, eighteen feet long. It inhabited fresh-water lakes and rivers, feeding on aquatic plants and vegetables. The Megatherium was another animal belonging to this period—it

Digitized by Google

exceeded the largest rhinoceros in size: its feet were a yard long; its enormous claws enabled it to tear up the roots of trees, on which it fed, or to pull down trees. Another animal was called the Glyptodon—it possessed a complete bony coat of mail, and was allied to the Armadillo family. The Sivatherium was a gigantic ruminant animal, greatly exceeding in size any ruminant ever discovered. It was armed with four gigantic horns, two in front, and two branching out behind, resembling those of certain animals of the deer kind.

We next come to the Pliocene period, which is the uppermost of the Tertiary formation, and which abounds in marine shells, in the remains of land animals and marine mammalia, also in extinct species of quadrupeds, especially the remains of the elephant and rhinoceros. At this period, also, the gigantic Mastodon existed, with enormous elks, the hippopotamus, &c. Now, too, are found several species of the Rodentia, or gnawing animals, such as the squirrel; and various ruminantia, such as the ox and deer. There were also many varieties of birds, such as pigeons, larks, ducks, ravens, and snipes—the bones of which have been found in various parts of the world, especially in the caves of England and Germany. Animal and vegetable life appears now nearly to have reached its highest degree of development, and brings us to what is termed the Recent Period, which comprises that portion of time which has elapsed since man was an inhabitant of this planet. The organic remains now met with are no longer of extinct species, but of animals and vegetables at present existing upon the earth.

We are now brought to the earth's surface after our walks underground; and when we examine this, we find that since

Digitized by Google

the creation of man great changes have taken place, but not of so violent and sudden a character, and that these changes are still in progress. In many localities the sea is swallowing up the land, and in others the shore is gaining on the sea; the beds of rivers are slowly filling up; earthquakes are burying extensive tracts of country under molten lava; large portions of land are slowly rising upward, cliffs of even the hardest rocks are falling to decay. On the other hand, new rivers, islands, lakes, and coasts are in a process of apparent renovation; while man, the creature last created, is carrying out his system of cultivation and improvement; and we may look forward with confidence to the time when the whole world shall exhibit features of prosperity, comfort, and peace.

Digitized by Google

Funny Things about Frogs.

BARNUM, the Prince of Humbugs, relates a story, that when he was showman, a proposition was made to one of his colleagues for the exhibition of a "Wonderful Fish," from Surinam, in the East Indies. It was of such an extraordinary character, that, having begun its existence as a fish, and swam about in the watery element for a certain time, it would suddenly be transformed into a breathing animal, with legs and feet resembling those of human beings, and adapted for living on land, where it could leap thirty times the height of its own body, and sing songs equal to those of a Dutch nightingale. This was considered as a wonder of wonders for the American Museum, and excited the curiosity of the curious in a most marvellous degree, until it came out that the wonderful fish was nothing but a tadpole, and the wonderful animal nothing but a frog.

There is a great deal about frogs that is very curious, and one of the most curious particulars about them is their transition from the tadpole to the frog state. Some time in March, the frog usually deposits its ova, eggs, or spawn—with which every boy

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

is acquainted. Its jelly-like spawn, studded with black spots, being seen in every ditch. There it lies, for about a month or six weeks, before the tadpoles are hatched from it, during which period each egg enlarges in size, and a few days before the time of exclusion the young animals may be seen to move about in the surrounding gluten in which they are embedded, and in the space of a few days, if narrowly watched, they will be found to be furnished on each side of the head with a pair of ramified bracheæ, or temporary organs, which again disappear after a certain space. These tadpoles are so perfectly unlike the animals in their complete state, that a person unconversant with natural history would hardly suppose them to bear any relationship to the frog; since, on a general view, they appear to consist merely of head and tail,—the former large, black, and roundish—the latter slender and longish, and bordered with a very broad, transparent, and finny margin. Their motions are extremely lively, and they are often seen in such vast numbers as to blacken the whole waters with their legions.

When the tadpoles have arrived at the age of about five or six weeks, the hind-legs make their appearance, gradually increasing in length and size, and in about a fortnight afterwards, these are succeeded by the fore-legs. It now partakes of the form both of the frog and a lizard, which figure it retains for about six hours, and then the tail, continuing to decrease, it becomes quite obliterated in the space of a day or two afterwards. The frog, at length arrived at its perfect state, is now seen wandering about the brink of its parent waters, and sometimes in such vast numbers, in particular spots, as to make the vulgar believe that it has "rained frogs."

Digitized by Google

The frog, no longer of ambiguous form, now feeds on animal food, supporting itself on insects, small snails, worms, &c. It principally lives on insects, for the more readily obtaining of which the structure of its tongue is extremely well calculated, being very long, and so situated that the root is attached to the fore, rather than to the hind part of the mouth, and when at rest, lying backwards, as if the animal were swallowing the tip. By this means it is enabled to throw it some distance from its mouth, which is done with great celerity, the glutinous lip securing the prey, which is immediately swallowed—so quickly as to be quicker than sight. It will easily be perceived, if my young friends examine the frog's mouth a little, that a frog can neither bite nor masticate. This points to the food he must live upon, which must be "taken in" without any previous preparation. The different species of worms and slugs, which are so very destructive in gardens, are their meat, and therefore they ought to be encouraged in gardens, and not pelted by unlucky boys the moment they are seen. They do no harm to the gardener; they do not burrow in the earth, neither do they eat any vegetable substance, so far as it has been ascertained; and, therefore, while they tend to preserve vegetation in the moist places of the garden, and, indeed, in all places of it, in those damp and dewy nights when slugs are so mischievous, they are always worth protecting; and not only so, but it is worth while to keep a little pond for their aquatic amusements; nor perhaps would it be amiss to have a bit of stagnant water in some waste place, in which they may breed, for although the nuptial songs of the frogs are not the most musical in the world, there is an association of cheerfulness in their croak;—their song, such as it is, is a song of

Digitized by Google

hope—it tells us that the season of growth and beauty is coming, and in the case of the common frog, it tells this very early in the season. The French eat frogs—a particular, large kind, called the Esculent Frog; that is, they eat the hind legs, and in the Palais Royale will charge you ten francs for a dish of them, as Peter Parley knoweth by experience. But good, fresh, lively, yellow, clean English frogs, make a good dish likewise; and it is a great pity that the prejudices of the English prevent their eating them.

Frogs in their proper state can hardly be considered as inhabitants of the water. They are, indeed, not found in very dry situations, but on the margins of lakes and rivers, and in marshy and boggy places. They resort to the water for food, which principally consists of aquatic insects, worms, and the very young fry of fishes. They also resort there for the purpose of breeding, and, as it is seen from their gambols in the water, they often resort there for their amusement.

Frogs, in most of the species at least, are understood to live for about fifteen or twenty years; but the latter fact, of course, is not very well understood, and from the enemies to which they are exposed, it is probable that few of them live out the full number of their years, and die of old age. Frogs are susceptible of some attachment, and there have been instances in which frogs have been rendered so tame, as to come when called, and take their food out of the hand of those with whom they have become familiar.

The species of frogs are very numerous. There are the dotted frog, and the plaited frog, the esculent frog and the natter jack. The most extraordinary kind, however, is the

Digitized by Google

great Surinam frog, and the great bull frog, the latter of which absolutely drowns the bellowings of the herons, the hissing of the serpents, and the yelping of the Prairie dogs, with the whole concert of villanous sounds which vex the ear at night in the wilds of America.

Digitized by Google

The Animal World;

ITS PECULIARITIES AND WONDERS.

THE animal world is full of instruction, and as full of interest as instruction. Of the great books of nature, which it is our privilege as well as our duty to open, there is none which will delight us more than that of the Animal kingdom. In the mineral kingdom we find nature simply obeying the laws of chemical attraction, repulsion, and affinity; and we have, in accordance with these laws, the most beautiful gems, jewels, crystallizations, and extraordinary combinations of forms, from the high mountain peaks, that stretch their way above the clouds, to the delicate filaments of asbestos, or the still more delicate filagree work of the agate; but all is silent, dead, and without motion. As we ascend in the scale of creation we find a new order of things; and we come upon the Vegetable world, and find a class of existences which are organized substances, deriving nutrition from the earth by means of roots, and breathing by their leaves; they possess life, growth, in some few instances, contractability. They go through, *i. e.*,

Digitized by Google

the most of them do, the process of flowering, fructification, disease, and death, and their species are perpetuated by means of seed, which fall into the earth and vegetate. Such is vegetable life—but with this life we see no sense, no thought, no will, no locomotion. Plants are fixed in the soil, there to remain, naturally, through the period of their existence; and they perform all the requisites of their being, without being at all conscious of their own existence. But when we come to the animal world, how great is the change. In animals, we have not only life, but with it the power of a will to move, and with organs adapted for the exercise of this will, organs of locomotion, such as they are called;—with men, and other animals, legs; with birds, wings and legs; with fishes, fins; with insects, legs and wings;—while a great variety of animals have beautiful and wonderful organizations, adapted to what they do in their life, and instincts by which they are guided to all that it is necessary for them to do, to preserve and to perpetuate their kind. While man, a part of this animal world, in addition to sense, instinct, a will, and power to move, has relationship with the great Being who formed him—feels his dependance on that great Being—looks towards Him with faith and hope, and believes that his end is not with this earth, but that his state here is only a sphere of preparation for another and a better world.

It would require a volume to point out the wonders and glories of the Animal world, and PETER PARLEY's only object in this brief Paper, is to impress upon his young friends the value of the study of natural history, particularly that part of it which is arranged under the head of Zoology; and to point out a few striking particulars in this division of the subject,

Digitized by Google

relating more especially to the wisdom and design manifested in the organization of certain animals; for here it is that we find throughout a most marvellous congruity, fitness, and adaptation of every animal to the element in which it is destined to move, and a superintending Providence regulating all its acts.

One of the first provisions which deserve our notice is the manner in which the ears of animals are situated. Those of beasts of prey, for instance, who have to sustain existence by the chase, have their trumpet port, or concavity, standing forwards, to seize the sounds that are before them, namely, the sounds of the animals they are to pursue or watch. The ears of animals of flight, such as those of the deer, rabbit, &c., are



turned backwards, to give notice of the approach of an enemy. The eyes, also, of animals that follow their prey at night, as cats, owls, lions, &c., possess a faculty not given to those of other

Digitized by Google

species, namely, the power of closing the pupil entirely in extreme light, and of opening it to a prodigious extent in the dim twilight, by which means the utmost room is made for the reception of the faintest degree of light.

The bones of birds may also be adduced as instances of perfect wisdom and design. In the bones of an animal that was to fly, the two qualities required would be strength and lightness; therefore, a large portion of the bones of birds differ from those of walking animals, by being cylindrical, with their cavities empty, or containing air; and by the shell being made of a firmer texture than that of other bones, to compensate for the want of solidity. Now it is a thing well understood in mechanics, that the same weight, or portion of stuff, if made into a cylinder, will be of much greater strength than if worked up in a solid form; for thus, without increasing the quantity of bone, which would have added to the animal's weight, and thereby have impeded its course through the air, the same strength is produced by merely a different working up of the materials. The lungs also of birds, as compared with the lungs of quadrupeds, contain in them a provision expressly calculated for the same purpose of rising in the air, namely, a communication between them and the other parts of the body, by which the intromission of air from one to the other, at the will of the animal, enables the bird at pleasure to become specifically lighter or heavier, as circumstances may require. The structure of the feather is also indicative of the most wonderful mechanical skill, and is, in fact, a mechanical wonder. First, we have strength and lightness. With regard to strength, if my young friends take a feather in their hands, they will find it very strong when pressed one way,

Digitized by Google

that is, in the same direction the bird takes in the air, but yields immediately to the pressure when the finger acts in the same manner that the air does, when the bird is flying through it. Besides this, the feather possesses the property, after having been ever so discomposed and ruffled, for all its parts to fall naturally into their former state of closeness and adhesion, without any glutinous matter to assist them: and now let my young friends look at the mechanism by which this is effected. Look at your feather,—for as you examine it you will find, first, that the feather is composed of a stem or stalk, with thin threads, or laminæ, growing out of it on either side, and that these laminæ are flat, and placed with their flat sides towards each other; and, as it were, interlaced together. The interlacing is performed by means of a vast number of fibres or teeth, which the laminæ shoot forward on each side, and which hook or grapple together;—fifty of these fibres have been counted within the tenth of an inch. These fibres are crooked, but yet curved after a different manner; those which proceed from the thread on the side towards the extremity of the feather are longer, more flexible, and bent downwards; whereas those which proceed from the side towards the beginning or quill end of the feather, are shorter, firmer, and turn upwards. The process then which takes place is as follows:—When two laminæ are pressed together so that these long fibres are forced far enough over the short ones, these crooked parts fall into the cavity made by the crooked parts of the others, just as the latch that is fastened to a door, enters into the catch, and there hooking itself, fastens the door; thus, when one thread or laminæ has been separated by an external violence, it is re-closed with the

Digitized by Google

greatest facility and expedition. Without such an arrangement, the contingencies to which birds are subject in their element, from storms, &c., would have prevented their being long upon the wing, and every other part of their structure would have been of no use to them.

A similar provision to the cylindrical bones of birds, and the transmission of air to them for the purpose of rendering the animal lighter or heavier at pleasure, is the air-bladder of fish, which is a clear, philosophical apparatus in the body of an animal: the principle of the contrivance is so clear, and the application of the principle so beautiful, that it is easily understood by the reflecting mind. The rising and sinking of a fish in the water, so far as it is independent of the fins and tail, can only be regulated by the specific gravity of the body. It is true that the specific gravity of a fish's body at a moderate depth in the water is nearly the same as the water; but when the fish descends to deep places, the pressure of the water above would for ever keep it down, unless it had some ap-



Digitized by Google

paratus within, which would enable it to rise. Now the air-bladder of the fish is a balloon, as it were, in the inside. When this is contracted—and the fish is enabled to contract the dimensions of this balloon at pleasure by a set of muscles adapted to this purpose—the whole bulk of the fish is, of course, relatively contracted, and, according to the known law of hydrostatics, the fish being reduced in bulk, and the specific gravity increased, it can descend with ease and safety to lower depths in the water. When, on the contrary, the fish wishes to rise through the pressing weight of the water above, it relaxes the bladder, which immediately becomes dilated with air, or probably a peculiar kind of light gas, and it rises to the surface with ease. When the fish dies, it immediately rises from the same cause, and floats, bladder or belly up, till some of the scavengers of the water makes a meal of him, and thus prevents his putrefaction.

We pass to the quadrupeds. The stomach of the camel is too illustrative of my subject to be passed by. It is well known to retain a large quantity of water in a pure state for a



Digitized by Google

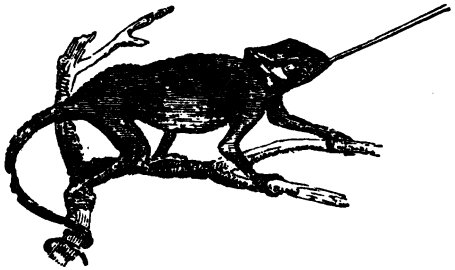
considerable length of time, which qualifies it for living in the desert. Now, the internal organization, on which a faculty so rare and so beneficial depends, is as follows: a number of distinct sacs or bags are observed to lie between the membranes of the second stomach, and to open into the stomach near the top by small square apertures; through these orifices, after the stomach is full, the annexed bags are filled from it, and the water so deposited is, in the first place, not liable to pass into the intestines; and in the second place, is out of the reach of the digestive action of the stomach, or of mixture with the gastric juice. In addition to this, the animal, by the conformation of its muscles, has the power of forcing this water from the adjoining bag into the stomach, whenever thirst excites it to put this bag into action.

The hook on the wing of a bat is also a very beautiful mark of divine wisdom. At the angle of the wing there is a bent claw, exactly in the form of a hook, by which the bat attaches itself to the sides of rocks, eaves, and buildings, laying hold of eaves, crannies, chinks, and small projections of various kinds. It easily hooks itself by the claw, remains suspended by it, and takes its flight from this position. Without the hook the bat would be a very helpless animal, as it can neither run upon its feet nor raise itself from the ground; and thus the Divine Creator has given to this humble creature exactly what it requires to make its life easy and happy.

I could, my young friends, if space permitted, fill many, very many pages, with illustrations of the wisdom and goodness of our kind Creator and preserver, through every part of the animal kind. The long bill and the tongue of

Digitized by Google

the woodpecker—the fang of the viper—the trunk of the elephant, a most wonderful instrument, without a single joint,



and yet more perfect in its motions than any joint or limb—the eye of the chameleon, which, instead of two eyelids, is covered by an eyelid with a hole in it, which enables the animal to keep its protuberant eye partly under cover, and to preserve it in a due state of humidity without shutting out the light—the notches on the claws and bills of fishing birds, to enable them to hold their prey—all these, and an infinite number of similar provisions throughout every department of animated nature, might be adduced to set forth the wisdom, care, and goodness of God the Universal Father. Walk then, my young friends, with your eyes open through this beautiful creation—observe as you pass through the works of your Creator, take note of the wisdom displayed in every object which falls under the sphere of your vision, and doing so, with an inquiring spirit and with a humble heart, you may be said to walk with God—and you will see Him in the birds, beasts, flowers, insects, or inhabitants of the waters, and hear Him in the winds, in the high storm, the soft breeze, or the fearful tempest. But in all you will be constrained to praise the Lord for His goodness vouchsafed unto the children of men.

Digitized by Google

A Little Lecture for Little People.

WHEN we consider the vast additions to our knowledge which are hourly opening into existence, what wonders in science, arts, and mechanics, are every day revealed to our astonished senses, which to behold would make even King Solomon think himself a *baby* in understanding, my young friends must naturally feel the immense advantages they possess over their fathers, and how fair a chance they have of becoming wiser, better, and greater men, than those who have lived before them. Change is perpetual, so is progression. Discoveries made in science and art throw open a path, unseen before, to new knowledge. But this must be searched for, and gained by application and study, without which nothing can be acquired, only that the little people of to-day will find that much time and study has been saved them, by referring to the researches of those wise men who have left their knowledge behind them.

The wondrous applications of electricity, gas, steam, and optics to useful as well as scientific purposes—of geology, astronomy, geography, and medical science, all open our eyes to a new state of things—let us hope a happier, for, after all, our object

Digitized by Google

in this life is achieved when we can make ourselves and those around us happy.

Some folks try to disgust us with the world, by telling us it is a wicked one; don't believe them, dear children. God made the world fair to look upon, and saw that all things were good; and happy might we be, would we but make a proper use of them. It is ourselves, besotted with ignorance and presumption, pride and selfishness, that make the world appear wicked. Could we but follow the golden rule of doing to others as we would they should do unto us, this *miscalled* wicked world would get a better name, for it contains every element to make man happy, if he but make use of them for *good*, and not evil.

To make ourselves happy, we must begin by trying to be *good;* and to diffuse happiness amongst our friends, we must try to make ourselves *clever*, agreeable in manners, and accomplished. Much attention and careful observation are requisite to attain these desirable acquirements; for instance, young people who are healthy and clean-looking are more acceptable in society than those who are not so. Now, young people can neither become healthy nor wise by laying in bed late in the morning. How much better then, my boys, and pleasanter also, to get up early, and see the hares hirpling down the furrows, hear the lark singing to its mate, high, high in the heavens, and the corn-bunting with its loud pipe, swinging to and fro on the topmost branch of the highest tree. How joyful all! That's the way to get the roses on your cheeks, and a healthy appetite for breakfast; and perhaps you have heard say that cleanliness is next to godliness,—this is nearer truth than at a first glance would appear.

Digitized by Google

Mahomet was a wise lawgiver. He found the people he composed the Koran for were dirty, *apathetic*, and superstitious; so he inculcated *cleanliness* as a law of God: these were the Turks, Persians, Arabians, and others.

And the cleanliness required is not confined to being particular that the face and hands are presentable, but we must bear in mind that the skin is continually throwing off impurities ingendered internally, which at once shows how necessary it is to bathe frequently, aye, and what a glorious feeling it is to be able to swim, and dive like an otter which many boys can do, and brave boys are they,—no feather-bed dandies, but sturdy fellows, as much at their ease when emulating the bunting on the tree tops, as when sporting like the seal on the waves. Robust health gives a clear understanding.

The great Abernethy has said,—"In man the digestive organs are liable to be disordered by stimulating and unnatural diet; sedentary habits and impure air co-operate to aggravate these disorders. The affections of the brain and digestive organs mutually increase each other, and thus a state of constitution occurs which is productive of the most general and complete diseases."

The experience of so great a man ought to have some weight with young people, aye, and with old people also; and it shows how wicked it is in us to acquire bad and pernicious habits; drinking and smoking, too, are destructive to health, disagreeable to our friends, and ruinous to our prospects in life. Some aspiring youngster, who would emulate the Turks, consoles himself with the notion that, as long as he does not smoke in the company of those to whom such things are objectionable,

Digitized by Google

he can do no harm; PETER PARLEY can set him right on that subject. Tobacco-smoke pervades the clothes, soils the teeth, and destroys the purity of the breath; drinking wine, spirits, or beer, has a similar effect upon young people, by obstructing digestion. Teeth that are not regularly cleaned taint the breath, so also do decayed teeth; but *decayed* teeth do more serious injury than merely to taint the breath, they destroy the health, and have even been the cause of premature death. For a long time it was believed that decayed teeth arose from some constitutional defect in their construction; this idea, by the assistance of that wonderful and invaluable instrument, the microscope, is now pretty well set aside, although it is nevertheless true that the cause of decayed teeth may be said to be constitutional, for while the oral fluids are of an unhealthy nature, such must, of course, arise from constitutional causes.

In a paper which appeared last October in the "Medical Times and Gazette," from the pen of Mr. Donaldson Mackenzie, surgeon-dentist, of Savile-row, we learn that decayed teeth are the result of unhealthy saliva acting upon the enamel of the teeth; this would prove that our energy should be directed to the correction of the saliva, to prevent its destructive agency, so that cleanliness of the teeth is quite as necessary to health as that of the person. We may quote a portion of his paper which bears upon our subject:—"As there is little doubt but that caries is the result of external agents, this knowledge would lead us to the conclusion, that scrupulous care in cleaning the teeth perfectly would prevent decay, in the same ratio as we find it successful in preventing its recurrence when the teeth have been filed; and I consider that, in cases where there is a disposition to decay in the teeth, that properly ad-

Digitized by Google

vised liquid washes are more suitable than powders, as they can be so compounded as to alter any deleterious constituents present in the principles of the saliva; and that properly adapted brushes should be used to clear the spaces between the teeth of all extraneous matter; also, that the crowns of the teeth should be carefully cleansed, with a view of preventing caries commencing there."

PETER PARLEY hopes that his young friends will carefully read and digest this lecture, as it may perchance be the means of making them healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Digitized by Google

Morals from Flowers.

No. II.—The Olive.

Where the sweet and the rarest, the blithe and the fairest,
Laugh the blue skies to scorn in their bloom;
And where glory and splendour their bright tributes render
To heaven, in soft sighs of perfume;
Even there, olive tree, thou seemest to be,
Like the shade of some cloud on a glittering sea.

Where the high-tinted blossom and blush-coloured bosom,
And the fire-fly and dark eye are throwing
Light that seemeth to cover the drear earth all over,
And outshine the bright heavens in their glowing;
Even there, olive tree, thou seemest to be,
Like the shade of some clouds on a glittering sea.

Oh! it seems as if heaven had thy darksome hues given
To teach us to turn from earth's glare,
To those scenes deep but tender, so gifted to render
A sympathy e'en in despair;
And would teach us to see, e'en in thee, olive tree,
Such a beauty in shade as we witness in thee.

Digitized by Google

Dim twilight, when creeping o'er the willow when weeping
Tears of dew as its soft branches wave,—
O'er the cypress when sighing, or yew tree replying,
To its dirge o'er the desolate grave,—
Are not sadder than thee, thou dark olive tree;
Yet thy gloom and thy darkness are glory to me.

For though sunlight may heighten each soft tint, and brighten
Life's florets till Nature shall cease;
Yet to hearts that are broken far sweeter the token,
The dove-gathered token of peace.
And that is in thee, thou dark olive tree,
And that to the heart ever welcome will be.

Like thee, modest merit is not proud to inherit
Wild fashion's all-dazzling mien;
But in bright hours will often lend her presence to soften
The glittering glare of the scene.
Aye, even like thee, thou dark olive tree,
When thy deep leaf is spread so luxuriantly.

And benevolence, tending the helpless, or lending
Her bounty to those born to weep,
When contemptuously scorning that outward adorning
Ostentation so vainly would keep,
In unfeigned charity, thus from false glitter free,
Finds a type and a token, dark olive, in thee.

W. M.

Digitized by Google

Heroism of Boyhood.

IT had often struck me that an interesting book might be written, to be called the "Heroism of Boyhood," and so I sat down, some time ago, to write such a volume, which will be shortly printed, and my young readers can easily obtain a copy of it. Since that book has been written, a very extraordinary instance of Youthful Heroism has been remarked at the "Crimea," where all are heroic, from the lowest drummer-boy to the General Canrobert himself—one of the bravest of the brave. The little fellow, who is my hero here, is by name Thomas Keep, of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, under the command of Colonel Thomas Wood. A writer in the "Times" newspaper, states that this boy accompanied the army to the heights of Alma, preserving the most undaunted demeanour throughout the battle. At one time, a twenty-pounder shot passed on each side of him, and ball and shell fell about him like hail; but, notwithstanding the weariness of the day, present dangers, or the horrid sight, the boy's heart beat in tenderness towards the poor wounded. Instead of going over to a tent to take care of himself after the battle

Digitized by Google

was over, he refused to take rest, but was seen venturing his life for the good of his comrades on the battle-field. This noble boy was seen stepping carefully over one dead body after another, collecting all the broken muskets he could find, and making a fire in the night to procure hot water. He made tea for the poor sufferers, and saved the life of Sergeant Russel, and some of the private soldiers, who were lying nearly exhausted for want of food. Thus did this youth spend the night. At the Battle of Balaklava he performed the same services over again. The poor boy did his duty during the day and



Digitized by Google

worked in the trenches by night, taking but little rest. At the battle of Inkermann he was surrounded by Russians for about twenty minutes, and, to use his own words, he thought it had been a "case" with him, but he escaped "all right." He received one shot, which went into his coat-sleeve and out at the legs of his trowsers, but Providence again preserved him unhurt. He helped, with all the bravery of a man, to get in the wounded, and rested not until the poor sufferers were as comfortable as he could make them. He waited on the doctor when extracting the shot from the men, and waited on the men before and after. "Thus did the youth," says the writer, an eye-witness of his conduct, "do anything for anyone who needed help. Some of the wounded say that they should not have been alive now had it not been for the boy's unwearied watchfulness and kindness in the hours of helplessness." The boy has been *recommended,* by some of the officers, to the "Authorities," but the chances are that no more will be heard of him. "Kissing goes by favour all the world over:" honours and emoluments are bestowed upon those who have "friends at court." When we find that in education, without going into other departments—that, in this single department, not one person out of the many who have laboured in its cause have evèr had the slightest chance of Government employment, although eminently fitted for it; while all offices and inspectorships, are held by imbeciles connected with this or that influential family—"Dogs in office," we can't expect poor "Tommy Keep" to be cared for. However, old PETER PARLEY will give him, at least, his good wishes, and a little niche in his "Book of Fame," and he hopes that his conduct thus recorded, will emulate others to follow his noble example

Digitized by Google

Lord Cardigan has had honours conferred upon him, and deservedly too, for the noblest exploit in the records of war. Lord Aberdeen has the order of the garter, the highest honour that the Sovereign can bestow, for "doing nothing;" but Tommy Keep may probably take one of his *own garters* for his adornment. Poor Tommy Keep! keep your courage up. There is One who looks down from heaven on your deeds of charity and love who will never fail you—poor Tommy Keep.

Since the above was written, PETER PARLEY finds that the good Prince Albert has not been unmindful of Tommy Keep, and has acted, as he always does, in a manner becoming the Prince and the Patriot. Hurrah for the Prince!

Digitized by Google

Sheep Shearing.

SHEEP Shearing is one of the great rural labours of the summer months, and it is one of the most delightful and spirit-stirring things, for every description of boy and girl who live in the country. The young masters and mistresses of the old hall, young squirelings and squiresses, as they are sometimes called, look forward to the time as one of innocent joy and merriment, while the lads and lasses of the village, the boys and girls of the village green, count upon fun and frolic during the "sheep washing" as well as the "shearing." Indeed, it is a most animating and spirit-stirring affair, and it, besides, retains something of the character of those old, open-hearted English holidays, of which the English people will soon be deprived altogether, and taught to live upon "sour crout" and serious meditations. The Harvest Home is sinking into disuse; the laughing looks and bright eyes, rosy cheeks and mad gambols of boys and girls, of lads and lasses, are barely tolerated; and the "jug of good old ale" goes not round as it was wont,

Digitized by Google

There seems to be neither thankfulness to God, nor cheerfulness in man, now-a-days; and by-and-by it is questionable whether eating, drinking, or sleeping, will be held proper for the common people—expensive luxuries that they



Digitized by Google

might do well without. We are getting beyond our soundings; honours, titles, and states of things are what we do not pretend to meddle with, especially when the pretty sights and sounds preparatory to, and attendant on Sheep Shearing, as a mere rural employment, are waiting to be noticed.

Now then, on the first really summer's day, the whole flock being collected on the higher bank of the pool, formed at the abrupt winding of the nameless mill stream, at the point, perhaps, where the little wooden bridge runs slantwise across it, and the attendants being stationed waist deep in the midwater, the sheep are, after a silent but headstrong struggle or two, plunged headlong, one by one, from the precipitous bank, when, after a moment of continued splashing about, and a roar and a giggle from the girls and boys surrounding, their heavy fleeces float them along, and their feet moving by an instinctive art guide them towards the opposite shallows, that steam and glitter in the sunshine. Midway, however, they are fain to submit to the rude grasp of the relentless washer, which they undergo with as ill a grace as "preparatory school-boys" do the same operation. Then gaining the opposite shore heavily, they stand for a moment, till the weight of water leaves them, and shaking their steamy sides, go bleating away towards their fellows on the adjacent green wondering within themselves what has happened.

This is the "Sheep Washing," and the washers do not foregt an inward ablution of themselves with many a stoup of mild ale—at least they used to do so, and do so still on the farms of such men as Cooper, of Seckford Hall, and the

Digitized by Google

Barretts, Hillans, and Bendalls of all districts, where things are not quite so selfish as in other parts of the country, But, however, of the "*Sheep Shearing.*" This is no less lively and picturesque than the "*Washing,*" and no less attended by all the boys and girls of the village, as spectators. The shearers, seated in rows beside the crowded pens, with the seemingly inanimate loads of fleece in their laps, and bending intently over their work—the occasional whetting and clapping of the shears—the neatly attired housewives waiting to receive the fleeces—the smoke from the tar-kettle, and the nautical smell of the tar ascending through the clear air—the shorn sheep escaping, one by one, from their temporary bondage, trotting away towards their distant brethren bleating all the while for their lambs that do not know them. All the scene, with its ground of universal green, and finished everywhere by its leafy distances, except where the village spire or tower intervenes, forms altogether, a living picture, such as old Peter Parley thinks, looks pleasanter to look upon than words can speak; and when some dear old clergyman, the real "shepherd of his flock," comes to give his benign smile upon all, condescending to take a stoup of mild beer with the Sheep Shearers, then, I say, this scene is one of the finest pictures in England, in the eyes of old PETER PARLEY, and so much for "Sheep Shearing."

London: Aird and Tunstall, Printers, 18, Exeter Street, Strand.

Digitized by Google

CHEAP AND ELEGANT BOOKS

SUITABLE FOR

CHRISTMAS, NEW-YEAR, AND BIRTHDAY GIFTS,

PUBLISHED BY

THOMAS HOLMES, 76, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD. 8vo. Sixty Illustrations. 5s.
BEAUTIES AND WONDERS OF NATURE AND SCIENCE. 8vo. Sixty Engravings. 5s.
LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN OF ENGLAND. 8vo. Twelve Steel-plate Portraits. 4s.
LIVES OF EMINENT MEN. 8vo. Twelve fine Steel-plate Portraits. 4s.
CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR. 8vo. Ten fine Steel Engravings. 5s.
HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL TREASURY. 4to. Eight Hundred Portraits. 10s. 6d.
GREAT METROPOLIS. Large 8vo. Fifty splendid Steel Plates. 7s. 6d.
GOLDSMITH'S WORKS. With Steel Engravings. 4s.
COWPER'S POEMS. With Steel Engravings. 4s.
SIR WALTER SCOTT'S POEMS. Fine Steel Plate. 4s.
MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS. With fine Steel Engravings. 4s.
THE HOLIDAY BOOK. By PETER PARLEY. Numerous Engravings. 2s. 6d.
NATURAL HISTORY. With One Hundred Engravings. 2s. 6d.
MUSEUM OF WONDERS. Forty Illustrations. 2s. 6d.
EVENINGS AT HOME. Thirty Engravings. 2s. 6d.
SANDFORD AND MERTON. With Illustrations. 2s. 6d.
THE JUVENILE ALBUM. With beautiful Steel Plates. 2s. 6d.
TALES OF WONDER AND DELIGHT. With Engravings. 2s. 6d.
SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM THE BIBLE. Illustrated. 2s. 6d.
HISTORICAL TREASURY. With many Illustrations. 2s. 6d.
SCENES AND ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD. With Engravings. 2s. 6d.
BOYS AND GIRLS' TREASURY. With many Engravings. 2s. 6d.
FIRESIDE COMPANION. With Illustrations, 2s. 6d.
HISTORY OF ENGLAND. 32mo., gilt, 1s.
HISTORY OF IRELAND. 32mo., gilt, 1s.
HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. 32mo, gilt, 1s.
HISTORY OF FRANCE. 32mo. 1s.

LONDON: THOMAS HOLMES, 76, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

Digitized by Google

MONSIEUR LE PAGE'S COMPLETE COURSE

OF

INSTRUCTION IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

Unquestionably the quickest method of acquiring the language, and especially designed to obviate the necessity of going to France to acquire the Parisian accent. Equally well adapted for self-tuition as with a master.

"M. Le Page has, in his excellent series of educational works, rendered a thorough knowledge of that language comparatively easy. His system is peculiar and original, and has long since been stamped with public approbation."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

NEW HAND-BOOK of FRENCH CONVERSATION, for the Use of **Families at Home and Travellers Abroad.**

LE PAGE'S FRENCH PROMPTER, with a Key to Parisian Pronunciation; **a complete Hand-book of Conversation, alphabetically arranged, so as to obviate all difficulty of reference; forming at once a perfect English and French Dictionary, and a complete Manual of Conversation, as it gives at each word all the phrases relating to it which are heard daily in polite families. Sixth Edition, in a neat pocket vol, price 5s. bound in limp cloth, or post free on receipt of 60 stamps.**

Mons. Le Page's French Prompter "is a sort of royal road to conversation, more especially such as *travellers on the Continent* are likely to stand in need of; indeed, it is a little dictionary of words, to each of which are appended phrases in which they are most commonly employed."—*Illustrated News.*

LE PAGE'S L'ECHO DE PARIS; being a Selection of Phrases a person **would hear daily if living in France. With a Vocabulary of the Words and Idioms. Twenty-third Edition. Price 4s. neatly bound.**

LE PAGE'S FINISHING EXERCISES in French Conversation, being a **Key to "L'Echo de Paris," *(now first published)*. Price 1s. 6d. sewed.**

"This 'Key' will add materially to the convenience of the teacher, and facilitate the progress of the pupil; and as Mons. Le Page states that 'numerous inquiries have been made for it,' no doubt very many thousands will be used."—*Morning Advertiser.*

THE BEST FRENCH EXERCISES EXTANT.

LE PAGE'S GIFT OF FLUENCY IN FRENCH CONVERSATION; **a Set of Exercises for the Learner of the French Language, calculated to enable him, by means of practice to express himself fluently on the ordinary topics of life. Tenth edition, with Notes, price 3s. neatly bound.**

LE PETIT CAUSEUR; BEING A KEY to the "Gift of French Conversation." **The Key gives the correct translation of the same into French, thereby showing which is the proper expression for every topic of life. Fourth Edition. Price 1s. 6d. sewed.**

LE PAGE'S LAST STEP TO FRENCH; or, the PRINCIPLES of **FRENCH GRAMMAR DISPLAYED in a SERIES OF SHORT LESSONS, each of which is followed by Questions as Exercises, with the Versification. Seventh Edition. Price 3s. neatly bound.**

LONDON: EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange; and Messrs. LONGMAN.
Agents for Scotland: ADAM and CHARLES BLACK, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

LE PAGE'S INSTRUCTION IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

LE PAGE'S FRENCH SCHOOL, comprising "L'Echo de Paris," "Gift of Conversation," and "Last Step to French."
The Three Parts bound in one Volume, price, in cloth, 9s., or post free on receipt of 108 stamps.

"The first of the works comprised in this collection is so well known to the public, and has met with so large a sale, that we need not further notice it. To the utility of the two latter works we beg to offer our unqualified testimony of praise. In the 'Last Step to French' we have a grammar of the language superior, in our opinion, to any that has preceded it, both in sound etymological research, and in the simplicity of its arrangement; whilst the collection of M. Le Page's three works into a single volume furnishes a complete library for the student in French, and at the same time a manual of conversation, enabling him at once both to learn and to speak the language.—*Parthenon.*

LE PAGE'S FRENCH MASTER FOR BEGINNERS; or, EASY LESSONS IN FRENCH for Juvenile Pupils. New Edition, with additions, price 3s. neatly bound.

"M. Le Page's tabulation of the verbs is as complete as it is good; his syntax is lucid and scholar-like; and his exercises are well graduated, and likely to exercise the student's mind with his memory."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

LE PAGE'S JUVENILE TREASURY OF FRENCH CONVERSATION, with the English before the French. Price 3s., neatly bound.

"We do not know of a better book for the student than this. We verily believe that there is not an idoom that cannot be learned from the 'Juvenile Treasury.'"—*Weekly Times.*

LE PAGE'S READY GUIDE TO FRENCH COMPOSITION. French Grammar by Examples; giving Models as leading-strings throughout Accidence and Syntax, and presenting a comparative view of the English and French Idioms in their principal differences. Second Edition. In one vol. 12mo, price 4s. neatly bound.

"To all who desire to speak French with facility, and to write it correctly, we commend the study of Monsieur Le Page's 'French School,' and the 'Ready Guide to French Composition.'"—*Morning Herald.*

LE PAGE'S PETIT MUSEE DE LITERATURE FRANCAIS. Elegant Extracts from the most eminent Writers of France, in Prose and Verse; with Chronological and Critical Notices of French Literature, selected with especial regard to Morality and Religion.

In one volume, 12mo, 580 pp., handsomely bound, price 5s. 6d., or elegantly bound in calf extra, adapted for a present or prize-book, price 9s.

"The extracts are from the great writers, and are well chosen; the book forms a very neat volume, and contains a large quantity of most entertaining matter."—*Spectator.*

LE PAGE'S NICETIES OF PARISIAN PRONUNCIATION.

This day is published, price only 6d.,

ETRENNES AUX DAMES ANGLAISES: being a Key to French Pronunciation in all its niceties.

CHERVELLE'S FIRST STEP TO FRENCH; indispensable to, and in harmony with, all French Grammars; being a collection of progressive Familiar Conversations, in French and in English. New and improved Edition, with Additions, price 3s., neatly bound.

"The conversations are written in a familiar style (very easy at first, and advancing with the progress of the student): one page is French, the opposite English—thus showing a parallel between the pronunciation, etymology, accidence, and idioms of both languages."—*Morning Post.*

LONDON: EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange; and Messrs. LONGMAN.
Agents for Scotland: ADAM and CHARLES BLACK, Edinburgh.

BY THE REV. DAVID BLAIR.

Price One Shilling.

WHY AND BECAUSE;

OR,

THE CURIOUS CHILD ANSWERED:

Teaching children of early ages to think and investigate.

WITH TWO CLOCK FACES.

THIRTY-SIXTH EDITION.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH PRIMER;

OR,

AN EASY VOCABULARY OF FIFTEEN HUNDRED COMMON WORDS.

THIRTIETH EDITION.

By the Abbe Bossut, Author of Word and Phrase Books, in French Italian, Latin, &c., &c.

New Edition, corrected to the present time, of the

MILLION OF FACTS.

By Sir Richard Phillips. Price, bound in cloth, 12s.

The present volume contains the entire portion of what has appeared in former editions, and much useful and important matter that is new. As a Cyclopædia of Art, Science, and Literature, it presents a condensed amount of information not to be found in any volume of similar dimensions. In preparing this edition, the editor has done his utmost to preserve the reputation of this popular work; and while he has made such alterations as have become absolutely necessary by the advancement of science, he has been careful to adapt his own words as much as possible to the excellent style and admirable perspicuity of the original talented author himself.

LONDON: DARTON AND CO., 58, HOLBORN HILL.

Digitized by Google



Price One Shilling,

THE HEAD AND THE HEART:

A work in which is introduced a Father's Legacy, "THE HEART AND THE HEAD." The volume consists of nearly 200 octavo pages, beautifully illustrated, and comprises, besides the Legacy, Topics of the Day, Moral Essays, Moral Tales, &c. &c. Containing unmistakeable advice to the youth of both sexes.

"Among the many cheap publications which now issue from the press, we are disposed to accord to HEAD AND HEART a very high place. The work contains a selection of essays, tales, anecdotes, scraps of poetry, original and selected, biographical sketches of great men, and comments upon the topics of the day, so far as they have a moral bearing on the social interests of society. As to the cheapness of the publication, there can be but one opinion. Nearly 200 8vo. pages, most of them filled with original matter, and containing numerous handsomely-finished wood engravings, all for the small charge of One Shilling. When HEAD AND HEART comes to be better known, we cannot doubt that the sale will amply remunerate the benevolent proprietors."—*Morning Chronicle.*

Just published, price 1s. each,

A SELF-INSTRUCTING LATIN GRAMMAR. By D. M. AIRD. Comprising all the Facts and Principles of the Accidence necessary to be understood by students qualifying themselves for reading the Ancient Roman Authors; consisting of Twelve Progressive Lessons, in which Easy Sentences, Fables, &c., with Literal Translations, are introduced; also, A TRANSLATOR'S GUIDE.

HOW TO SPEAK AND WRITE FRENCH CORRECTLY. By D. M. AIRD. Comprising Six Progressive Lessons, in which the Difficulties of the French Language are elucidated by explicit Rules, and exemplified by useful Phrases.

New Edition.

AIRD'S SELF-INSTRUCTING FRENCH GRAMMAR; consisting of Twelve Progressive Lessons, wherein the Parts of Speech are exemplified in Conversational Phrases, Fables, Anecdotes, and Bon Mots, with Literal Translations also introduced.

DARTON AND CO., 58, HOLBORN-HILL.

Digitized by Google

EVES'

EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

EVES' 2,500 QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL. Bound in cloth.

EVES' KEY TO 2,500 QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL.

EVES' SCHOOL TESTAMENT, containing Authorised version; to which is annexed, 2,500 QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPELS AND ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

EVES' DERIVATIVE SPELLING-BOOK. 1s. 6d.

EVES' SCHOOL EXAMINER. Stiff covers. 1s.

EVES' SCHOOL EXAMINER. Cloth, boards, 1s. 6d.

EVES' KEY TO DITTO. 2s. 6d.

EVES' EARLY EDUCATOR. 1s. 6d.

EVES' SCHOOL INSTRUCTOR. 9d.

EVES' EXERCISES ON ARITHMETIC. 6d.

Digitized by Google

Now ready, in One Volume, royal 8vo., price 3s. 6d.,

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIVE STEEL ENGRAVINGS,

WOMAN'S EDUCATIONAL MISSION:

BEING AN EXPLANATION OF

FREDERICK FROBEL'S SYSTEM OF INFANT GARDENS.

"Come, let us live for our children."—*F. Frobel.*

Of late years public attention has been particularly directed to the extensive improvement of the education of all classes. The Educational Exhibition of the Society of Arts in St. Martin's Hall, in the year 1854, tended to give an additional impulse to the great educational movement. Amongst the variety of objects there exhibited, Frederick Frobel's games and occupations for early childhood attracted general notice. Since the closing of the Exhibition, his method of instruction has not only been made a subject of investigation by those who are engaged in the matter of education, but, in consequence of the satisfactory explanation of his system that has been given before the most competent judges, by those Germans who have imported it from Germany, his principles of instruction have been adopted, and are now being carried into operation in some of the most distinguished educational establishments in the metropolis. The demand that has thus been raised for a translation of some German works explanatory of Frobel's method of instruction, is the inducement to offer the present little volume to the English public. It has been translated from the original of the Baroness von Marenholtz—the same lady who sent Frobel's inventions for the use of children to the Exhibition—and it is to be hoped that it may be followed by a translation of Frobel's own works, in order that an intelligent public may obtain a more perfect and detailed account of that system which is in every way calculated to produce an extensive and sweeping reformation in education in general.

LONDON: DARTON & CO., 58, HOLBORN HILL.

Google

A BOOK FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

CALISTHENICS;

OR,

BODILY CULTURE:

An elementary Course of Instruction on Pestalozzian principles, the object of which is to develop the bodily faculties, and render them subservient to the will.

This course of culture differs from the systems hitherto adopted most materially, inasmuch as it is purely elementary and primary to gymnastics, drilling, dancing, fencing, gait, and all similar bodily exercises.

It is approved and recommended as a principal and efficient means of preserving and restoring health, whilst, as a branch of education, its merits have been highly approved by the best educational authorities in Switzerland and Germany, Pestalozzi himself being its originator. As such, one of its leading features is, that it aims to develop the bodily powers in complete subserviency to the will, in which respect it also materially differs from the present imperfect systems, the tendency of which has proved to be that of strengthening and developing either only some or all the bodily powers, at the sacrifice, injury, or neglect of the intellect.

The Work will be illustrated by about One Hundred and Fifty Plates, giving representations of positions, combinations, and development;

The elementary positions of the body and its members, and the simple development of the same;

The intermediate positions, their combinations and development;

The combinations formed by the position of the different members with each other, and their development or application.

It will contain instructions for making the course available for Old and Young, for Classes and Schools, and also a valuable companion to every mother.

The Author reserves to himself the right of translating it into the German and French Languages.

LONDON: DARTON & CO., 58, HOLBORN HILL.

Digitized by Google

CATECHISMS BY THE REV. T. WILSON.

Price Ninepence Each.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.
CATECHISM OF BIBLE HISTORY.
CATECHISM OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR.
CATECHISM OF COMMON THINGS, First Series.
Do. Do. Do. Second Series.
Do. Do. Do. Third Series.
Do. NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, First Series.
Do. Do. Do. Second Series.
Do. Do. Do. Third Series.
FIRST CATECHISM OF GEOGRAPHY.
FIRST CATECHISM OF MUSIC.
FIRST CATECHISM OF BOTANY.
SECOND Do. Do.
CATECHISM OF ASTRONOMY.
CATECHISM OF MODERN HISTORY.
CATECHISM OF BIOGRAPHY. First and Second Series.
AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

"As serials for children, and well adapted to woo the infant mind to the acquaintance of knowledge, we can confidently recommend these Catechisms; which, for perspicuity of style, and accuracy of information, have not been equalled."—*Times.*

"Wilson's Catechisms are written by different eminent individuals, each subject having been wisely intrusted to a person peculiarly conversant with it; but all have worked together in harmony with the common design, and the result is a series of Catechisms for schools and families, which not only bring down the information to the present state of knowledge, but convey it in a form adapted to the comprehension of those who have to perform the double task of learning both the meaning of words and the things those words are intended to describe. With such recommendations, Wilson's Catechisms have deservedly taken the place of Pinnock's, and we can confidently recommend them wherever they may be yet unknown."—*Critic.*

BY THE REV. DAVID BLAIR.

BLAIR'S CATECHISMS.

New and Improved Editions, Ninepence Each.

THE FIRST, OR MOTHER'S CATECHISM.
THE SECOND, OR MOTHER'S CATECHISM
THE THIRD, OR MOTHER'S CATECHISM.

The extensive demand which yet prevails for these excellent Catechisms, proves that they continue to sustain their well-deserved popularity as mediums of instruction; and that, notwithstanding the many compilations and imitations which have been brought into existence solely by the success of these favourite little books, BLAIR'S CATECHISMS are still regarded by the intelligent portion of the public as unequalled for the variety and accuracy of the information they contain, as well as for the admirable simplicity and perspicuity with which that information is conveyed.

LONDON: DARTON & CO., 58, HOLBORN HILL.

Digitized by Google

THE MOST POPULAR BOOK AMONG SCHOOLBOYS, TO WHOM IT IS AN ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.

Price 3s. 6d., post free, 4s.,

THE HISTORY OF A SHIP,

FROM

HER CRADLE TO HER GRAVE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NEARLY ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS,

THIRTY-TWO OF WHICH ARE PAGE SIZE,

Illustrative and Explanatory.

Upwards of 100 pages of Letter Press gives ample space for every detail of the building, fitting, and general management of a Ship, while the history of her cruizing introduces every incident of a sea life—the storm, the calm, the dangers of fire and shipwreck, the battle and the siege, interspersed with facts in geography and natural history, &c., in a most interesting style, while passing notices of the arduous duties of a sailor are not omitted.

TO MOTHERS, SISTERS, AUNTS, AND COUSINS.

Just Published, 2s. Cloth, Post Free, 2s. 6d., and sold by every Bookseller in the Kingdom,

VESSELS AND VOYAGES,

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

The endeavour of the writer in compiling this little book has been to fill a void which appeared to him to exist in Juvenile Literature—a good book about Ships—a subject always of interest to the young—and at a low price. He has endeavoured pictorially to illustrate the most remarkable changes in the forms of Ships, from early time to the present; further illustrating each with an appropriate tale. Sketching the origin of Vessels, from the earliest form of basket-work, he shows in a handsome plate the form of the Ancient Ship, and tells, in Cæsar's own words, the story of a Sea-fight in his day. Then comes something about Alfred and the Danes—William the Conqueror and his Fleet—the shipwreck and death of Prince Henry in the White Ship; this is followed by a picture of Vessels of the time of Richard, and a tale of his fight with the Saracens on his way to the Holy Land. Next follows an illustration of the Ship in the day of Henry the Eighth, and the famous story of Sir Andrew Barton. The improvement in form of Vessels by the reign of Charles the Second is shown in the illustration to the tale of the death of the Earl of Sandwich, and a representation of a first-rate of the days of the first George brings down the first part of the book to modern days.

The Second Part gives plates of a first-rate Man-of-War, the illustrative tale being the Siege of St. Jean d'Acre—the Frigate, with a story of a Wreck, the Merchant Ship, to which is annexed an amusing tale of recapture—and the Steam Ship, with an account of the Nemesis in China.

Part the Third is an account of a voyage to, and winter residence in, the Antarctic regions, sketches of Whale Fishery, &c.

The whole forms one of the very best Juvenile Books of the day, and will delight every Schoolboy who sees it.

LONDON:

DARTON AND CO., HOLBORN HILL, AND EVERY BOOKSELLER.

Orders by Post to be addressed, George Curling Hope, Hastings.

Google

DARTON'S SCHOOL LIBRARY.

Edited by the Rev. B. JOHNS; Just Published.

AN EASY PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE LATIN LANGUAGE; constructed on the plan popularly known as "Ahn's Method," and designed for the use of Schools and Private Tutors. By A. H. MONTEUL, late Principal of the Robertsonian Institution. Also, in the same series, New Editions of the following:—

		s.	d.
Vol. I.	Elements of Geography	1	0
Vol. II.	History of England	1	0
Vol. III.	First Reading-Book for Junior Classes	1	0
Vol. IV.	Poetical School-Book for Junior Classes	1	0
Vol. V.	Exercises for the Senses	1	0
Vol. VI.	Short Introduction to French (extra volume)	1	6
Vol. VII.	Modern French Word-Book, by M. De la Voye ...	1	0
Vol. VIII.	Latin Grammar	1	6

EVENTS TO BE REMEMBERED IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND; ITS SOVEREIGNS AND ITS PEOPLE, *from the Earliest Time to the Present*, Related in the words of the best Writers, the old Chronicles, Poets, and modern Historians, forming a series of interesting narratives of the most remarkable occurrences in each reign, with reviews of the Manners, Domestic Habits, Amusements, Costume, &c., of the People. On a new and original plan. By CHARLES SELBY.

Price Sixpence.

THE DECIMAL COINAGE.

ARITHMETICAL TABLES; including those of the DECIMAL COINAGE. Arranged by W. B. TEGETMEIER.

Her Majesty's Government having taken steps to promote the introduction of the Decimal Coinage, by the issue of the Florin and by the Circular from the Committee of Council on Education, making instruction in Decimals compulsory in all schools connected with the Government, has rendered it essential that the Table-Books in common use should be modified so as to facilitate the acquirement of the new system.

NEW BOOKS,

By the Author of "Chick-seed without Chickweed."

MY FAVOURITE STORY-BOOK: with Sixteen Plates by Popular Artists, and prettily bound in gold. First Series, price 1s. 6d.
Ditto, Ditto, SECOND SERIES, 1s. 6d. Or the two Volumes in One, price 3s. 6d., strongly bound in cloth, gold side.

Also, New Editions of the following, by the same Author:

CHICK-SEED WITHOUT CHICK-WEED, price 1s., or, with plates, 1s. 6d.
GUTTA PERCHA, AND ITS USES TO MAN, 1s.
LIFE OF OUR SAVIOUR, 6d.
CHILDREN OF SCRIPTURE, 6d.
PAPA'S STORIES,
EARLY SEEDS TO PRODUCE SPRING FLOWERS,
LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE LEARNERS,
PLAIN THINGS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.
} 6d. each plain, 1s. coloured.

LONDON: DARTON & CO., 58, HOLBORN HILL.

Google

DARTON & CO.'S

NEW ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL, for 1856, with nearly 100 Illustrations by the most Popular Artists of the day, Title and Frontispiece, in *Oil Colours*, by Baxter's patent process. Price 5s.

PETER PARLEY'S PRESENT for Boys and Girls, with numerous Coloured Plates and Illuminated Wrapper, by Luke Limner. Price 5s.

THE BOY'S DREAM OF GEOLOGY, or Fossil Spirit. By Dr. MILL. With Fifty appropriate Vignettes and Two Steel Engravings. Price 4s. 6d.

DARTON'S HOLIDAY SCRAP BOOK, Complete; with nearly One Hundred Illustrations, printed in Oil Colours from designs by Absolon, Gilbert, Weir, Browne, and the most popular Artists of the day. Price 6s. 6d., strongly half-bound and interleaved.

Also, an INDESTRUCTIBLE BOOK, on Linen, 10s. 6d.

This is the best Indestructible Book published, as the plates may be cleaned with water without destroying the brilliancy of the colours, &c.

DARTON'S CHILDREN'S PICTURES, in a Folio Volume, half-bound, with a Wrapper in Colours by Luke Limner. Price 4s. 6d. plain; 7s. 6d. coloured; and 12s. mounted on cloth.

Fifty Thousand of these have been called for in the separate parts in a few months.

A NEW VOLUME of NATURAL HISTORY, with nearly One Hundred Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d., strongly bound in cloth, with gold back, &c.

A NEW SUNDAY BOOK FOR THE YOUNG.

THE CHILDREN OF SCRIPTURE. By the Author of "Chickseed without Chickweed." Illustrated by Eminent Artists, with Preface, &c, by the Rev. T. WILSON. Upwards of Half a Million of this Author's works have been purchased by the Public in an incredibly short space of time.

Price 3s. 6d,

BERRIES AND BLOSSOMS. A New Volume of Poems for the Young, with Illuminated Title and Frontispiece, &c. &c., in Oil Colours by Baxter's patent process.

Price 3s. 6d.,

THE CHILD'S GARDEN (*Kinder Garten*), with Numerous Illustrations from Original Designs; containing the Modern System of Education for Infants.

New Edition, corrected to the present time, of the

MILLION OF FACTS. By Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS. Price, bound in cloth, 12s. The present volume contains the entire portion of what has appeared in former editions, and much useful and important matter that is new. As a Cyclopædia of Art, Science, and Literature, it presents a condensed amount of information not to be found in any volume of similar dimensions. In preparing this edition, the editor has done his utmost to preserve the reputation of this popular work; and while he has made such alterations as have become absolutely necessary by the advancement of science, he has been careful to adapt his own words as much as possible to the excellent style and admirable perspicuity of the original talented author himself.

LONDON: DARTON & CO., 58, HOLBORN HILL.

Digitized by Google

DARTON'S JUVENILE BOOKS

May safely be placed in the hands of Children, blending Amusement with Instruction.

SENT BY POST, FREE,

ON RECEIVING POSTAGE STAMPS IN ADVANCE.

DARTON'S ALPHABET of ANIMALS. With Twenty-Seven Illustrations, printed in Oil Colours, from Designs from Life, by HARRISON WEIR.

DARTON'S NURSERY LEADING-STRINGS. With Coloured Plates. Imperial 8vo. With large letters coloured. Price Sixpence.

DARTON'S CHILD'S FIRST BOOK, upon a New Plan. Profusely Illustrated. Price Sixpence.

DARTON'S CHILDREN'S PICTURES, to Amuse and Instruct. Printed on stout paper for Children to Colour. (Upwards of Fifty Pictures in a Book.) Price Sixpence.

DARTON'S HOLIDAY SCRAP-BOOK. With Illustrations, printed in Oil Colours, from Designs by ABSOLAM, GILBERT, WEIR, and the most popular Artists of the Day. Price One Shilling.

DARTON'S PICTORIAL PAGES. Edited by the Rev. HENRY TOWNLEY. Illustrated with Designs by GILBERT, ANELEY, and the best Artists of the day. This is the cheapest Shilling Book ever published.

DARTON'S INDESTRUCTIBLE BOOKS. Printed in Oil Colours, and on Linen. One Shilling.

STORIES OF TAME ANIMALS: STORIES OF WILD ANIMALS. Printed in Oil Colours, on Linen. With Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. One Shilling.

DARTON'S INDESTRUCTIBLE SCRAP-BOOKS for CHILDREN. Of strong Linen. Of every form, size, and price. With or without Prints.

LONDON: DARTON & CO., 58, HOLBORN HILL.

Digitized by Google

DARTON AND CO.'S
JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS.

DARTON'S SUPERIOR SIXPENNY TOY BOOKS.

Imperial 8vo., coloured.

1. Green's Nursery Leading Strings
2. ——— First Reader
3. ——— Second Reader
4. Easy Tales for Children
5. Little Folks' Story Book
6. Simple Stories in Easy Words, 1st series
7. Do. do 2nd do.
8. Papa's Picture Book of Animals
9. The Little Menagerie
10. The Prince of Wales's Alphabet
11. The Ladder to the Alphabet
12. Tom Thumb's Alphabet
13. The New Nursery Alphabet and Amusing Guide
14. A, Apple Pie.
15. Little Mary and her Cat
16. My Own Scrap Book
17. My Own Picture Book of Animals
18. The Farm, or Country Employments
19. The Pet Lamb
20. The Kitten's Mishap, by Mary Howitt
21. Heedless Harry, or the Day of Disasters
22. Dame Trot and her Comical Cat
23. Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog
24. The Old Woman and her Silver Penny
25. Cruikshank's Comic Alphabet
26. The House that Jack Built
27. The House that Paxton Built, being a Peep at the Crystal Palace
28. Death and Burial of Cock Robin
29. The Book of Trades and Cries of London

Scripture Series.

1. Scripture Alphabet
2. Children of Scripture
3. Life of Our Saviour
4. History of Cain and Abel
5. History of Joseph and his Brethren
6. Josey's First Visit to London
7. Wife of a Baby Brother

SIXPENNY BOOKS.

18mo., gilt wrappers, 8 sorts.

1. Papa's Stories
2. Early Seeds
3. Plain Things
4. Little Lessons for Little Learners
5. Green's First Tales, &c., &c.

Four new sorts (in press).

ONE SHILLING BOOKS.

18mo, cloth.

1. Hieroglyphic Bible
2. The Chronology of the Emperors of Rome
3. Green's Universal Primer
4. The Pink, by the Author of Original Poems
5. Chickseed without Chickweed
6. Knowledge for Every Child, royal 16mo
7. Lessons in Reading and Thinking
8. Matthew Merrythought's Royal Pictorial Alphabet
9. Matthew Merrythought's Mirthful Mode of Managing Measures
10. ——————— Comic Primer
11. The Daisy
12. The Cowslip
13. Rhymes for Harry and his Nurse
14. Lord's Prayer Explained
15. Rosebud
16. Lessons on Common Things, coloured plates, 12mo.
17. Green's Useful Knowledge
18. Original and Select Poems
19. Child's Own Verse Book
20. The Boy's Keepsake, by Mary Elliott
21. The Girl's Keepsake, by Do.
22. Juvenile Plutarch
23. Tales for Boys, by Mary Elliott
24. The Donkey and its Master, by do.
25. Tales for Girls, by do.

GIFT BOOKS.

Royal 32mo, cloth extra, One Shilling.

1. Arthur's Boy's Own Story Book
2. Life in the Far West
3. Richmond's Annals of the Poor
4. Longfellow's Evangeline
5. Sigourney's Pleasant Memories
6. ———— Scenes in my Native Land
7. Sigourney's Lays of the Heart
8. Sedgwick's Home
9. Heman's Songs of the Affections
10. Thornton's Seasons
11. Young's Night Thoughts

DARTON'S HOLIDAY LIBRARY.

One Shilling.

1. Mary Leeson
2. Take Care of Number One
3. How to Spend a Week Happy
4. Poems for Young Children
5. The Young Lord
6. Paulina
7. Household Stories
8. Indoor Sports
9. Outdoor do.
10. Stories of Enterprise and Adventure
11. Book of Riddles

NEW SERIES OF ONE-SHILLING-AND-SIXPENNY SQUARE BOOKS.

Illustrated by the First Artists, and with elegant covers in gold, &c.

1. Bible Stories, by the Author of Chickseed without Chickweed, Old Testament.
2. Bible Stories, New Testament
3. Mamma's Stories, by Mrs. Jerram
4. Poor Henry, by Dr. Barth
5. Fireside Verses, by Mary Howitt, with coloured plates, printed in oil colours
6. The Child's Own Story Book, First Series, with numerous Illustrations by Gilbert, Williams, &c.
7. The Child's Own Story Book, Second Series
8. Parley's Wonders of the Earth
9. ———————— Sea and Sky
10. Boy's Own Story Book
11. Tales of my Schoolfellows
12. True Stories, 1st Series, coloured plates
13. ——. —— 2nd Series
14. Favourite Story Book, 1st Series
15. ———————— 2nd Series.

These little Books have been acknowledged, both by the Reviewers and the Trade, as the cheapest Juvenile COPYRIGHT books ever offered.

A NEW SERIES OF BOOKS BY PETER PARLEY.

Demy 18mo, Illustrated by Samuel Williams, 1s. 6d. each.

1. Persevere and Prosper, or the Sable Hunters
2. Cheerful Cherry, or make the best of it
3. Wit Bought, or the Adventures of Robert Merry
4. What to Do and How to Do it
5. Inquisitive Jack and his Aunt Mary
6. Travels and Adventures of Thomas Trotter as told by himself
7. Dick Boldhero in Search of his Uncle
8. Peter Parley's Tales about Europe, edited by the Rev. T. Wilson
9. Peter Parley's Tales about Asia and Africa
10. Peter Parley's Tales about America and Australia, edited by the Rev. T. Wilson
11. Billy Bump
12. Peace and War

LONDON: DARTON AND CO., 58, HOLBORN HILL.

Digitized by Google

GEORGE MEASOM'S

OFFICIAL

ILLUSTRATED RAILWAY GUIDE-BOOKS.

UNIFORM PRICES.

In wrapper, One Shilling; or in cloth, elegantly bound, Two Shillings.

Now Ready,

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAYS.

SEVENTY ENGRAVINGS.

"We certainly can assure the traveller that this book is a good companion—it is suggestive. The plates are alone worth the money. Valuable experiences are related by one who understands the principles of comfortable and instructive Railway travelling."—*Artizan*, Aug. 1855.

H. G. COLLINS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
W. H. SMITH AND SONS, EUSTON STATION.

Now Ready, Third Edition, of

THE BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAYS.

INCLUDING A DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE TO THE

CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM,

AND A

TOPOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE WHOLE EMBELLISHED WITH SIXTY BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

"The illustrations are numerous, correct, and well executed, and the information is ample, accurate, and carefully conveyed. It is worthy of patronage."—*Sun. Times.*

H. G. COLLINS, PATERNOSTER ROW.
CONNELLY, BRIGHTON TERMINUS, LONDON BRIDGE.

Now Ready,

THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY AND ITS BRANCHES.

FORTY-FOUR ENGRAVINGS.

"We greet Mr. George Measom as a person who has done the state good service in providing its locomotive population with cheap and well-written guide-books. His are portable little volumes, full of good information, pleasantly conveyed. We have received much pleasure from the companionship of this little work (South-Eastern Guide) in the train."—*Bell's W. Messr.*

W. H. SMITH AND SONS, LONDON BRIDGE STATIONS.

Now Ready,

THE GREAT-WESTERN RAILWAY AND ITS BRANCHES.

FIFTY ENGRAVINGS.

"This work supplies a want. . . . . The descriptive matter is written with very great taste, and in an exceedingly interesting style."—*Bell's W. Messr.*

"This is a little book which every traveller on the Great-Western Railway should obtain. We feel great pleasure in saying a capital idea has been most ably carried out."—*Morn. Adver.*

MARSHALL AND SONS, PADDINGTON STATION.

In course of Publication,

THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY AND ITS BRANCHES.

FIFTY ENGRAVINGS.

The above work will contain historical and descriptive accounts of the rich antiquities, cathedrals, castles, &c., contained in the various highly interesting localities through which the above line and its different branches pass. It will also be most profusely illustrated with carefully executed engravings from drawings, in every case taken expressly for the object.

W. H. SMITH AND SONS, WATERLOO STATION.

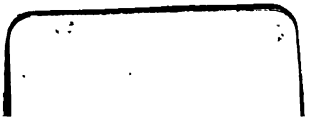
*** Mr. GEORGE MEASOM will feel obliged for any local information of public general interest for embodiment in future editions of the above works.

74, *Charrington Street, St. Pancras, London.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google